

*Hymns and Spiritual
Songs*

Gift of
Mr. Ranson Beach



Accession No. -----

Date -----

P.O.B.

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March 6, 1908

At the Court of Sessions.

Chas. V. B.

H Y M N S A N D S P I R I T U A L S O N G S

EDITED BY
JOHN P. HILLIS

APPROVED AND USED BY
HENRY OSTROM

PRICE
30 cents each, postage paid. \$25.00 per hundred

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FOREWORD

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS is published not with a view to producing yet another book of hymns, but rather

1. To introduce new Gospel Songs of merit to the public.

2. To increase the number of valuable Invitation Hymns and Hymns on the Holy Spirit.

3. To gather at whatever cost a most serviceable collection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs suited to the Revival, the Sunday School, the Prayer Meeting the Home and elsewhere.

4. To provide for the people a book substantially bound and containing one hundred and ninety-six pages at a moderate price.

5. To give to the world the best that the Lord has brought to light in fifteen years of experience as a Gospel Singer and Composer through John P. Hillis.

6. To give widest publicity to such selections as Henry Ostrom's years of inter-denominational experience extending over wide territory recommends.

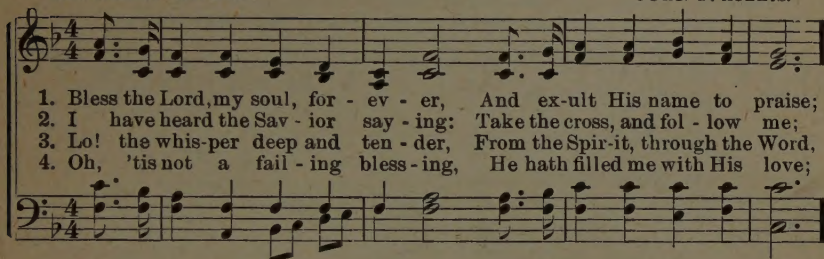
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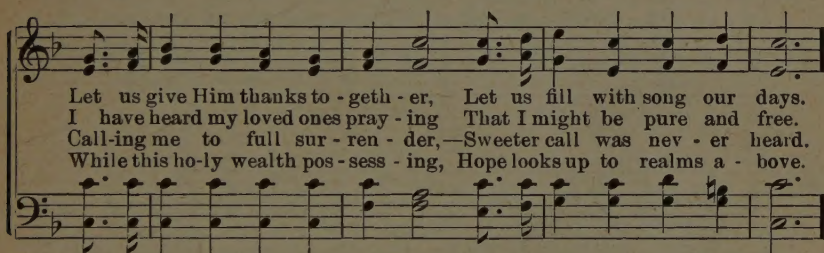
Answered Prayer.

Rev. HENRY OSTROM.

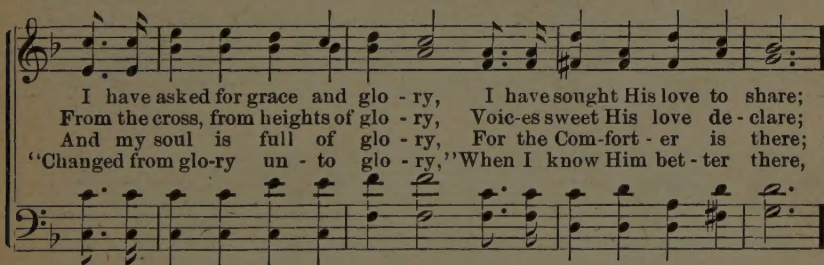
JOHN P. HILLIS.



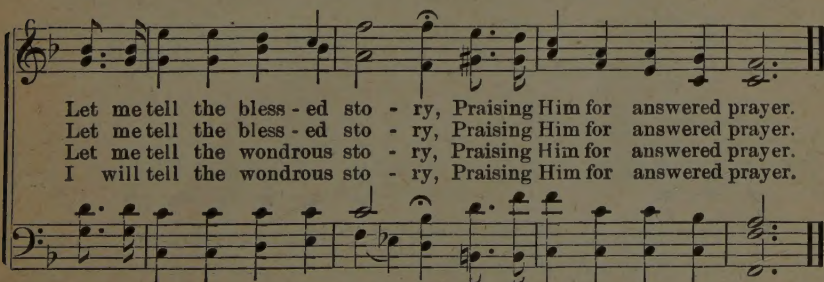
1. Bless the Lord, my soul, for - ev - er, And ex-ult His name to praise;
 2. I have heard the Sav - ior say - ing: Take the cross, and fol - low me;
 3. Lo! the whis-per deep and ten - der, From the Spir-it, through the Word,
 4. Oh, 'tis not a fail - ing bless - ing, He hath filled me with His love;



Let us give Him thanks to - geth - er, Let us fill with song our days.
 I have heard my loved ones pray - ing That I might be pure and free.
 Call-ing me to full sur - ren - der, Sweeter call was nev - er heard.
 While this ho - ly wealth pos - sess - ing, Hope looks up to realms a - bove.



I have asked for grace and glo - ry, I have sought His love to share;
 From the cross, from heights of glo - ry, Voic-es sweet His love de - clare;
 And my soul is full of glo - ry, For the Com - fort - er is there;
 "Changed from glo - ry un - to glo - ry," When I know Him bet - ter there,



Let me tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Praising Him for answered prayer.
 Let me tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Praising Him for answered prayer.
 Let me tell the wondrous sto - ry, Praising Him for answered prayer.
 I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, Praising Him for answered prayer.

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(3)

Hark! 'Tis the Clarion.

JOSEPH BROWN MORGAN.

G. DONIZETTI. Arr. for this work.

f

1. Hark! 'tis the clar-ion sounding the fight, Turn from each si-ren charm - er;
 2. Haste to the res-cue; souls in their need, Loud for re-lief are call - ing;
 3. Soon 'twill be o - ver, dan-ger all past, End-ed the marches drear - y;

Ban - ners are wav-ing, swords gleaming bright, Gird on the heav'nly ar - mor.
 Must they for-ev - er hope-less - ly plead? None hear the cry ap - pall - ing?
 Aft - er the war-fare, rest comes at last, Sweet rest for sol-diers wea - ry.

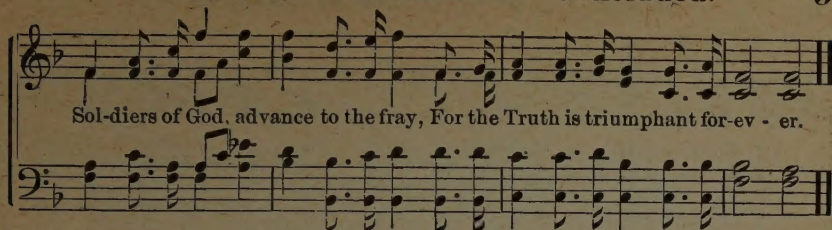
mf

Stern is the conflict, fierce is the foe, Cowards and traitors will backward go;
 Bro - ken in spir-it, wounded by sin, Foe-men around them, and fear within;
 Crown after conflict, ease aft-er pain; Part-ing shall never be known a-gain;

Brave men are wanted, hearts all aglow, Want-ed to bat-tle for Je - sus.
 Speed ye to help them freedom to win, Speed with the gospel of Je - sus.
 Joy ev-er-last-ing all shall obtain, All who are faithful to Je - sus.

ff CHORUS.

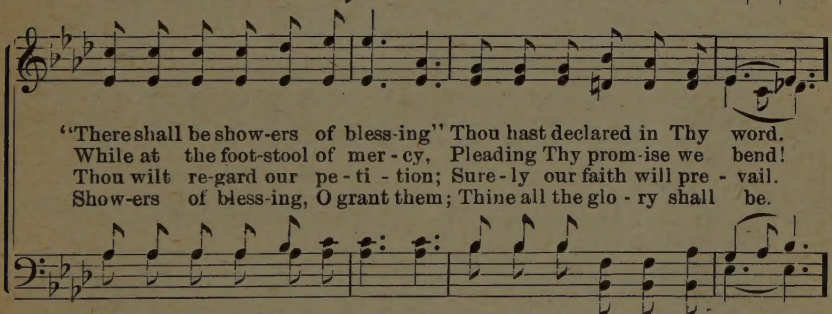
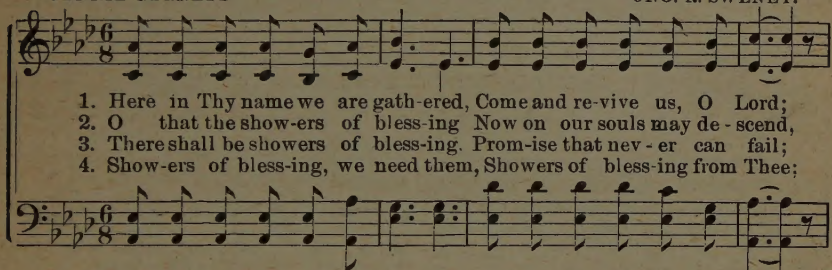
Sol-diers of God, we join you to-day, Join in your grand en - deav - or;



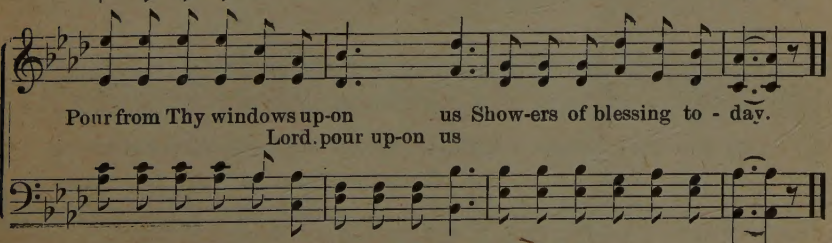
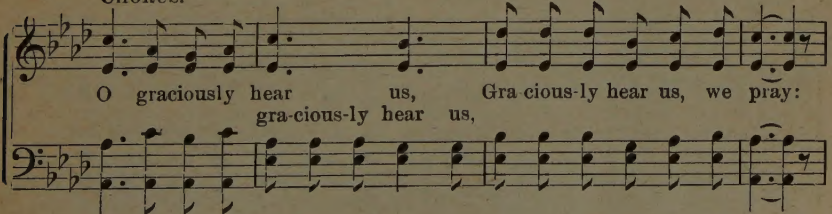
Showers of Blessing.

JENNIE GARNETT

JNO. R. SWENEY.



CHORUS.



Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S.

H. G. SMYTH.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God
 2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you bur-dened for
 3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai-ly
 4. We can not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not

flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-ior? Are you
 those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray-ing, The
 tell-ing for Him? Have you spok-en the word of sal-va-tion To
 free from all sin; We will bar-ri-ers be and a hin-drance To

CHORUS.

read-y His serv-ice to do?
 Sav-ior who died on the cross? } Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
 those who are dy-ing in sin?
 those we are try-ing to win.

Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,

Rit.

my serv-ice blessing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day.

Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

7

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Ye are the tem-ples, Je-sus hath spo-ken, Tem-ples of God's ho-ly
2. He who has pardoned, surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Showers of mer-cy, ful-ness of bless-ing, Ev-er the Spir-it's in-
4. Wea-ry of wand'ring, come in-to Ca-na-an, Feast on the ful-ness and

Spir-it di-vine; Have ye received Him, bidden Him en-ter, Make His a-na-ture re-fine; Cleansed from all sin, His Spir-it will en-ter, Fill you and dwelling at-tend; 'Tis this en-due-ment, pow-er of serv-ice, Fruits for your fat of the land; Feed on the man-na, dwell in the sun-shine, Led by His

CHORUS.

bode in that poor heart of thine?
thrill you with pow-er di-vine.
la-bor He sure-ly will send.
Spir-it and kept by His hand.

Have..... ye re-ceived,.....

Have ye received, have ye received,

since ye be-lieved, The bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost?.....
since ye believed, since ye believed, The blessed, blessed Holy, blessed Holy Ghost?

He who has promised, gift of the Father, Have ye re-ceived the Ho-ly Ghost?
received

He Is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm hap-py in Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, And all the day
 2. He stood at the door a-mid sunshine and rain, So pa-tient-ly
 3. I stand on the mountain of sunshine at last, No cloud in the
 4. I praise Him, be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro'

long of His good-ness I sing; To Him in my weak-ness I
 wait-ing an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-
 heav-ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the
 faith in His mar-vel-ous grace, My eyes shall be-hold Him—shall

lov-ing-ly cling, For He is so pre-cious to me.
 treat-ed in vain, For He is so pre-cious to me.
 val-ley is past, For He is so pre-cious to me.
 look on His face, For He is so pre-cious to me.

CHORUS.

For He is so pre-cious to me, For He is so
 so pre-cious to me,

pre-cious to me; 'Tis heav-en be-low my Re-
 so pre-cious to me;

deem - er to know, For He is so pre cious to me.

Fear Not, God Is Watching.

SALLIE K. BEST.

THORO HARRIS.

1. God cares for His children Wher-e'er they may be, Up - on the bleak
2. The bird in the tree - top May rest in His care; The waves are a
3. He ev - er is near you Tho' oft you may stray, His lov - ing eyes

moun - tain Or on the deep sea; In man - sion or cot - tage
 cra - dle, And Je - sus is there; The cro - cus may sleep 'neath
 fol - low You all on the way; He loves you so dear - ly,

He keeps them in view; Fear not, God is watching With love o-ver you.
 The frost and the dew; Fear not, God is watching With love o-ver you.
 Be faithful and true; Fear not, God is watching With love o-ver you.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There was just one sheep which had strayed a-way, While the nine and ninety safe
 2. There are man-y sheep which are lost to-day, On the bar-ren mountains so
 3. I was once that wan-der-ing sheep, were you? And the Son of God was the

fold - ed lay, And the heart of the Shep-herd was sad; And He
 far a - stray, But each one to the Shep-herd is dear; And He
 Shep-herd true, Who had called me in ten - der - est tone; By the

said: "I'll go tho' the winds are bleak, For this sheep of mine thro' the night I'll seek,
 left His throne, laid a-side His crown, To this sin-ful earth came in mer-cy down,
 wa - ters still now He gently leads, And in pastures green, where my soul now feeds,

Rit. CHORUS.

Till I find it and make it glad." Just one, just one,
 Seek-ing for ev - 'ry lost one here.
 There is wel - come for ev - 'ry one. Just one, just one,

But 'twas pre-cious in His sight; For the one who has wandered
 in His sight;

from the great sheep-fold, The Shep-herd is seek-ing to-night.

This musical score is for the song 'Just One. Concluded.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'from the great sheep-fold, The Shep-herd is seek-ing to-night.'

My Lord and King.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My earth-ly all I give to Thee, For Thou didst die, O Christ, for me;
2. No bur-den is too hard to bear, If I, in heav-en, free from care,
3. Thy blood from sin has set me free, Thou blessed Lamb of Cal-va-ry;

This musical score is for the first part of 'My Lord and King.' It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. My earth-ly all I give to Thee, For Thou didst die, O Christ, for me; 2. No bur-den is too hard to bear, If I, in heav-en, free from care, 3. Thy blood from sin has set me free, Thou blessed Lamb of Cal-va-ry;'

Thy faith-ful fol-l'wer I will be, My bless-ed Lord and King.
May meet, at last, my Sav-ior there, My bless-ed Lord and King.
And henceforth Thou shalt ev-er be, My bless-ed Lord and King.

This musical score is for the second part of 'My Lord and King.' It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Thy faith-ful fol-l'wer I will be, My bless-ed Lord and King. May meet, at last, my Sav-ior there, My bless-ed Lord and King. And henceforth Thou shalt ev-er be, My bless-ed Lord and King.'

CHORUS.

My life I con-se-crate to Thee, Thy serv-ant I will ev-er be;

This musical score is for the chorus of 'My Lord and King.' It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'My life I con-se-crate to Thee, Thy serv-ant I will ev-er be;'

I'll go wher-e'er Thou send-est me, My bless-ed Lord and King.

This musical score is for the final part of 'My Lord and King.' It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'I'll go wher-e'er Thou send-est me, My bless-ed Lord and King.'

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As of old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wilderness to dwell,
 2. To and fro, as a ship without a sail, Not a compass to guide them thro' the vale,
 3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the promise they were led;

Trusting they in their God to lead the way To the light of per - fect day:
 But the sign of their God was ev - er near. Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
 By the hand of the Lord, in guidance sure They were bro't to Canaan's shore.

CHORUS. UNISON.

So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,

Hov'ring o'er, just before, As they journey on their way,

Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil - der - ness be past,

For the Lord our God, in His own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the top part.

Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
 2. I'll then re-ceive a bright and star-ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
 3. Then we shall meet to never part a - gain; Our toil will soon be o'er;

The first system of the musical score is in treble and bass clefs, key of D major (two sharps), and 4/4 time. It includes three verses of lyrics.

The Lord will then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.
 And when I've been with Him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
 We'll lay our burdens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for ev - er - more.

The second system continues the musical score in the same key and time signature, with lyrics for the continuation of the verses.

CHORUS.

I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood;

The chorus begins with a new system of the musical score, maintaining the D major key and 4/4 time signature.

I will an-swer when they call my name: Saved thro' Je - sus' blood.

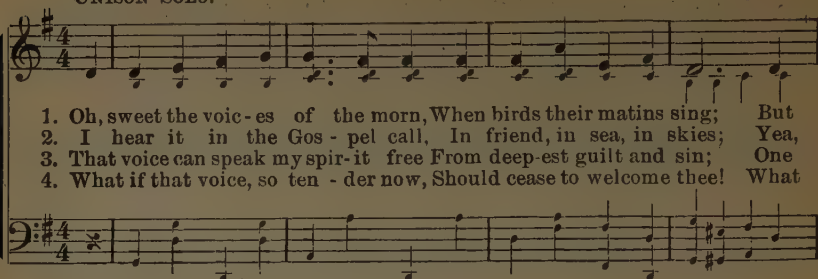
The final system of the musical score concludes the piece with the same key and time signature.

The Voice of Jesus.

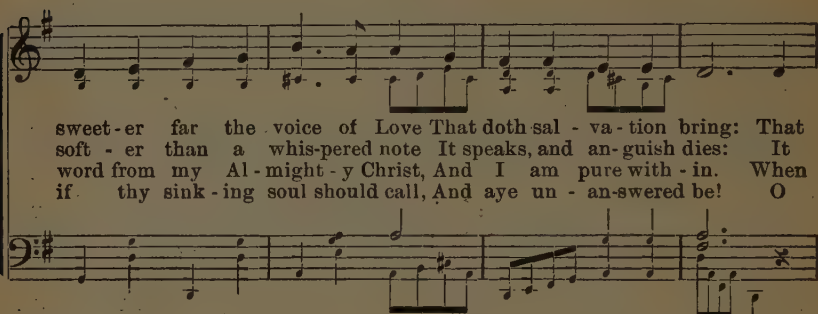
Rev. HENRY OSTROM.

JOHN P. HILLIS.

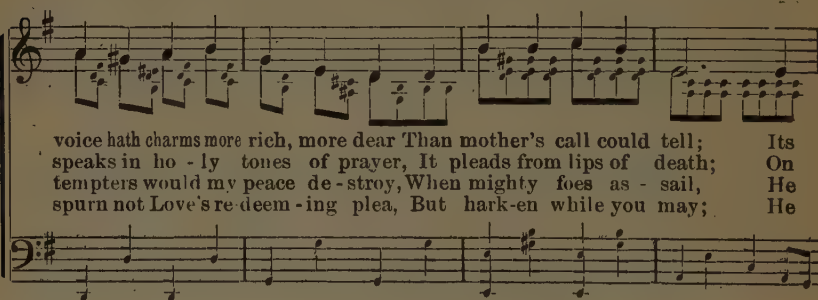
UNISON SOLO.



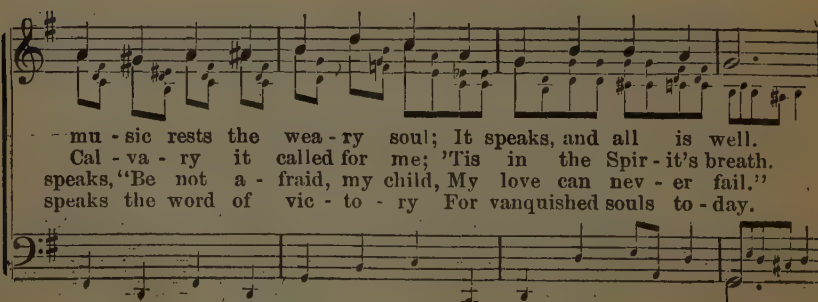
1. Oh, sweet the voic-es of the morn, When birds their matins sing; But
 2. I hear it in the Gos-pel call, In friend, in sea, in skies; Yea,
 3. That voice can speak my spir-it free From deep-est guilt and sin; One
 4. What if that voice, so ten-der now, Should cease to welcome thee! What



sweet-er far the voice of Love That doth sal-va-tion bring: That
 soft-er than a whis-pered note It speaks, and an-guish dies: It
 word from my Al-might-y Christ, And I am pure with-in. When
 if thy sink-ing soul should call, And aye un-an-swered be! O

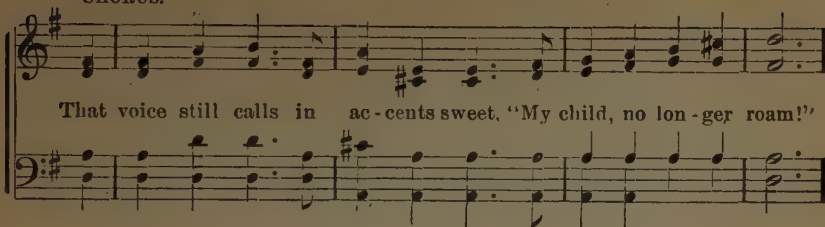


voice hath charms more rich, more dear Than mother's call could tell; Its
 speaks in ho-ly tones of prayer, It pleads from lips of death; On
 tempters would my peace de-stroy, When mighty foes as-sail, He
 spurn not Love's re-deem-ing plea, But hark-en while you may; He

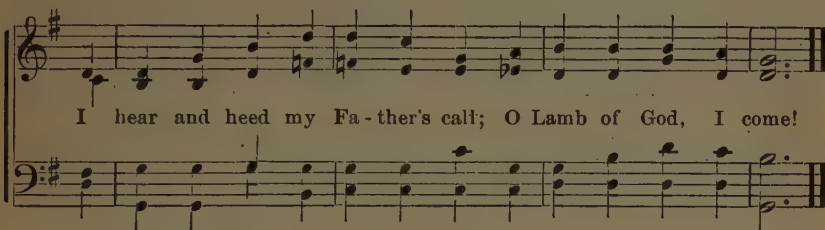


- mu-sic rests the wea-ry soul; It speaks, and all is well.
 Cal-va-ry it called for me; 'Tis in the Spir-it's breath.
 speaks, "Be not a-fraid, my child, My love can nev-er fail."
 speaks the word of vic-to-ry For vanquished souls to-day.

CHORUS.



That voice still calls in ac-cents sweet, "My child, no lon-ger roam!"

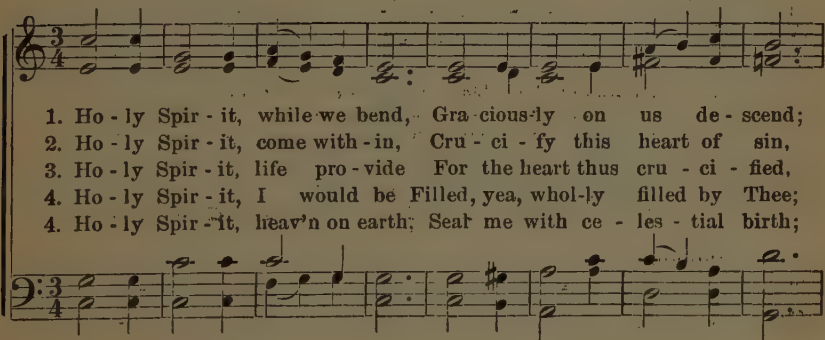


I hear and heed my Fa-ther's call; O Lamb of God, I come!

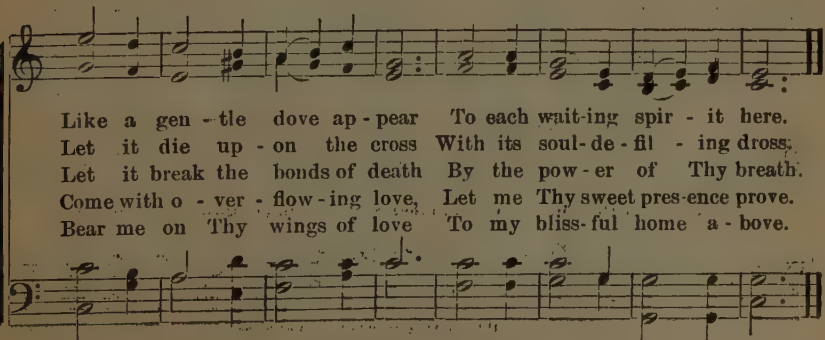
A Prayer.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

JOHN P. HILLIS.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, while we bend, Gra - cious - ly on us de - scend;
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, come with - in, Cru - ci - fy this heart of sin,
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, life pro - vide For the heart thus cru - ci - fied,
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, I would be Filled, yea, whol - ly filled by Thee;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n on earth; Seat me with ce - les - tial birth;



Like a gen - tle dove ap - pear To each wait - ing spir - it here.
 Let it die up - on the cross With its soul - de - fil - ing dross.
 Let it break the bonds of death By the pow - er of Thy breath.
 Come with o - ver - flow - ing love, Let me Thy sweet pres - ence prove.
 Bear me on Thy wings of love To my bliss - ful home a - bove.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Had we on - ly sunshine all the year a-round, Without the blessing
 2. Had we not a sor-row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
 3. Can we prize the sunshine, and de-plore the rain, Re-pin-ing when the

of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the
 refreshing rain,
 bur-den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His
 days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-
 Would we scat-ter seed

fal-low ground, And hope to gath-er flow-ers, fruit and grain?
 love and care, Or e-ven strive e-ter-nal joys to win?
 ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

CHORUS.

Sun-shine and rain, re-fresh-ing, re-viv-ing rain,

Light of faith and love, Show-ers from a-bove! Sun-shine and rain. to

nour-ish the grow-ing grain; Send us, Lord, the sun-shine and the rain.

We Praise Thee, O God.

Rev. WILLIAM P. MACKAY.

JOHN J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love;

For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
 May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men;

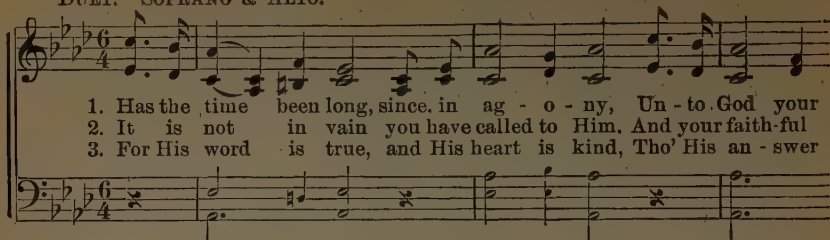
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

18 God Will Answer a Mother's Prayer.

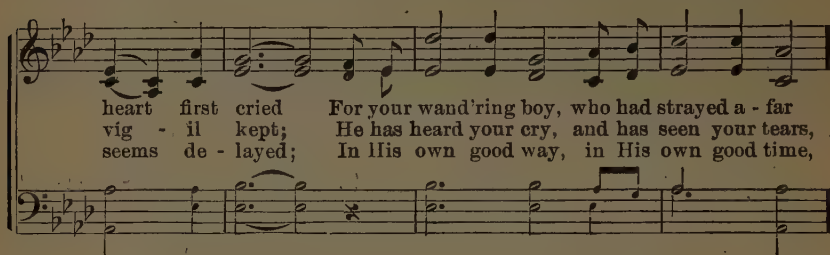
C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

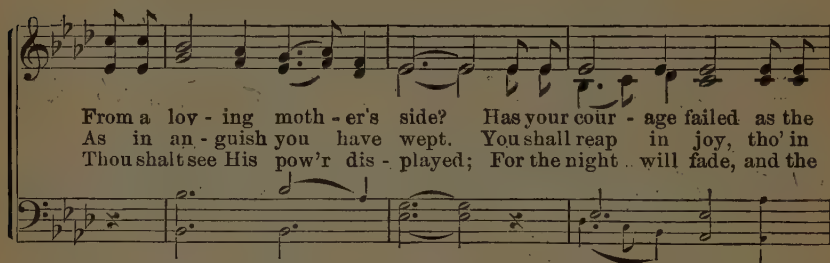
DUET. SOPRANO & ALTO.



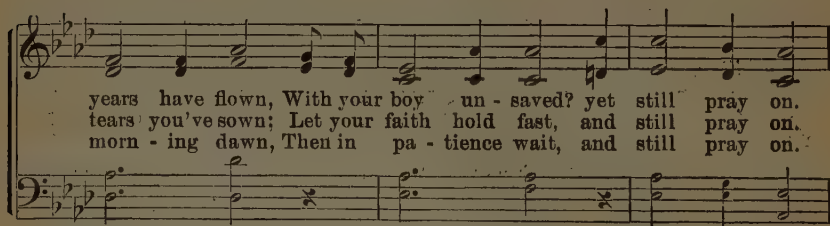
1. Has the time been long, since, in ag - o - ny, Un - to God your
 2. It is not in vain you have called to Him, And your faith-ful
 3. For His word is true, and His heart is kind, Tho' His an - swer



heart first cried For your wand'ring boy, who had strayed a - far
 vig - il kept; He has heard your cry, and has seen your tears,
 seems de - layed; In His own good way, in His own good time,

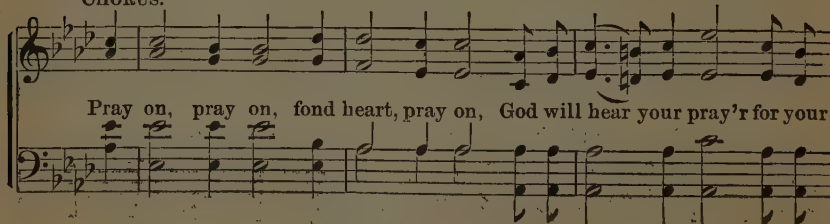


From a lov - ing moth - er's side? Has your cour - age failed as the
 As in an - guish you have wept. You shall reap in joy, tho' in
 Thou shalt see His pow'r dis - played; For the night will fade, and the



years have flown, With your boy un - saved? yet still pray on.
 tears you've sown; Let your faith hold fast, and still pray on.
 morn - ing dawn, Then in pa - tience wait, and still pray on.

CHORUS.



Pray on, pray on, fond heart, pray on, God will hear your pray'r for your

wan - der - ing one; Tho' the years have been long, do

not de - spair, God will an - swer a moth - er's pray'r.

Like a River Glorious.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

J. MOUNTAIN.

1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic -
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can
 3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our

to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it flow - eth
 fol - low, Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry,
 di - al By the Sun of Love; We may trust Him ful - ly.

CHO.—Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,

D. S. for Chorus.

Full - er ev - 'ry day; Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.
 Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there.
 All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly, Find Him whol - ly true.

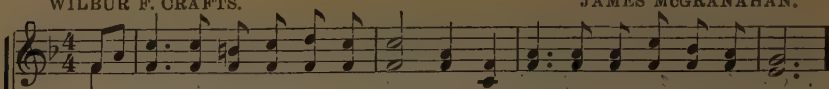
Hearts are ful - ly blest; Find - ing us He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

From "Hymns of Consecration."

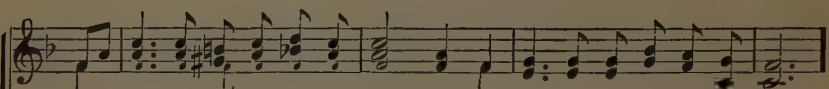
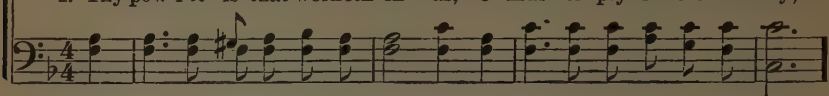
Waiting for the Promise.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

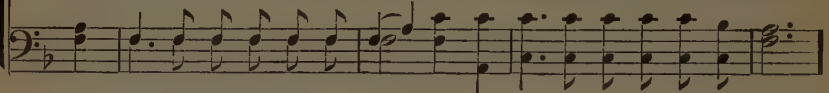
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



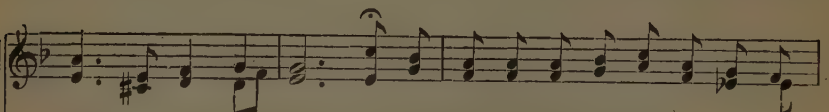
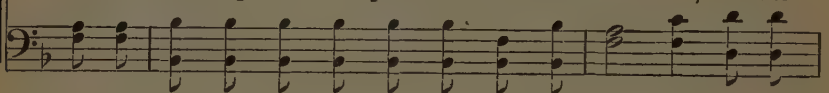
1. We bow our knees un-to the Fa-ther Of Christ the Lord of earth and heaven,
2. Oh, fill the inward man with pow-er, As Christ within our hearts doth dwell;
3. The love that passeth knowledge give us, Its height and depth and breadth and length;
4. Thy pow'r it is that worketh in us, O mul-ti-ply it here to-day,



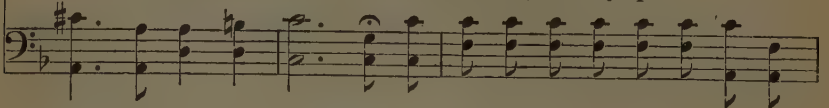
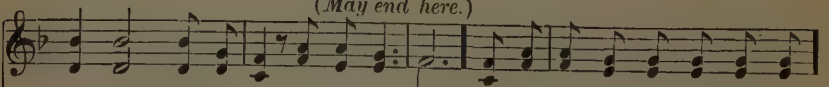
That rich-es of His grace and glo-ry And pow'r for service may be giv'n.
 Our root in Him, tho' storms may lower, Vic-tor-ious love we still shall tell.
 A-bun-dant-ly beyond our ask-ing, Beyond our thought give us Thy strength.
 And Christ, our Lord, shall have the glory Within His church thro' endless day.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

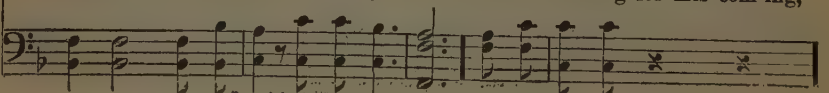
We are wait-ing for the prom-ise of the Fa-ther, For the

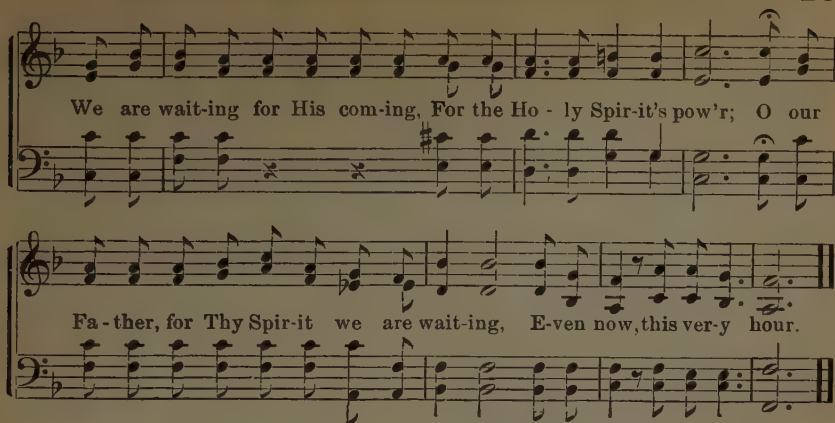


Ho-ly Spir-it's pow'r; O our Fa-ther, for Thy Spir-it we are

*(May end here.)*

wait-ing, E-ven now, this ver-y hour. We are wait-ing for His com-ing,





We are wait-ing for His com-ing, For the Ho - ly Spir-it's pow'r; O our
Fa-ther, for Thy Spir-it we are wait-ing, E-ven now, this ver-y hour.

I Gave My Life for Thee.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS.



1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a-bove,

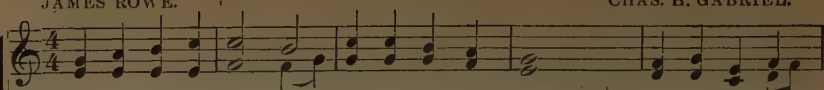
That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick-en'd from the dead;
I left, for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit-t'rest ag-o-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;
Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and my love;

f
I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?

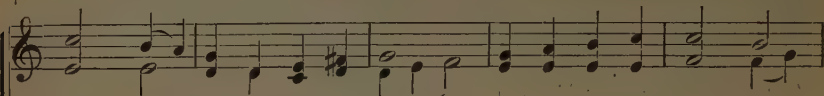
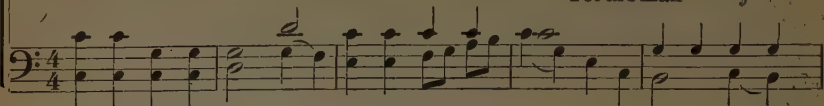
Rest Ye Not, O Soldier.

JAMES ROWE.

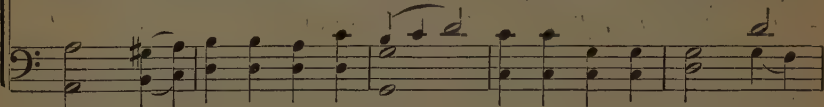
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Rest ye not, O sol - dier, Still go bravely on; Yet are man - y
 2. Rest ye not, O sol - dier, Sa - tan still con - trols, Sins, and blights and
 3. Rest ye not, O sol - dier, God your strength shall be, Till from sin and
 Yet are man - y



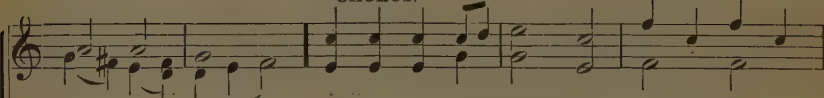
bat - tles To be fought and won; See the flaunted ban - ner
 crush - es Man - y pre - cious souls; In the dark he keeps them
 dark - ness All the world is free; Then, all tri - als end - ed,



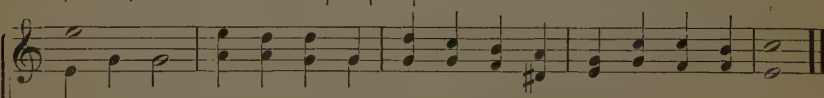
Still is wav - ing high! Cour - age, then, O sol - dier, Rest ye
 Till they droop and die; On - ward, then, O sol - dier, Rest ye
 Vic - tory crowned and blest, In the arms of Je - sus, Sweet shall



CHORUS.



by and by! Rest ye not, O sol - dier, Still go brave-ly
 by and by!
 be your rest. Still go



on, Till the world from sin and darkness Un - to God is won.
 bravely on,

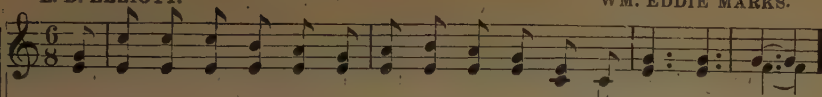


It Truly Is Marvelous.

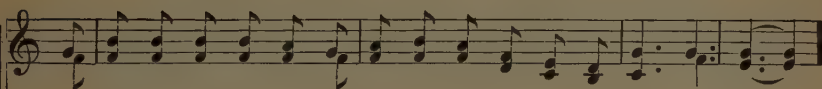
23

E. D. ELLIOTT.

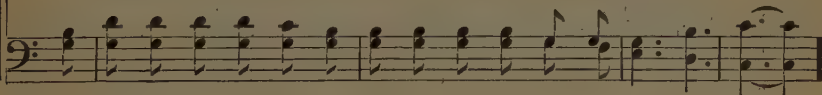
WM. EDDIE MARKS.



1. It tru - ly is mar vel - ous what the Lord do - eth for me each day!
2. My soul is as - ton - ished that He is so gra - cious - ly kind to me,
3. I can - not tell why He should send to me dai - ly such show'rs of grace,
4. Be - yond all de - scrip - tion, be - yond all compare, is this joy of mine;



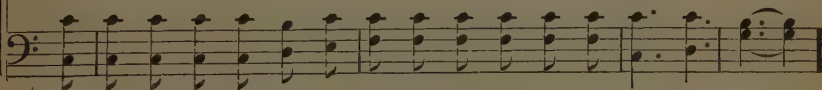
Sur - pris - ing - ly won - der - ful how He is bless - ing me all the way!
That one so un - wor - thy of In - fin - ite no - ticeshould fa - vored be.
Or why so un - wor - thy a 'sin - ner may shel - ter in His em - brace.
I sing in my rap - ture "All glo - ry to God for such peace di - vine."



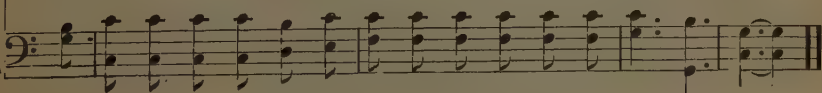
CHORUS.



O bless - ed Re - deem er, O mer - ci - ful Sav - ior, Thee I a - dore;



I'll serve Thee till death, and in heav - en will praise Thee for ev - er - more.



G. B. M.

GRACE B. MAXWELL.

1. When the night is dark and dreary, And the road seems rough and steep;
 2. When the dawn of day is breaking, And the way seems ver - y clear;
 3. When at last my journey's ending, And the riv - er seems so deep;

When I'm wand'ring lone and wea-ry, And grave fears a-round me creep;
 When my soul with joy's a-wak-ing, And my friends are ver - y dear;
 When the cords of life are rend-ing, And mine eyes no more shall weep;

CHORUS

Then it is my Sav-ior leads me all the way. All the way, All the way,

all the way,..... Then it is my Sav - ior leads me all the
 all the way,

way,..... All the way, all the way,.....
 all the way; All the way, all the way,

Then it is my Sav - ior leads me all the way.

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Somebody.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Some-bod - y did a golden deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
 2. Some-bod - y tho't, 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
 3. Some-bod - y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
 4. Some-bod - y i-dled all the hours, Carelessly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
 5. Some-bod - y filled the day with light, Constantly chased away the night;

The musical score is in 9/8 time, two flats key. It features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, and a bass line with chords. The lyrics are listed below the first staff.

Some-bod - y sang a cheerful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long:
 Some-bod - y fought a valiant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right:
 Some-bod - y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac-ri - ficed:
 Some-bod - y made life loss, not gain, Thoughtlessly seemed to live in vain:
 Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace; Surely his life shall nev-er cease:

The musical score continues with the same melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?

The musical score concludes with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the third staff.

Church Rallying Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. A - wake! a - wake! the Mas - ter now is call - ing us, A - rise! a - rise! and,
2. A cry for light from dy - ing ones in heathen lands, It comes, it comes a -
3. O Church of God, ex - tend thy kind, maternal arms To save the lost on
4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall

trust - ing in His word, Go forth! go forth! pro - claim the year of
cross the o - cean's foam! Then haste, O haste, to spread the words of
mountains dark and cold; Reach out thy hand with lov - ing smile to
hail the Sav - ior King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in

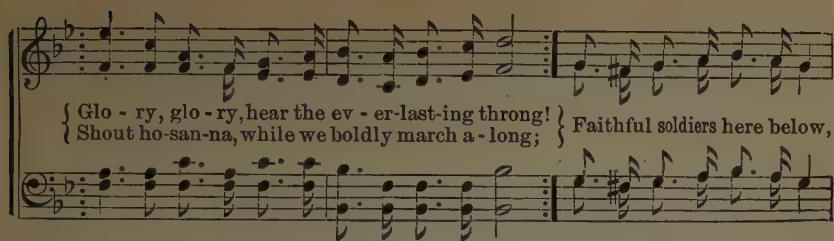
ju - bi - lee, And take the cross, the bless - ed cross of Christ, our Lord.
truth a - broad, For - get - ting not the star - ving poor at home, dear home!
res - cue them, And bring them to the shel - ter of the Sav - ior's fold.
ev - 'ry clime, And "glo - ry, hui - le - lu - jah," o'er the earth shall ring.

CHORUS.

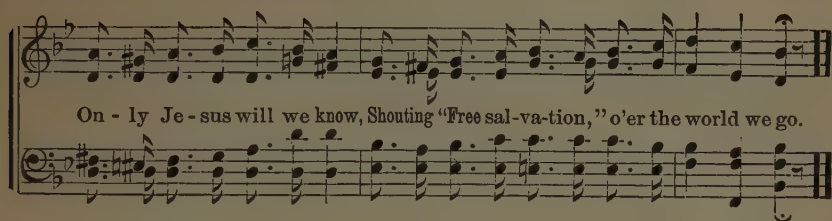
On, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, the morning star is shining o'er us;
On, on, on, swell the chorus; On, on, on,

On, on, while before us, Our mighty, mighty Savior leads the way.
On, on, on, while before, leads the way.

Church Rallying Song. Concluded. 27



{ Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev - er-last-ing throng! } Faithful soldiers here below,
 { Shout ho-san-na, while we boldly march a - long; }

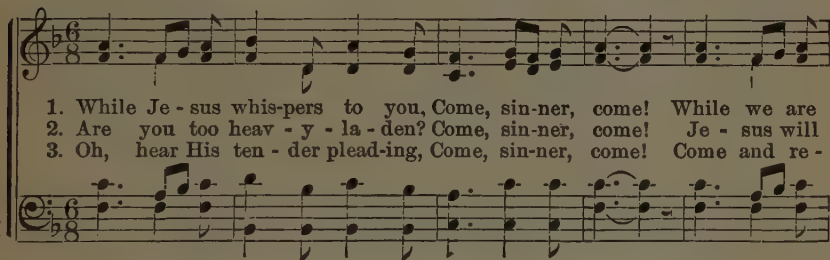


On - ly Je - sus will we know, Shouting "Free sal - va - tion," o'er the world we go.

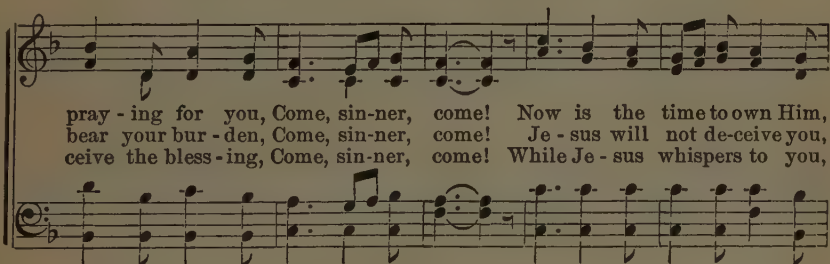
Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. WITTER.

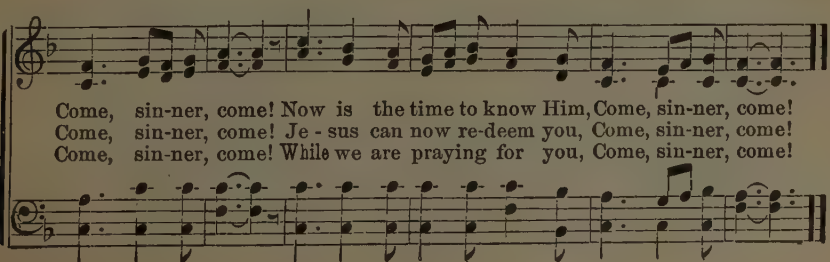
H. R. PALMER.



1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
 2. Are you too heav - y - la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
 3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -



pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
 bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you,
 ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,



Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-denshare. With a
 2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweet-est
 3. How a word of love will cheer, Kindle hope, and ban-ish fear; Soothe a

word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
 mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
 pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

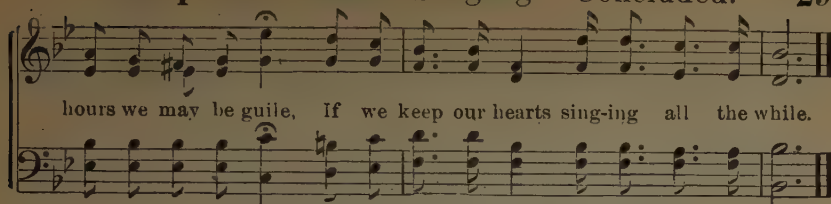
With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
 Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
 In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep your heart sing-ing all the while,..... Make the world
 sing-ing,.... sing-ing all the while,

bright-er with a smile;..... Keep the song ring-ing, lone-ly
 bright-er,.... brighter with a smile;

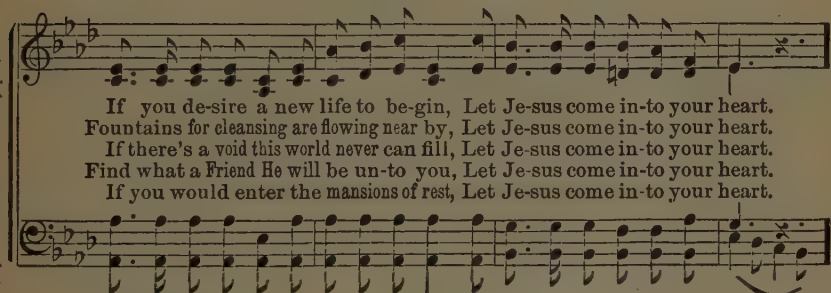
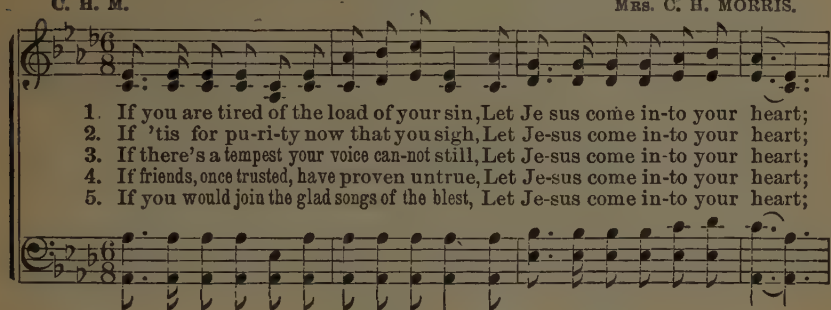
Keep Your Heart Singing. Concluded. 29



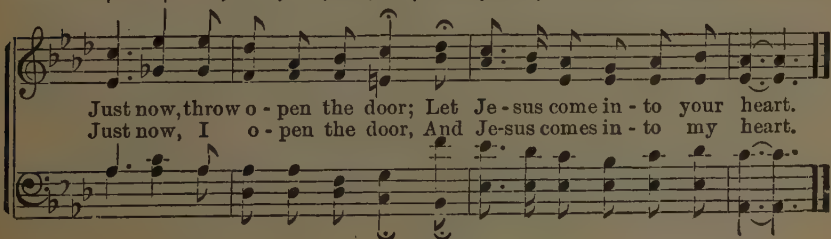
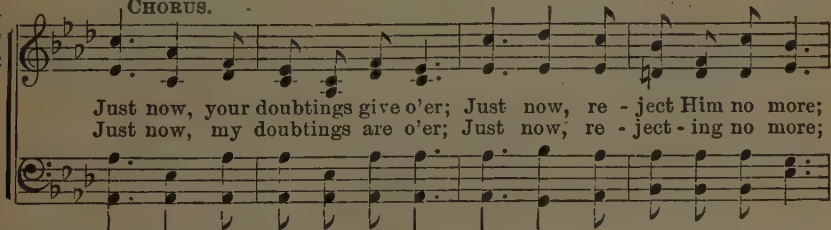
Let Jesus Come into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



CHORUS.



E. E. HEWITT.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Take cour - age, be - liev - er, and press on thy way, The sun-shine of
 2. Bring now to the Mas - ter thy sto - ry of need, To pas - tures of
 3. Tho' tri - als sur-round thee, tho' storm-bil-lows roll, The Lord who re -
 4. O'er hill - side and val - ley, since He is thy Guide, The day's blessed

Je-sus turns night in-to day; His presence is with thee, so constant, so dear,
 mercy thy Shepherd will lead; He wants to be gracious to them who draw near,
 deemed thee is keeping thy soul; And bright in the heavens His bow shall ap-pear,
 portion He'll freely provide; He lift - eth the bur-den, He dri - eth the tear,

CHORUS.
 When love is made per - fect it cast-eth out fear. Love, love,
 Com-fort - ing love,

comforting love, Love, love, wonderful love; O sing to His glo - ry! O
 Wonderful love,

be of good cheer! When love is made per - fect it cast-eth out fear.

Precious Word.

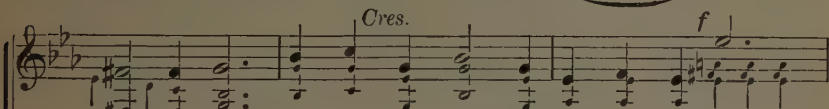
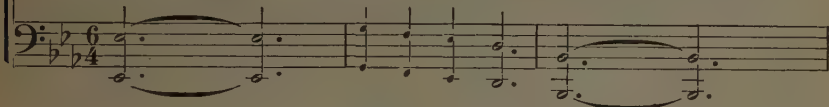
31

C. H. G.

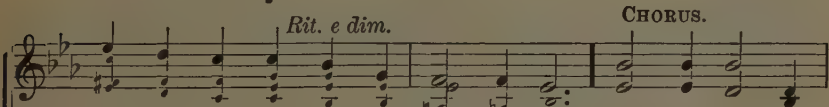
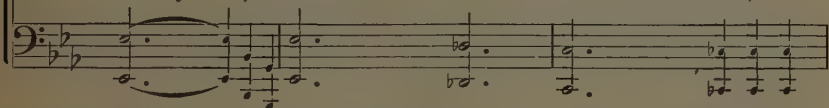
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Lamp to my feet wher-ev-er I stray; Guidenev-er fail-ing from
2. Bread to my soul when fam-ine is near; Wa-ter of Life, cool, re-
3. Com-fort when sor-rows o-ver me roll; Hope all-sus-tain-ing un-

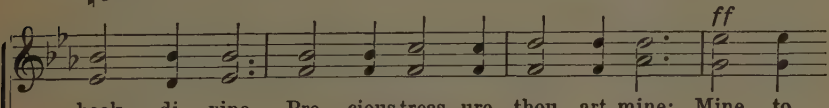
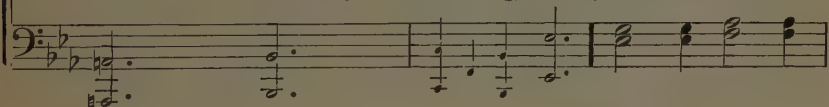


day to day; Lead-ing me home-ward un-to my Lord—
fresh-ing, clear; Strength in my weak-ness, nev-er to fail;
to my soul; Shel-ter that for all time shall en-dure,

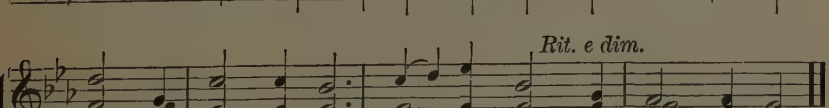
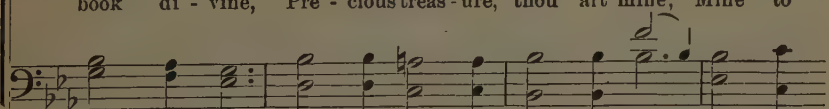


CHORUS.

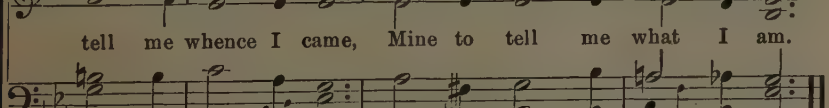
Coun-sel of wis-dom, God's pre-cious Word. }
Safe-ty when tri-al and doubt as-sail. } Ho-ly Bi-ble,
An-chor e-ter-nal, un-fail-ing, sure. }



book di-vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine; Mine to



tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am.



Let Thy Blessing Rest On Me.

ADA POWELL.

JOHN P. HILLIS.

1. Take me to Thy heart, my Sav - ior, I would clos - er come to Thee,
 2. In the sun shine of Thy pres - ence, By Thy side I long to be;
 3. Cleanse my heart from ev - ry e - vil, From sin's bondage set me free,

I would know Thy love un - fail - ing; Let Thy blessing rest on me.
 Strong to face the deep - est per - il, If Thy blessing rest on me.
 Tune my heart to sing Thy prais - es; Let Thy blessing rest on me.

CHORUS.

Let Thy bless - ing rest on me,
 Let Thy bless - ing rest on me,

Let Thy bless - ing rest on me,
 Let Thy bless - ing rest on me,

Fill my soul with Thy sal - va - tion, Let Thy blessing rest on me.

The Lord is My Shepherd.

33

T. KOSCHAT.

Lento. m

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray; Since
 3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still

feed in green pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my
 Thou art my Guar-dian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
 bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and
 fol-low my steps till I meet Thee a-bove. I seek by the

soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my
 oil Thou a-noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
 path which my fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy

deems when oppressed; Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
 Com-fort-er near; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
 prov-i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more.
 king-dom of love; Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

Call Me Forth.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Send me forth, O bless - ed Mas - ter, where are souls in sor - row bowed,
 2. There are lives that may be brightened by a word of hope and cheer,
 3. There is work with-in the vine-yard, there is serv - ice to be done,
 4. Oh, I would not be an i - dler in the vine-yard of the Lord,

Send me forth to homes of want and homes of care; And with
 Who with us the joys of life should free-ly share; There are
 There's a mes-sage of sal - va - tion to de - clare; Send me
 With the Christ the vine-yard-la - bor I would share; In - to

joy I will o - bey the call, and in Thy gra - cious name I will
 hearts that may be light-ened of the bur-dens which they bear; Let me
 forth to tell the sto - ry in the homes of sin - ful men; Let me
 hearts a - far from Je - sus I would speak the sav - ing Word; Let me

CHORUS.

take the blessed light of the gos-pel there. Call me forth..... to act-ive
 take the blessed hope of the gos-pel there.
 take the blessed Christ of the gos-pel there. Call me forth, call me forth to active
 take the blessed joy of the gos-pel there.

serv - ice. And my prompt response shall be, "Here am I! send me;"
 serv-ice, call me forth,

I am read - y to re - port for or - ders, Mas - ter, sum - mon me,

And I'll go on an - y er - rand of love for Thee.

Graven On Thy Palm.

D. B. PURINTON.

W. H. DOANE.

1. If grav-en on Thy palm, Dear Lord, I be, If from Thine
 2. When grav-en on Thy palm, Lord, I shall be Held in Thy
 3. If grav-en on Thy palm, Lord, I am sure, What - ev - er

o - pen hand. Thy face I see; No oth - er face than Thine
 lov - ing hand, From dan - ger free; All e - vil ways I leave,
 may be - tide, My hope se - cure— That I shall ev - er be

Shall fix my sight, Or fill my raptured soul With heav'nly light.
 Lord, Thee to own, My - self I free - ly give To Thee a - lone.
 Kept by Thy love, Till Thy dear face I see In realms a - bove.

Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

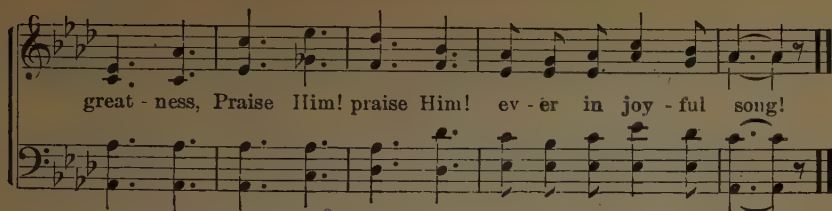
1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Sing, O
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! For our
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Heav-'nly

earth—His won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-
 sins He suffered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e-
 por - tals, loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reigneth for-

an-gels in glo - ry; Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name!
 ter - nal sal - va - tion; Hail Him! hail Him! Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied.
 ev - er and ev - er; Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King!

Like a shepherd, Je-sus will guard His chil-dren, In His arms He
 Sound His prais-es! Je-sus who bore our sor - rows, Love un-bound-ed,
 Christ is com-ing! o - ver the world vic-to - rious, Pow'r and glo - ry

carries them all day long; Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex - cel-lent
 wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex - cel-lent
 un - to the Lord be - long; Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex - cel-lent



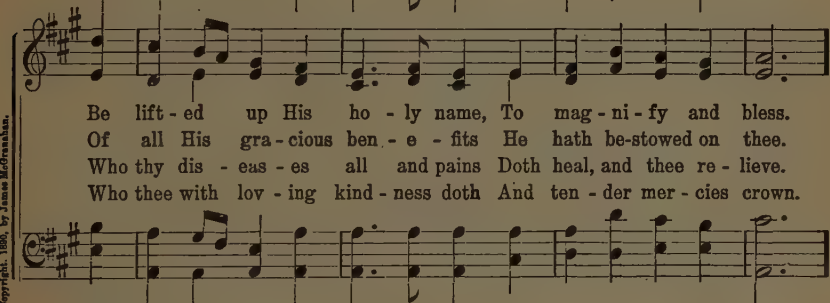
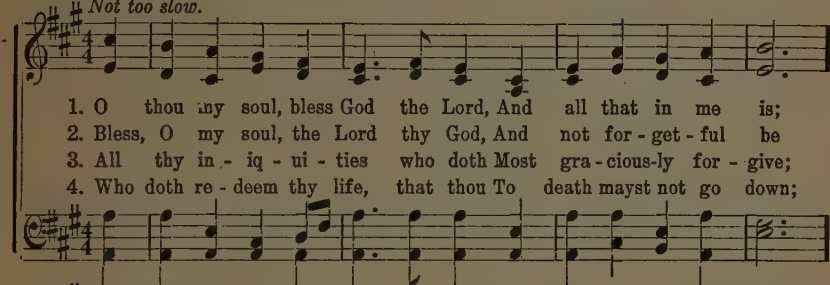
Bless the Lord.

PSALM 103.

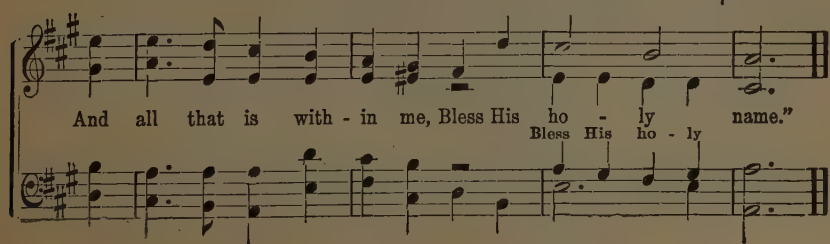
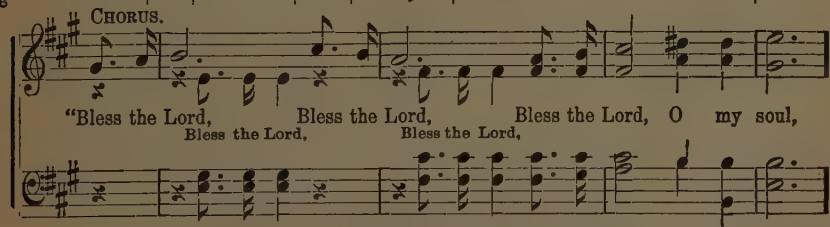
Not too slow.

(Metrical Version.)

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



CHORUS.



When Love Shines In.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When loveshines in, Ev-'ry life that
 2. How the world will glow with beauty, When loveshines in, And the heart re-
 3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter, When loveshines in, And the heaviest
 4. We may have unfading splendor, When loveshines in, And a friend-ship

woe can sad-den, When loveshines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
 joyce in du - ty, When loveshines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
 bur - den light-er, When loveshines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
 true and ten - der, When loveshines in. When earth's vic'tries shall be won,

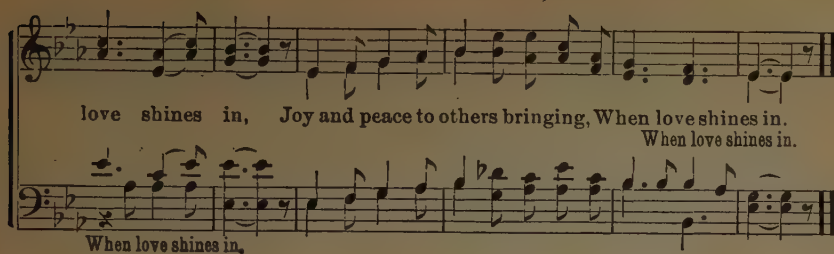
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When loveshines in.
 And the soul in peace a bide; Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When loveshines in.
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know, When loveshines in.
 And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For loveshines in.

CHORUS.

When love shines in, When love shines in, How the heart is
 When love shines in,

tuned to singing, When love shines in, ... When love shines in, ... When
 When love shines in; ... When love shines in, ...

When love shines in, When love shines in,



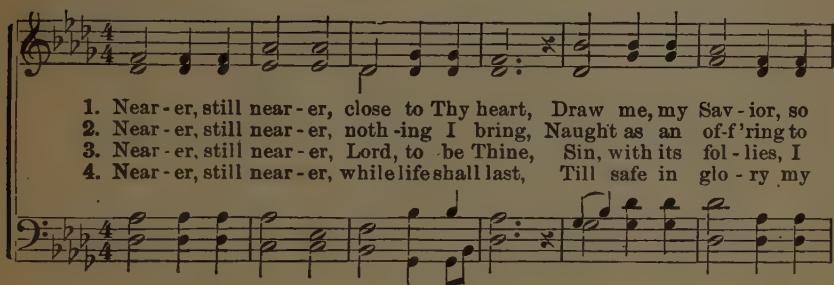
love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love shines in.

When love shines in,

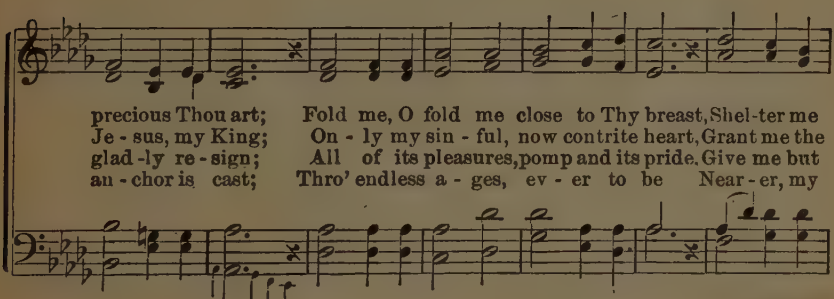
Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

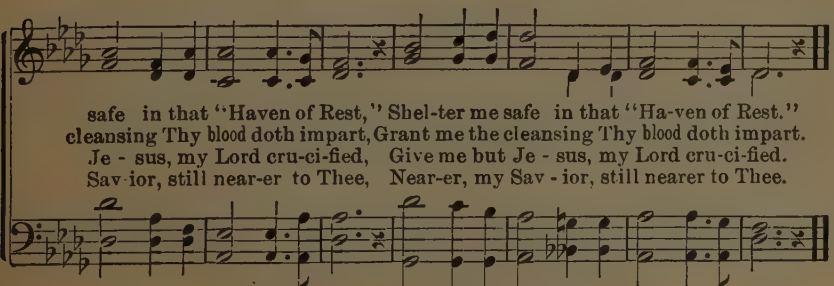
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my



precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je - sus, my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad-ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride. Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be Near-er, my

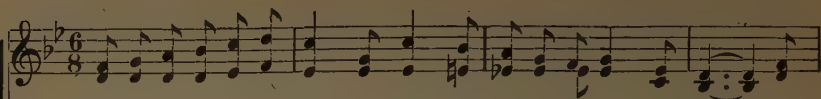


safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shel-ter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
Sav-ior, still near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Sav-ior, still nearer to Thee.

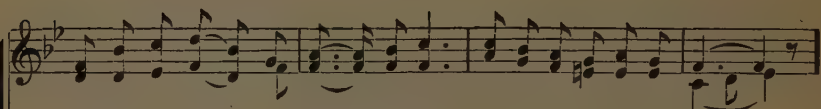
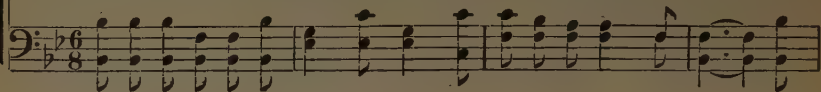
Ye Shall Find Rest.

HENRY OSTROM.

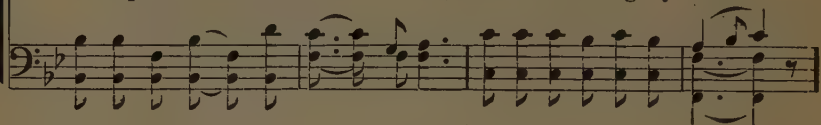
JOHN P. HILLIS.



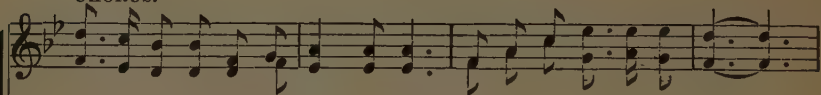
1. Sweet is my rest in the bus - y day When care like an o - cean rolls; For
2. Not for release from the task I plead, And not for an i - dle rest; But
3. Let me bear whate'er He sends me then, His burden I know is light; ♩
4. His yoke I take that is lined with love, And worry and fear de - part; While



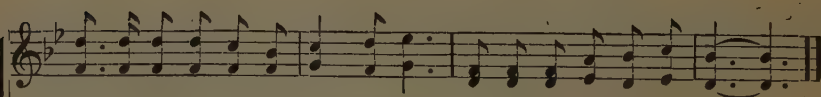
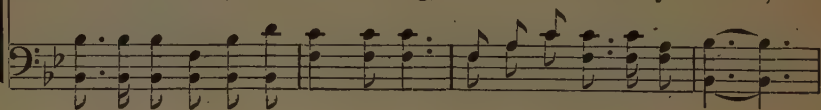
I hear my Sav - ior ten - der-ly say, My yoke brings rest unto souls.
 swiftly the Mas - ter's or - ders to heed, Enraptured to do my best.
 Lending a hand to the children of men, Rest-ing in His ho-ly might.
 I help a soul to the home a - bove, New rest is fill-ing my heart.



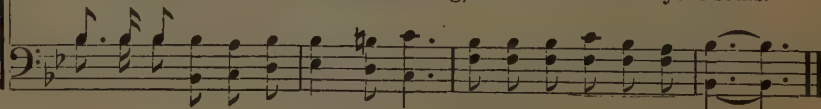
CHORUS.



Ye shall find rest, tho' the task be long, Ye shall find rest to your souls;



He fainteth not who the Lord makes strong, Ye shall find rest to your souls.

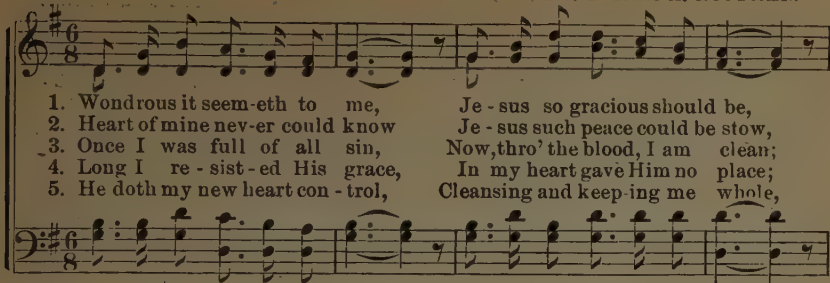


Is It Not Wonderful?

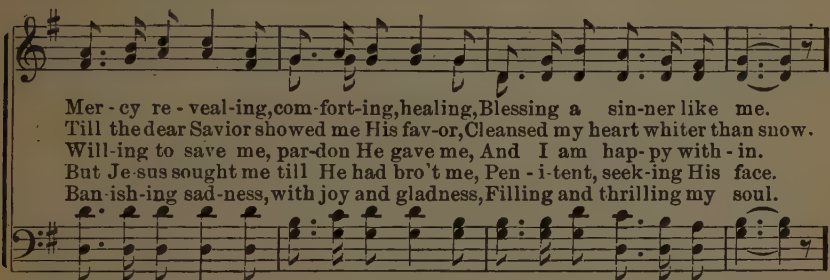
41

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

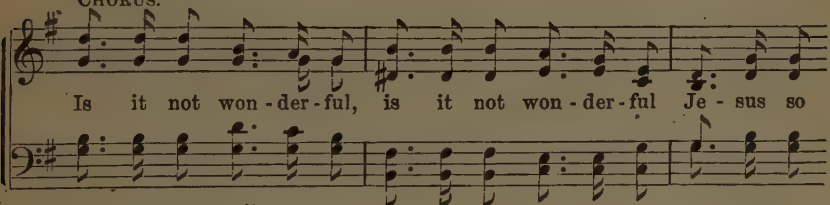


1. Wondrous it seem-eth to me, Je-sus so gracious should be,
 2. Heart of mine nev-er could know Je-sus such peace could be stow,
 3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
 4. Long I re-sist-ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place;
 5. He doth my new heart con-trol, Cleansing and keep-ing me whole,

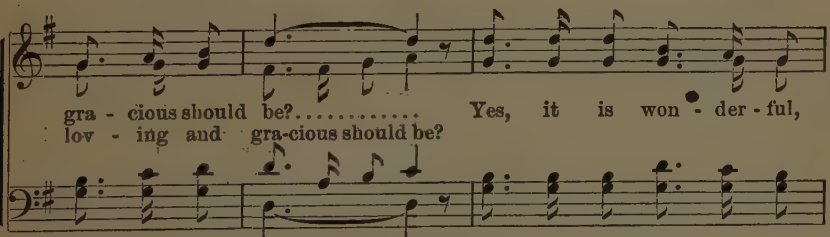


Mer-cy re-veal-ing, com-fort-ing, healing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.
 Till the dear Savior showed me His fav-or, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
 Will-ing to save me, par-don He gave me, And I am hap-py with-in.
 But Je-sus sought me till He had bro't me, Pen-i-tent, seek-ing His face.
 Ban-ish-ing sad-ness, with joy and gladness, Filling and thrilling my soul.

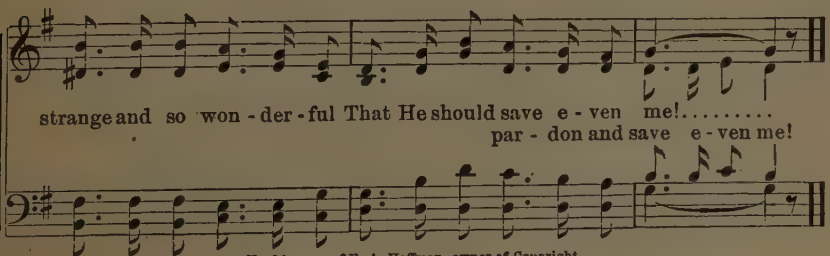
CHORUS.



Is it not won-der-ful, is it not won-der-ful Je-sus so



gra-cious should be?..... Yes, it is won-der-ful,
 lov-ing and gra-cious should be?



strange and so won-der-ful That He should save e-ven me!.....
 par-don and save e-ven me!

A Clean Heart.

REV. WALTER C. SMITH.

FRED H. BYSHE.

Andante con espressione.

1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my path hath mir-y been,
 2. If clear-er vi-sion Thou im-part, Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
 3. Yea, on-ly as this heart is clean May larg-er vi-sion yet be mine,
 4. I watch to shun the mir-y way, And stanch the springs of guilt-y thought,

Be it by wa-ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
 But yet to have a pur-er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
 For mirrored in its depths are seen The things di-vine, The things divine.
 But, watch and struggle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

REFRAIN.

So wash me, Thou, without, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
 Wash me, Thou, with-out, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,

Alto *Rit.*

No mat-ter how, if on-ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.
 Anyhow, if only sin Die out in me, Die out, die out in me.
 Die in me,

Old Time Power.

C. D. T.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. { They were gathered in an up-per cham-ber, They were all with one ac-cord; }
 When the Ho-ly Ghost de-scend-ed, Which was prom-ised by our Lord. }
 2. { This power from heav'n descend ed, As the sound of rush-ing wind; }
 Tongues of fire rested there up-on them, Je-sus prom-ised He would send. }
 3. { Our fathers had this 'old time' power, And we all may have it, too; }
 This He prom-ised to the faith-ful; What He's prom-ised He will do. }

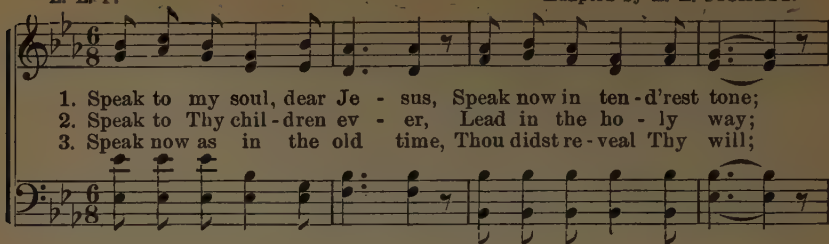
CHORUS.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now,
 O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap-tize ev-ry one.

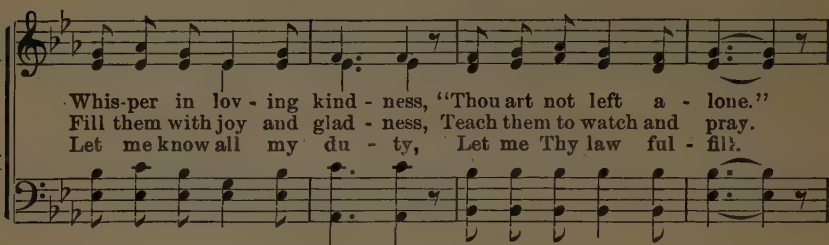
Speak to Me, Jesus.

L. L. P.

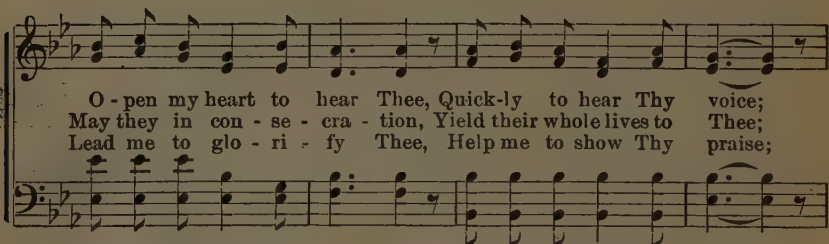
Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.



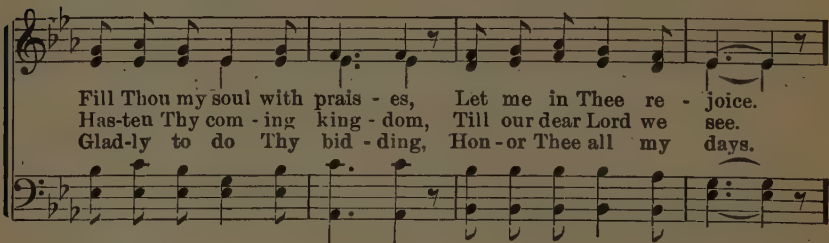
1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in ten - d'rest tone;
 2. Speak to Thy chil - dren ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way;
 3. Speak now as in the old time, Thou didst re - veal Thy will;



Whis - per in lov - ing kind - ness, "Thou art not left a - lone."
 Fill them with joy and glad - ness, Teach them to watch and pray.
 Let me know all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill.

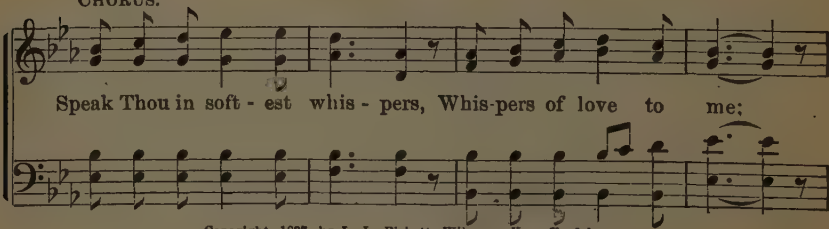


O - pen my heart to hear Thee, Quick - ly to hear Thy voice;
 May they in con - se - cra - tion, Yield their whole lives to Thee;
 Lead me to glo - ri - fy Thee, Help me to show Thy praise;



Fill Thou my soul with prais - es, Let me in Thee re - joice.
 Has - ten Thy com - ing king - dom, Till our dear Lord we see.
 Glad - ly to do Thy bid - ding, Hon - or Thee all my days.

CHORUS.



Speak Thou in soft - est whis - pers, Whis - pers of love to me;

"Thou shalt be al - ways con - q'ror, Thou shalt be al - ways free."

Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Al-ways in ten-d'rest tone;

Let me now hear Thy whis - per, "Thou art not left a - lone."

There's a Wideness.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

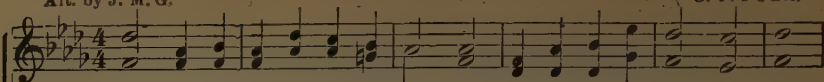
1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

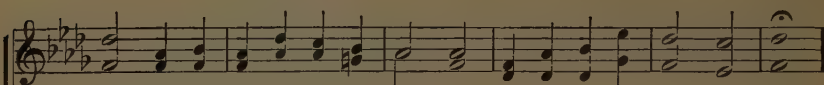
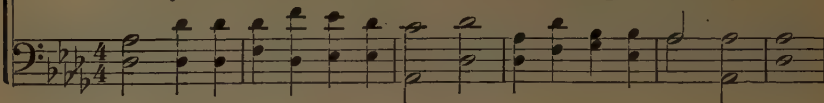
What Did He Do?

Alt. by J. M. G.

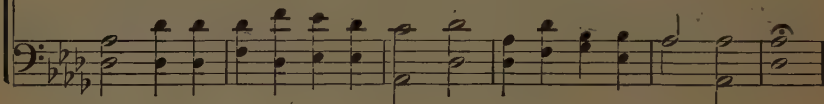
O. F. PUGH.



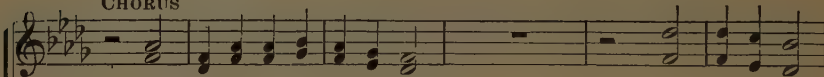
1. O lis-ten to our wondrous sto-ry, Counted once a-mong the lost;
2. No an-gel could our place have taken, Highest of the high tho' he;
3. And yet this tale wondrous proceedeth, Stirring heart and tongue a-flame!
4. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav - ior? To His sceptre hum-bly bow?



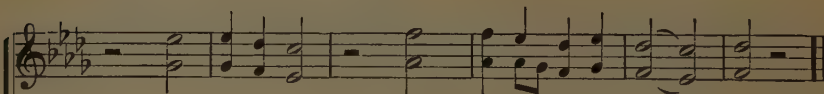
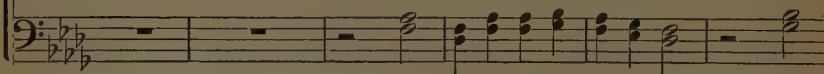
Yet, One came down from heaven's glory, Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost!
 The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head Three!
 As our High Priest in heav'n He pleadeth, And Christ Jesus is His name!
 You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now!



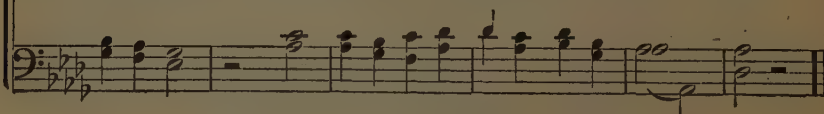
CHORUS



Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?
 Who but God's Son upon the cross! He



Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter - ced - ing!
 died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In heaven in-ter - ced - ing!



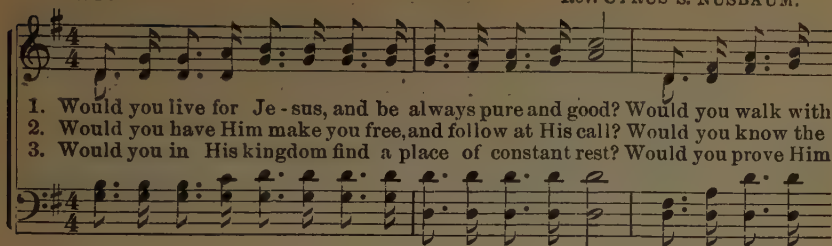
His Way With Thee.

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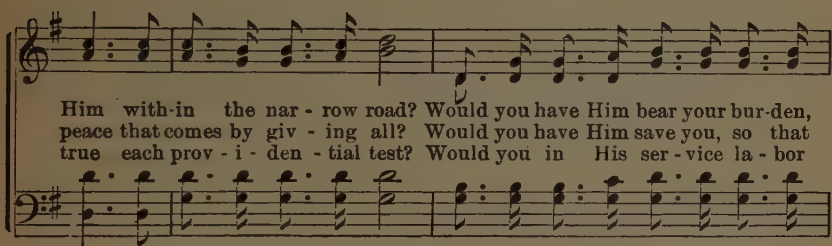
C. S. N.

(Consecration.)

Rev. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

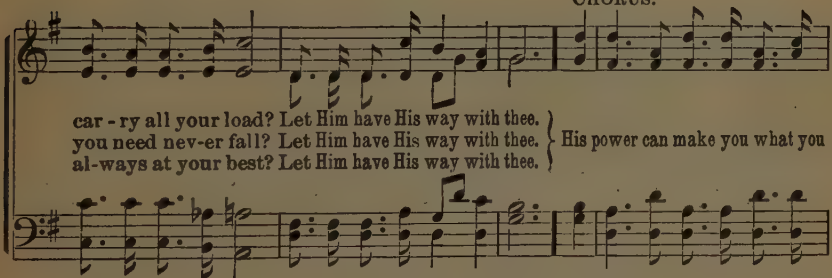


1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him

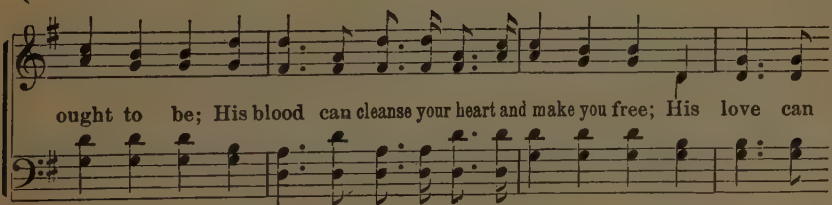


Him with-in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His ser - vice la - bor

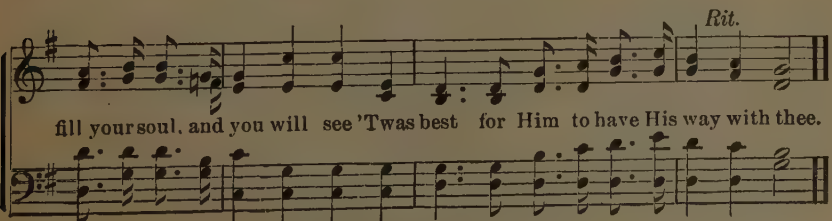
CHORUS.



car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee, }
you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. } His power can make you what you
al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee. }



ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can



fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

1. Have you heard the old, old sto - ry, Coming down thro' a - ges hoar-y,
 2. Tho' His call you've long been spurning, Still He waits for your return-ing,
 3. Souls to you for help are call-ing, Up-on ev - 'ry side they're falling,

Of the Lord of life and glo - ry; O soul, is it nothing to you?
 And His heart o'er you is yearning; O soul, is it nothing to you?
 Sinking in - to night appall-ing; O soul, is it nothing to you?

Full of love to sinners, gracious, Poured He forth His blood most precious,
 Day by day, as you de - ny Him, And with care-less heart pass by Him,
 While with folded hands you're standing, God, His reapers forth is send - ing

Sons of God, that He might make us; O soul, is it noth-ing to you?
 O'er and o'er you cru - ci - fy Him; O soul, is it noth-ing to you?
 To the fields with harvest bending; O soul, is it noth-ing to you?

CHORUS.

Is it nothing?... is it nothing?... O soul, is it nothing to
 Nothing to you? nothing to you? Is it nothing to you, soul,

you? Je-sus Christ, the Son of God, Shed His own most precious blood,
nothing to you?

Is it noth-ing?... is it nothing.... to you?.....
Nothing to you? nothing to you? O soul, is it nothing to you?

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock, and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest. Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass come from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

My Anchor Holds.

W. C. MARTIN.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,
 2. Migh - ty tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep;
 3. Troubles al - most overwhelm the soul, Grievs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
 An - gry clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
 Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob - scure the light of day;

I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.
 Still I stand the tem - pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
 I can face them and be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.

CHORUS.

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
 And it holds,.... my anchor holds; Blow your wild - - est,

gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er
 then, O gale,

fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.
For my an-chor holds, it firm-ly holds,

Jesus, I Come.

W. T. SLEEPER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;

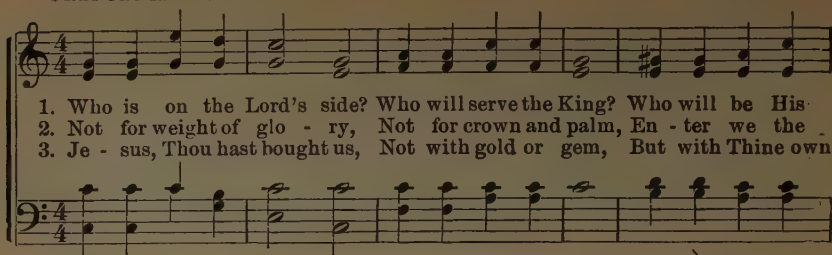
In - to Thy free-dom, gladness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the glo - rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sickness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a - bove,
Out of the depths of ru - in un-told, In - to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

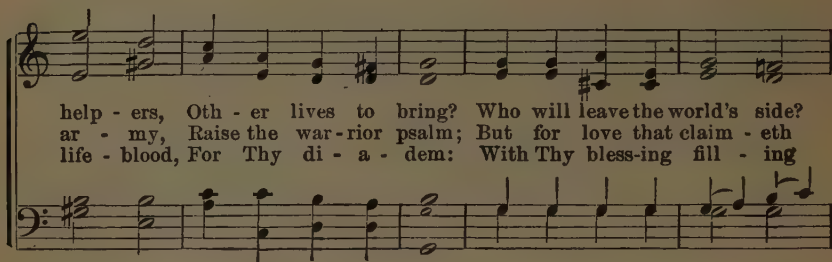
Out of my sin and in - to Thy-self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju - bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Ev - er Thy glo - rious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

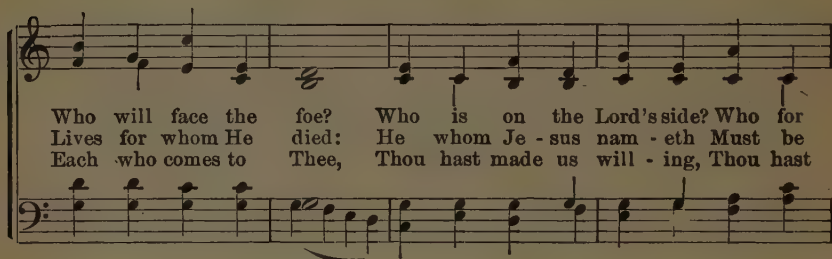
J. GOSS, arr.



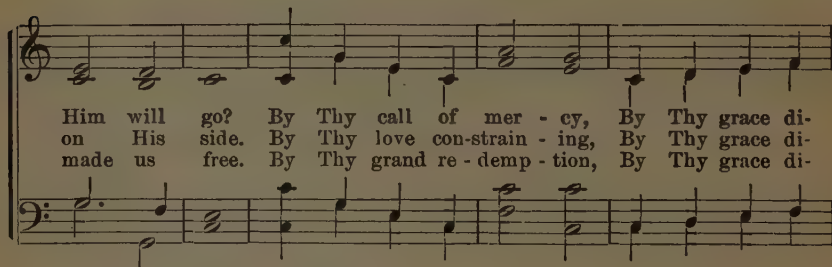
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the
 3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own



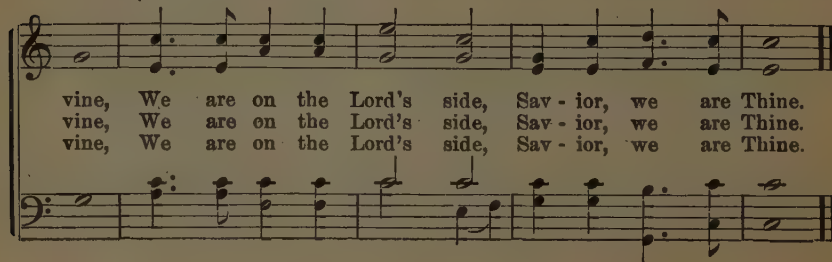
help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
 ar - my, Raise the war - rior psalm; But for love that claim - eth
 life - blood, For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless - ing fill - ing



Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for
 Lives for whom He died: He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be
 Each - who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast



Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di -
 on His side. By Thy love con - strain - ing, By Thy grace di -
 made us free. By Thy grand re - demp - tion, By Thy grace di -



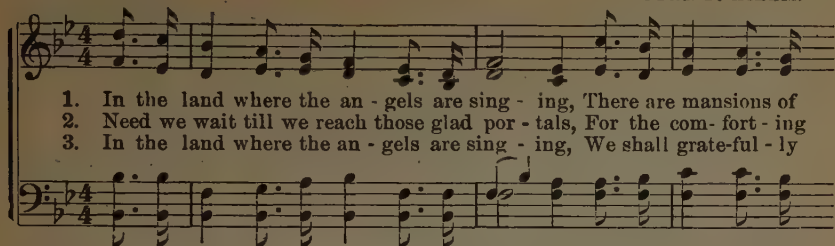
vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are Thine.
 vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are Thine.
 vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are Thine.

A Rest for the People of God.

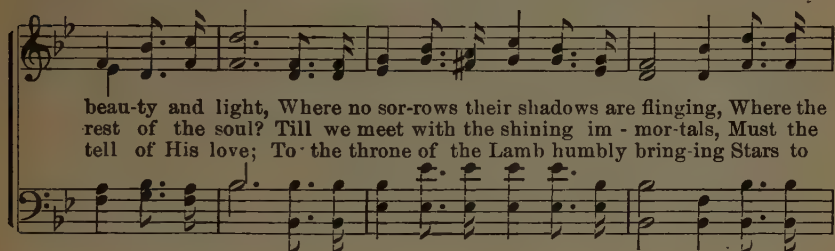
53

E. E. HEWITT.

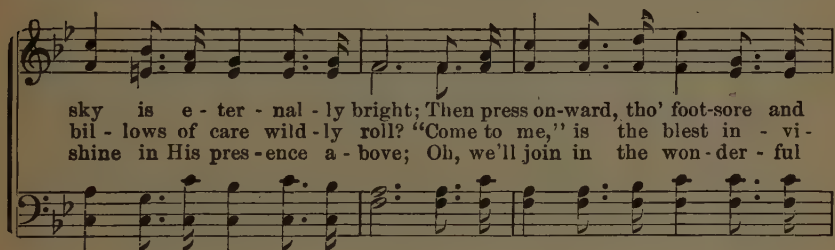
JOHN P. HILLIS.



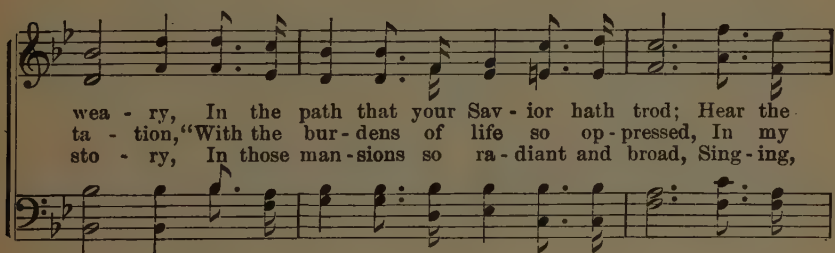
1. In the land where the an - gels are sing - ing, There are mansions of
 2. Need we wait till we reach those glad por - tals, For the com - fort - ing
 3. In the land where the an - gels are sing - ing, We shall grate-ful - ly



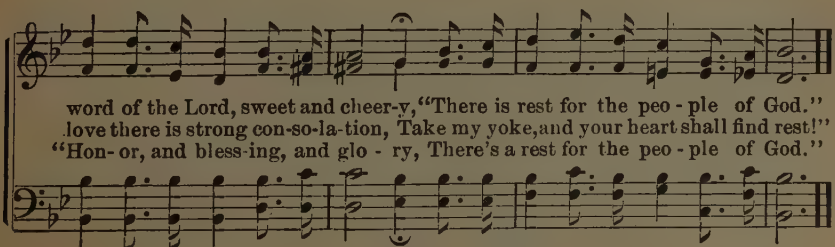
beau-ty and light, Where no sor-rows their shadows are flinging, Where the
 rest of the soul? Till we meet with the shining im - mor-tals, Must the
 tell of His love; To the throne of the Lamb humbly bring-ing Stars to



sky is e - ter - nal - ly bright; Then press on-ward, tho' foot-sore and
 bil - lows of care wild - ly roll? "Come to me," is the blest in - vi-
 shine in His pres-ence a - bove; Oh, we'll join in the won - der - ful



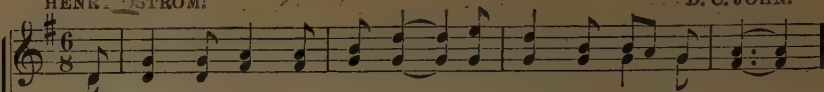
wea - ry, In the path that your Sav - ior hath trod; Hear the
 ta - tion, "With the bur - dens of life so op - pressed, In my
 sto - ry, In those man - sions so ra - diant and broad, Sing - ing,



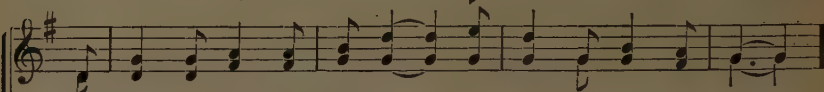
word of the Lord, sweet and cheer-y, "There is rest for the peo - ple of God."
 love there is strong con-so-la-tion, Take my yoke, and your heart shall find rest!"
 "Hon - or, and bless - ing, and glo - ry, There's a rest for the peo - ple of God."

HENRY OSTROM:

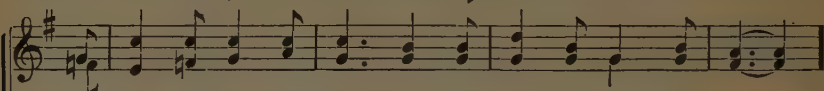
D. C. JOHN.



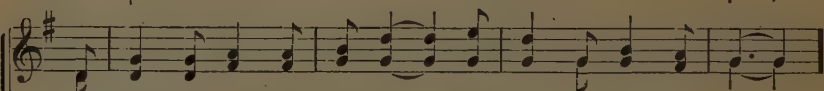
1. Oh! what a day is com - ing, Swift o'er the hills of time!
 2. Then wide as o - cean bil - lows, Shall flow the waves of peace,
 3. O day of God and man - hood, Break o'er these cloud-ed hills,
 4. Oh! what a day is com - ing, When men with an - gels vie,



My soul to meet its glo - ry, Sets all her bells a - chime;
 Till man to man is broth - er, And 'bit - ter-ness' shall cease;
 Shine on our rest and la - bor, Till earth with heav-en thrills;
 To cause Je - ho - vah's prais-es To sound thro' earth and sky!



What woes will soon be light - ed, What sol - ace draw - eth near;
 And, as the in - cense ris - es, At morn and e - ven tide,
 Give loy - al love for du - ty, Give rap - ture for our tears,
 When long lost friends are greet - ed, When strangers cease to roam,



What wrongs will soon be right - ed, What mys - ter - ies made clear!
 Faith reaps her vast sur - pris - es, Where doubt and fear have died.
 And shine in gold - en beau - ty, A mill - ion, mill - ion years.
 When man, his task com - plet - ed, With Je - sus rests at home.



CHORUS.



'Twill sure-ly come, it draw-eth nigh,
 'Twill surely come, it draweth nigh,



Oh! What a Day is Coming. Concluded. 55

Its glorious dawn..... lights up the sky;..... 'Twill
 Its glorious dawn lights up the sky;

surely come..... it draweth nigh,..... 'Tis coming by and by.
 'Twill surely come, it draweth nigh,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
 2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
 3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
 there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. } Sav-ior, Sav-ior,
 wounded, broken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
 I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

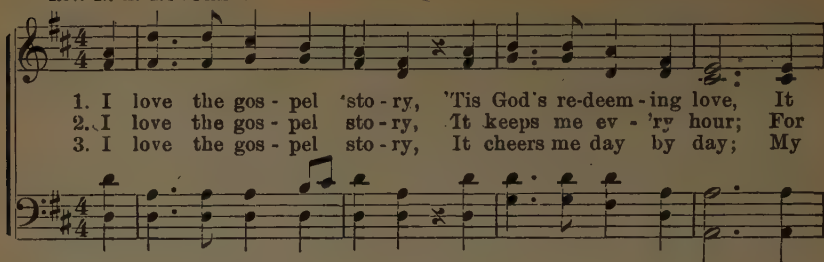
Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

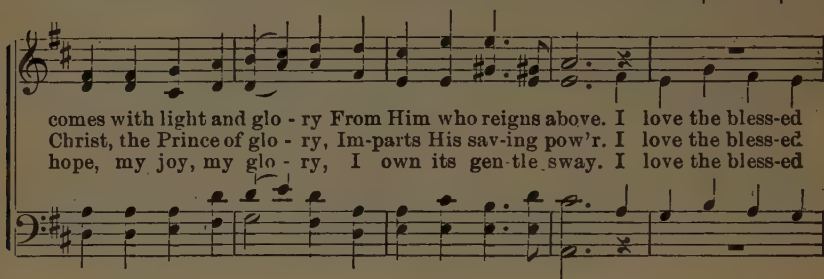
I Love the Gospel Story.

Rev. N. A. McAULAY.

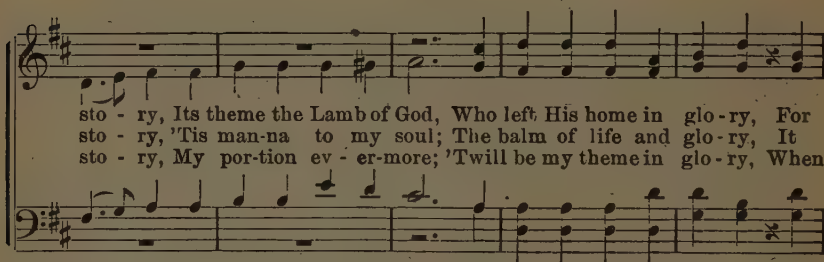
JOHN P. HILLIS.



1. I love the gos - pel sto - ry, 'Tis God's re-deem-ing love, It
 2. I love the gos - pel sto - ry, It keeps me ev - 'ry hour; For
 3. I love the gos - pel sto - ry, It cheers me day by day; My

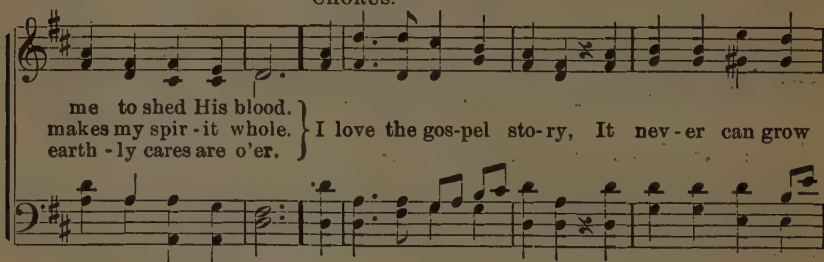


comes with light and glo - ry From Him who reigns above. I love the bless-ed
 Christ, the Prince of glo - ry, Im-parts His sav-ing pow'r. I love the bless-ed
 hope, my joy, my glo - ry, I own its gen-tle sway. I love the bless-ed

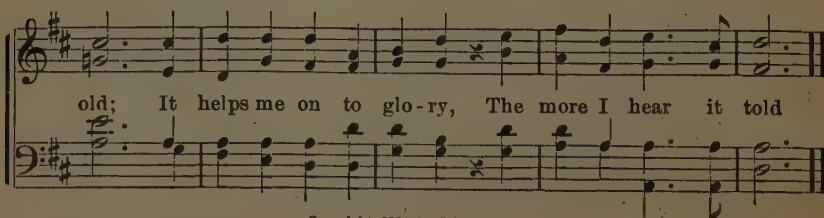


sto - ry, Its theme the Lamb of God, Who left His home in glo - ry, For
 sto - ry, 'Tis man-na to my soul; The balm of life and glo - ry, It
 sto - ry, My por-tion ev - er-more; 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, When

CHORUS.



me to shed His blood. } I love the gos-pel sto-ry, It nev-er can grow
 makes my spir-it whole. }
 earth-ly cares are o'er.



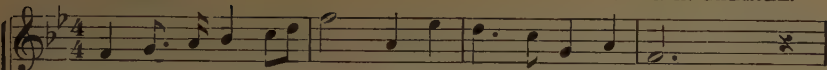
old; It helps me on to glo-ry, The more I hear it told

Homeward.

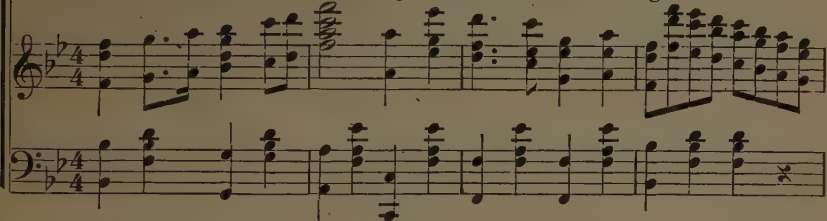
57

ADA POWELL.

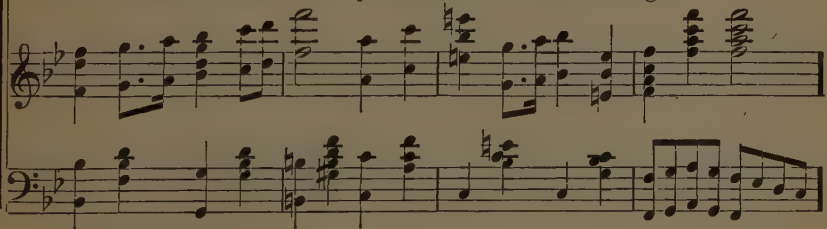
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



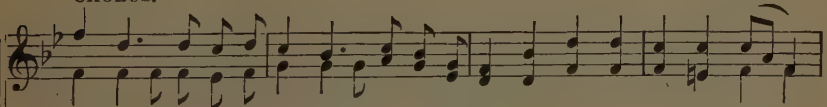
1. Homeward I go re - joic - ing! O love - ly promised land.
2. Homeward to meet my Sav - ior On that e - ter - nal shore,
3. Homeward I go, be - liev - ing That there shall be no night



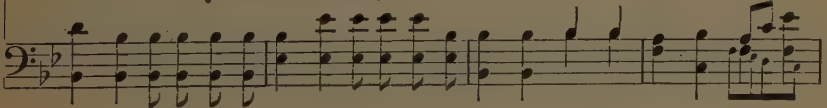
Far in the dis - tance gleam - ing, I see thy shin - ing strand.
Won - der - ful land of Ca - naan, Where sor - rows come no more.
In that e - ter - nal cit - y Where God Him - self is light.



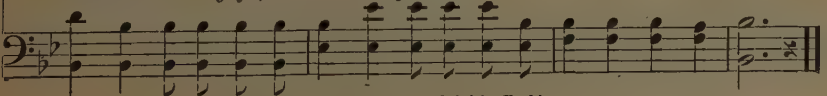
CHORUS.



Homeward to join the ransomed, Beyond the borders of the cry - stal sea;
Homeward bound to join the ransomed ones, We're



Homeward to joys e - ter - nal, And O how sweet the rest will be!
home - ward bound to joys, e - ter - nal joys,



1. Lift up your eyes to the fields that are whitening, Hark! 'tis the
 2. Look on the fields, how the har-vest is wast-ing, Wait-ing for
 3. Souls that are read-y to en-ter the king-dom, Wait for the
 4. Reap for His glo-ry in fields that are near-est, Look all a-

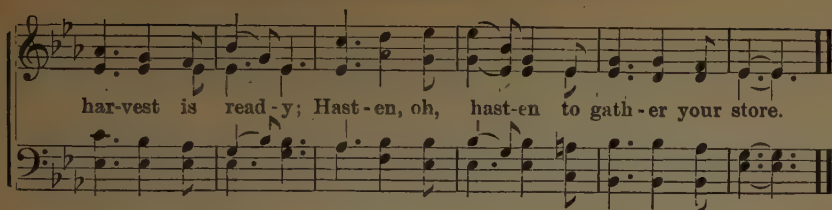
voice of the Mas-ter and Lord; See! on each side there is
 reap-ers to gar-ner it in; He that is faith-ful, re-
 glad in - vi - ta - tion to - day; "Go ye and tell," is the
 broad, for the har-vest is white; O'er the wide earth are the

work for the reap-er, Sheaves that are gold-en shall be the re-ward.
 ceiv-eth his wa-ges; Joy ev-er - last-ing the reap-er shall win.
 word of the Mas-ter, Serv-ant of Je-sus, oh, hear and o - bey.
 sheaves to be garnered, Hast-en, O reap-er, fast com-eth the night.

CHORUS.

Are you a reap-er? Are you a reap-er? Gath - ering
 Gathering, gathering

fruit..... un-to life ev-er - more? Lift up your eyes, for the
 fruit, gold-en fruit un-to life ev-er - more?



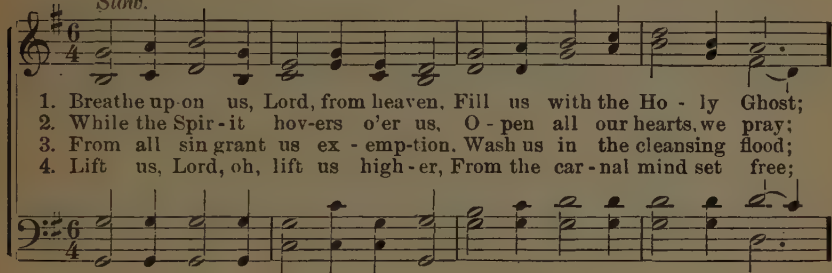
har-vest is read-y; Hast-en, oh, hast-en to gath-er your store.

Breathe Upon Us.

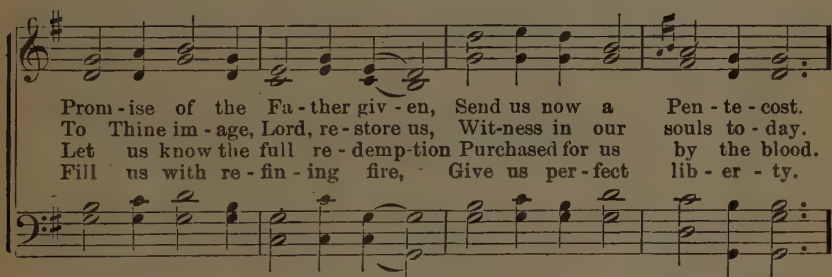
R. K. C.

Slow.

R. KELSO CARTER.



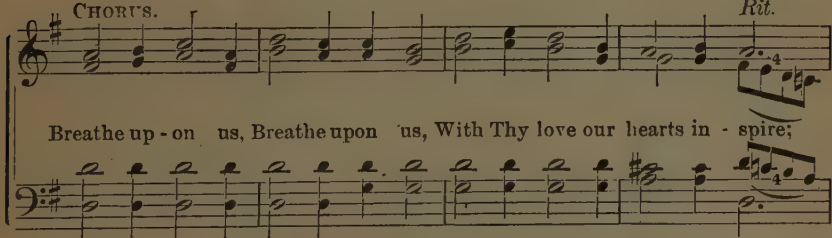
1. Breathe up-on us, Lord, from heav-en, Fill us with the Ho-ly Ghost;
2. While the Spir-it hov-ers o'er us, O-pen all our hearts, we pray;
3. From all sin-grant us ex-emp-tion. Wash us in the cleansing flood;
4. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high-er, From the car-nal mind set free;



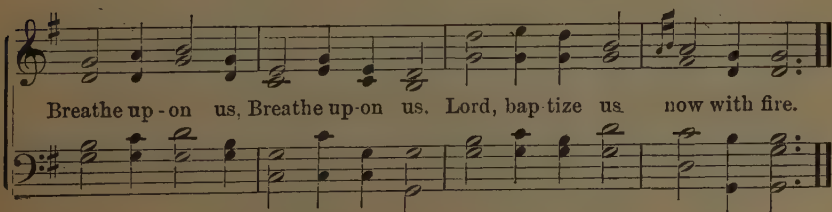
Prom-ise of the Fa-ther giv-en, Send us now a Pen-te-cost.
 To Thine im-age, Lord, re-store us, Wit-ness in our souls to-day.
 Let us know the full re-demp-tion Purchased for us by the blood.
 Fill us with re-fin-ing fire, Give us per-fect lib-er-ty.

CHORUS.

Rit.



Breathe up-on us, Breathe upon us, With Thy love our hearts in-spire;



Breathe up-on us, Breathe up-on us. Lord, bap-tize us now with fire.

Tell the Glad Tidings.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. True and faith-ful is the prom-ise, Ev-'ry word with hope a-glow;
 2. Pre-cious is the in-vi-ta-tion To the bur-den-ed and op-pressed:
 3. How as-sur-ing is the mes-sage To the soul cast down, a-fraid;

"Tho' your sins may be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow,"
 "Come to me, ye who are wea-ry, Come, and I will give you rest."
 Hark! "Let not your heart be troub-led, Nei-ther let it be a-fraid."

To the guilt-y heart these ti-dings Are of peace and par-don full:
 Come and take His yoke up-on you, Of the Meek and Low-ly learn;
 Help is laid up-on the Might-y, Noth-ing is too hard for God;

Rit.
 "Tho' your sins are red like crim-son, They shall e-ven be as wool."
 Ye shall find the bur-den eas-y, Find the rest for which you yearn.
 Fear not, for He hath redeemed thee, Comforts thee with staff and rod.

CHORUS.

Glad ti-dings of great joy, Glad ti-dings of great joy;

O tell to ev - 'ry crea - ture The ti - dings of great joy!

Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seemed a far - off place, Till Je-sus showed His smiling face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?

And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.
In cot - tage or in man - sion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

CHORUS.

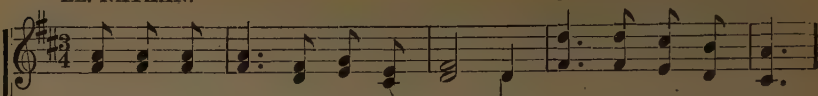
O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sin's for - giv'n;

On land or sea, what matters where, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

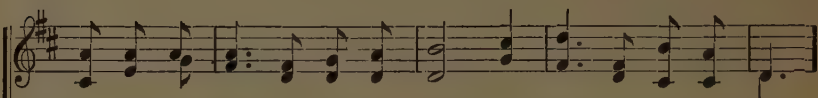
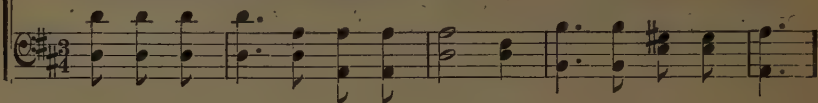
I Will Pass Over You.

EL. NATHAN.

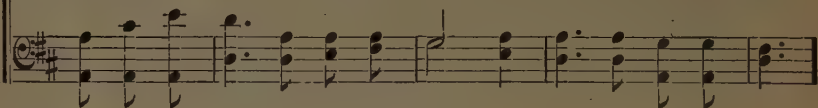
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



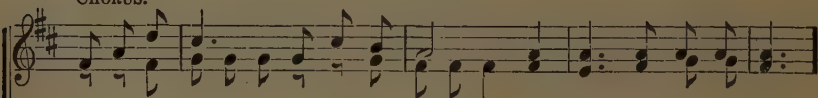
1. When God the way of life would teach And gath - er all His own,
2. By Christ, the Lamb, the Lamb of God, The pre-cious blood was shed,
3. O soul, for thee sal - va - tion thus By God is free - ly giv'n;
4. The wrath of God that was our due, Up - on the Lamb was laid;
5. How calm shall pass the judg-ment hour, To all who do o - bey



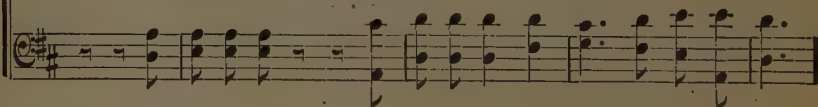
He puts them safe be - yond the reach Of death, by blood a - lone.
When He ful - filled God's ho - ly word, And suf - fered in our stead.
The blood of Christ a - tones for sin, And makes us meet for heav'n.
And by His blood, His pre - cious blood, The debt for us was paid.
The word of God a - bout the blood, And make that word their stay.



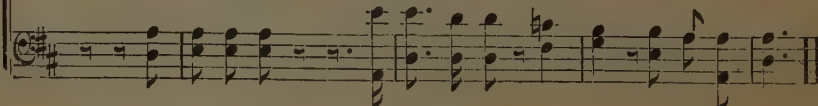
CHORUS.



It is His word, God's precious word, It stands for - ev - er true;
It is His word, God's pre-cious word,



When I, the Lord, shall see the blood, I will pass o-ver you.
When I the Lord, shall see the blood,



Doing His Will.

63

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on His word, Just to feel I am
 2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
 3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for

His ev - 'ry day; Just to walk by His side with His Spir - it to guide,
 Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to His will, just to trust and be still,
 my dear - est friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to ob - tain,

CHORUS.

Just to fol - low where He leads the way. Just to say what He wants me to
 Just to lean on His bos - om and rest.
 True and faithful He'll be to the end. what He

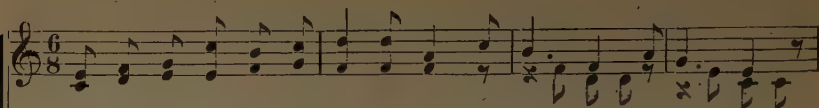
pp

say, And be still when He whispers to me; Just to
 wants me to say, when He whispers to me;

go where He wants me to go, Just to be what He wants me to be.
 where He wants me to go,

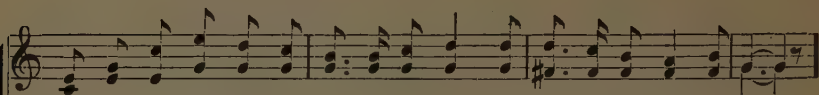
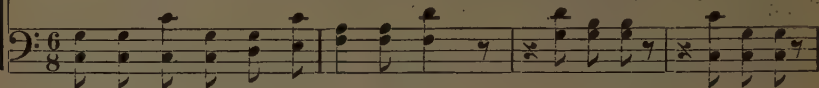
LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

JOHN P. HILLIS.



1. If you have heard that our God is love, Go tell it, go tell it!
2. If you can sing the dear Savior's praise, Go sing it, go sing it!
3. If you can turn oth - er hearts to God, Go do it, go do it!

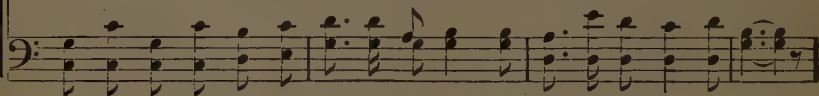
Go tell it, go tell it!



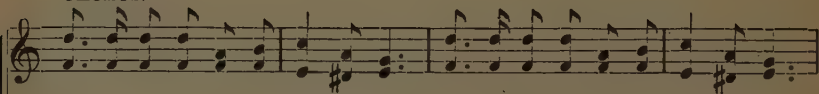
That He is reign-ing in heav-en a - bove, Go tell of His love to - day.

Un - to Him glad - ly your voi-ces now raise, Go sing of His love to - day.

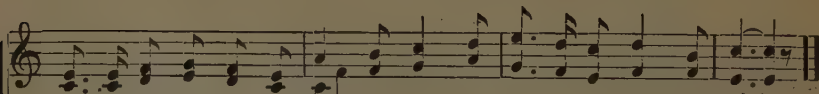
Bid them to fol - low where Je-sus has trod, Go do what you can to - day.



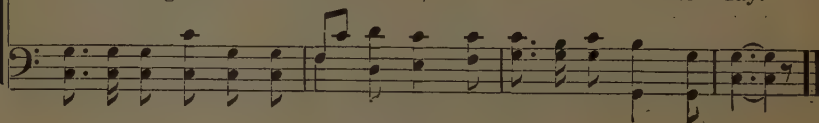
CHORUS.



Tell of a Sav-ior so kind and true, Tell of His love and His mer-cy too,



Tell of the good He would have us do, Go tell of His love to - day.

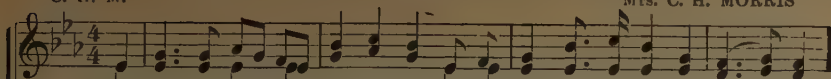


Jesus Is the World's Redeemer.


65

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS

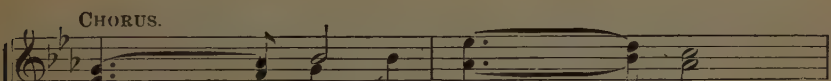


1. For sin-ners lost and doomed to die, There is no oth-er friend like Je - sus;
 2. He took a - way my heart of sin, There is no oth-er friend like Je - sus;
 3. To save me from the tempter's pow'r, There is no oth-er friend like Je - sus;
 4. Oft His re-prov-ing voice I hear, There is no oth-er friend like Je - sus;
 5. O sin-ner, come and find it true, There is no oth-er friend like Je - sus;




And such a sin-ner once was I, There is no oth-er friend like Je - sus.
 And poured the oil of glad-ness in, There is no oth-er friend like Je - sus.
 To keep me in af-flic-tion's hour, There is no oth-er friend like Je - sus.
 And then I know He still is near, There is no oth-er friend like Je - sus.
 He'll be your Guide and Sav-ior too, There is no oth-er friend like Je - sus.

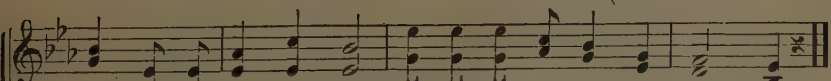
CHORUS.



Je - sus! Je - sus!
 Je - sus is the world's, the sin - ful world's Re-deem - er.



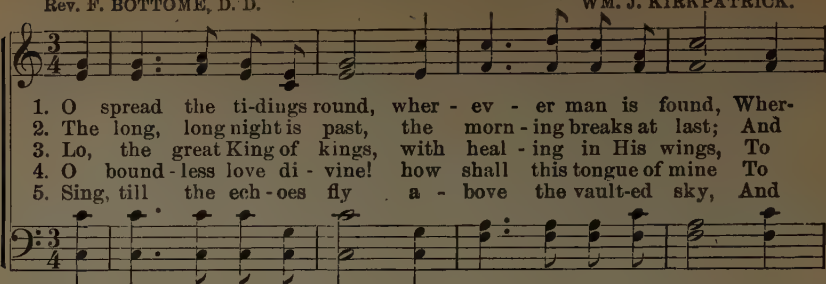
Je - sus is the world's Re - deem - er; There is no oth - er



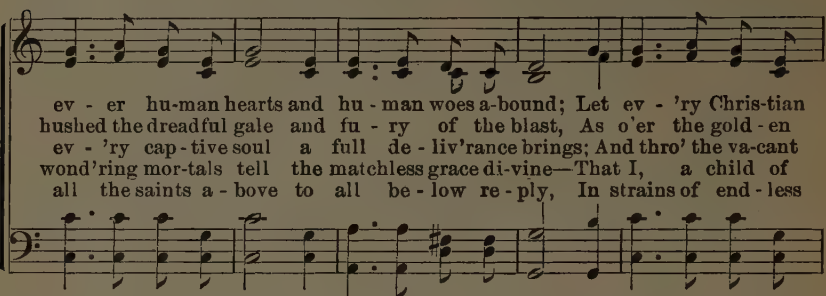
friend like the sin - ner's friend, Je - sus is the world's Re-deem - er.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

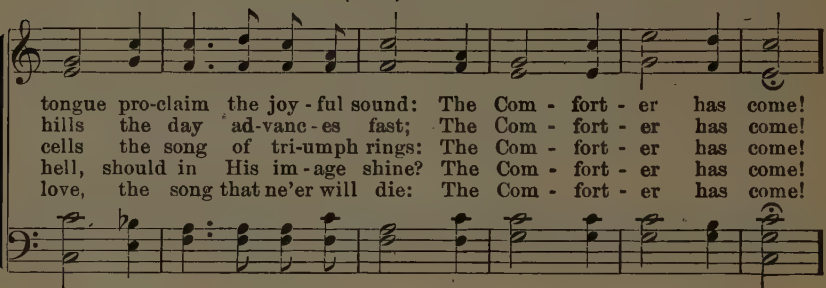
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O spread the ti-dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound-less love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And

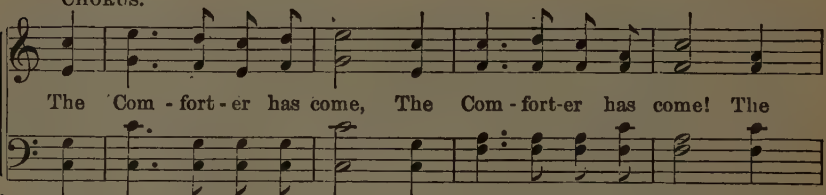


ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris-tian
 hushed the dreadful gale and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
 wond'ring mor-tals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re-ply, In strains of end-less

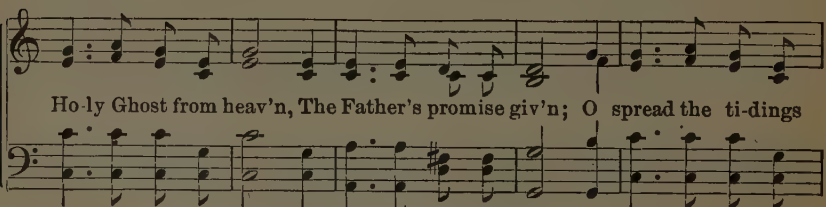


tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad-vanc-es fast; The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in His im-age shine? The Com - fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The



Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings

round, Wher-ev - er man is found— The Com - fort - er has come!

Be Not Dismayed.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

J. S. FEARIS.

Be not dismayed, the Lord thy God is with thee; Be not a - fraid, for
Be of good cheer; if God thy Lord is near thee, His hand unseen can
Be not dismayed, tho' en - e - mies surround thee, God's hosts unseen are

He will be thy stay; Wher-e'er thou go - est, tho' dark clouds be o'er thee,
save from ev - 'ry ill; Thro' death's dark valley He will go be - fore thee,
camped along thy path; Thy foes in ter - ror all shall flee be - fore thee,

REFRAIN.

His light will lead thee in His per - fect way.
His rod and staff shall be thy com - fort still. } Be not dismayed,
God's hand can turn a - side the pow'rs of wrath. }

be not dismayed; Who trusts in God, need nev - er be a - fraid.

Lo! A Mighty Army.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON.

Arr. by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lo! a might - y ar - my now as - sem - bling, Rallying to the
 2. Marshaled league of ea - ger youth - ful sol - diers, Girt with truth they
 3. Fierce and long may be the dire - ful con - flict With the host of

cross, a might - y band, Bold to strive a - gainst the pow'rs of e - vil,
 bear the Spir - it's sword, Shield of faith and hel - met of sal - va - tion,
 un - be - lief and sin; Fal - ter not, but swift go forth to bat - tle,

CHORUS.

Sworn to do or die at God's command. For - ward, ye sol - diers of Je - sus,
 Read - y, wait - ing for the Captain's word.
 Truth and right with God the fight will win. Forward, forward, march, ye sol - diers,

With His banner o'er you, Charge the foe be - fore you; Val - iant - ly
 For - ward, for - ward, march, ye sol - diers; For - ward, march, ye

follow your Captain, Till the fight with sin is o'er; For - ward, ye
 sol - diers, forward, Forward, for - ward,

sol-diers of Je - sus, Faithful to your call - ing, Tho' in bat-tle fall - ing,
march, ye sol - diers, For - ward, for-ward, march, ye sol - diers,

Ye shall with Je - sus vic - to - rious Reign in glo - ry ev - er - more.
Forward, march, ye sol - diers, for - ward,

Have You a Song?

FLORA KIRKLAND.

(Children's Song.)

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Have you a song for Je - sus, He who doth love you so? Think of the an - gels
2. Are you a light for Je - sus, Shin-ing where'er you go? Think how His star was
3. Have you a love for Je - sus, Stronger from day to day? Think how His mother

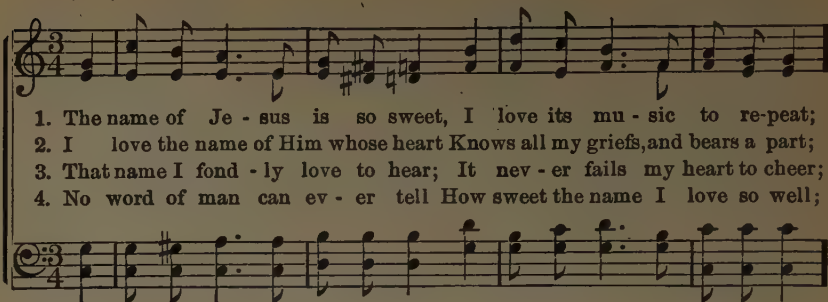
CHORUS.
sing-ing Back in the long a - go.
shin-ing O - ver His manger low. } Yes, we have a song for Je - sus, Our
loved Him, Bending a - bove the hay.

Savior ev - er dear; And we want to love Him better, Shining for Him all the year.

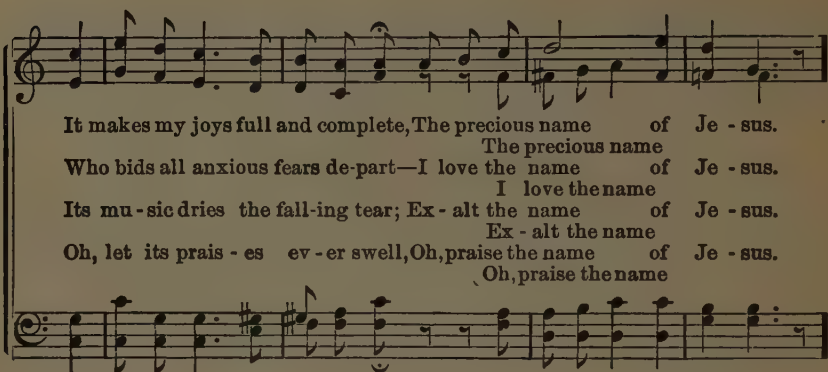
The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

E. S. LORENZ.

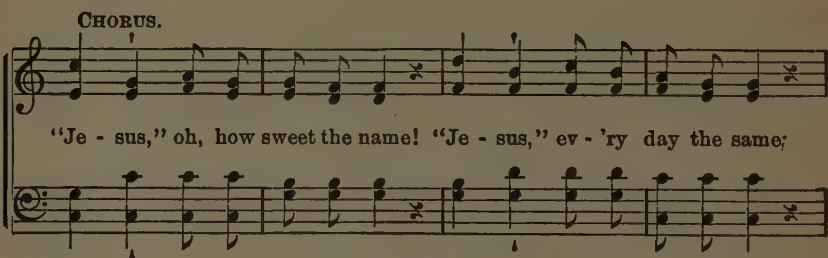


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat;
 2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
 3. That name I fond - ly love to hear; It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
 4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;

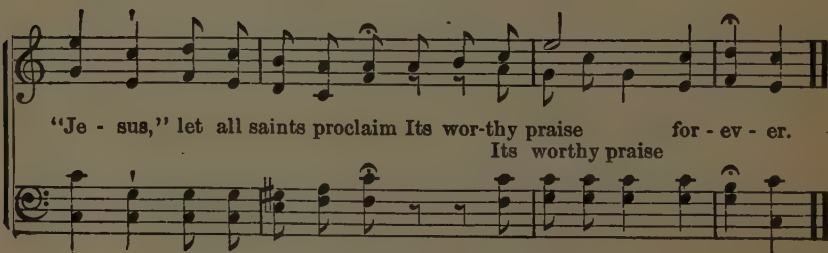


It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
 The precious name
 Who bids all anxious fears de-part—I love the name of Je - sus.
 I love the name
 Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
 Ex - alt the name
 Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.
 Oh, praise the name

CHORUS.



"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;



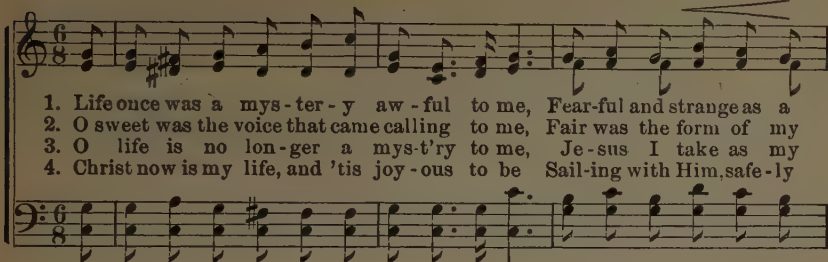
"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.
 Its worthy praise

The Voice On the Sea.

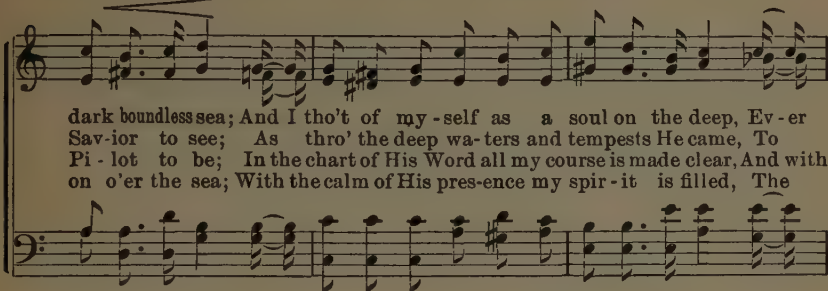
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D. W. WHITTLE.

MARY WHITTLE MOODY.

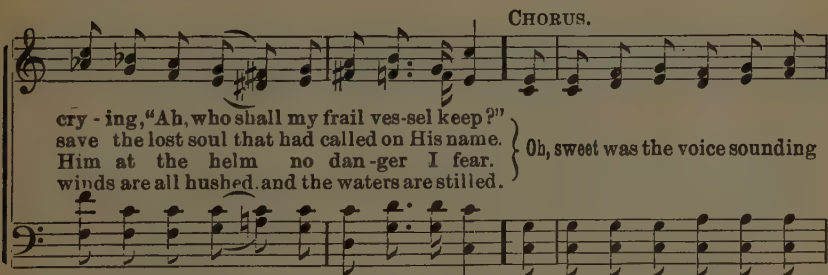


1. Life once was a mys-ter-y aw-ful to me, Fear-ful and strange as a
 2. O sweet was the voice that came calling to me, Fair was the form of my
 3. O life is no lon-ger a mys-t'ry to me, Je-sus I take as my
 4. Christ now is my life, and 'tis joy-ous to be Sail-ing with Him, safe-ly

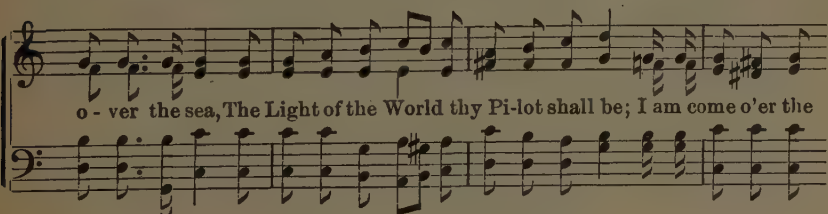


dark boundless sea; And I tho't of my-self as a soul on the deep, Ev-er
 Sav-ior to see; As thro' the deep wa-ters and tempests He came, To
 Pi-lot to be; In the chart of His Word all my course is made clear, And with
 on o'er the sea; With the calm of His pres-ence my spir-it is filled, The

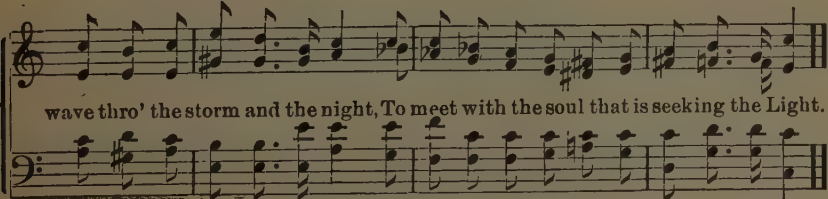
CHORUS.



cry-ing, "Ah, who shall my frail ves-sel keep?"
 save the lost soul that had called on His name.
 Him at the helm no dan-ger I fear. } Oh, sweet was the voice sounding
 winds are all hushed, and the waters are stilled.



o-ver the sea, The Light of the World thy Pi-lot shall be; I am come o'er the



wave thro' the storm and the night, To meet with the soul that is seeking the Light.

America for Christ.

MATTIE ALICE LONG.

LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. A - mer - i - ca, of her wesing, The land of the brave and true, For -
 2. A - mer - i - ca, the land of love, Of free - dom, hope and light, Long
 3. And with the star - ry ban - ner, too, Un - furled in the gen - tle breeze, There
 4. The ban - ner of the ho - ly cross O'er all the world shall wave, While

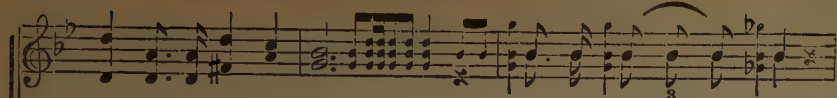
ev - er may her ban - ner wave, The red, and the white, and blue.
 may her peo - ple stand as one, For hon - or and truth and right.
 floats the flag of Chris - tian love, O'er moun - tain, and vale and seas.
 from the na - tions of the earth Shall gath - er the sol - diers brave.

CHORUS IN UNISON.

The ban - ner of Christ o'er all, Hark! hark! hear the bu - gle

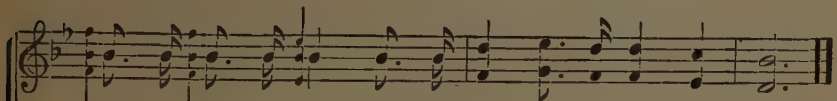
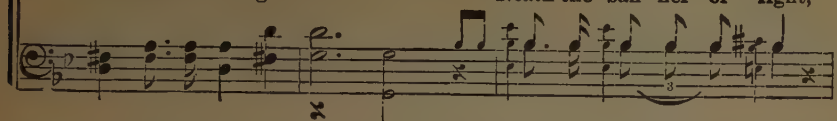
call! 'Neath the ban - ner of light, We will all u - nite, In His

love we will nev - er fall. The ban - ner of Christ o'er all, Hark!



hark! hear the bu-gle call!

'Neath the ban-ner of light,



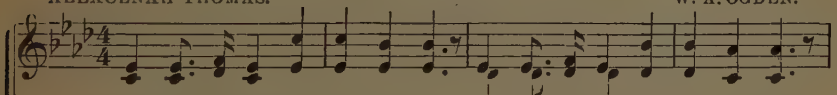
We will all u-nite, In His love we will nev-er fall.



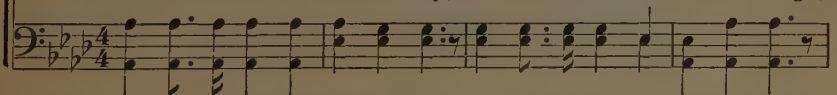
Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

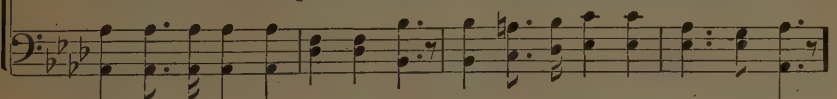
W. A. OGDEN.



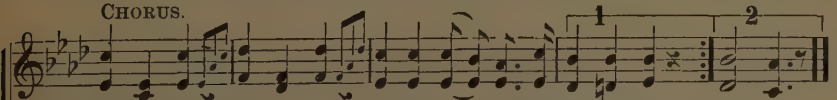
1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring lambs to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high;



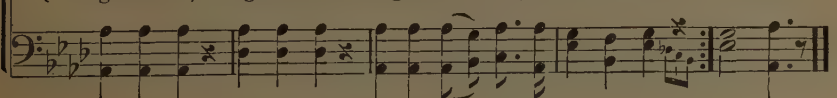
Call-ing the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs, where'er they be."



CHORUS.



{ Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin; }
{ Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to [Omit. . . .] } Je-sus.



I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of His love, I shall
 2. I be-long to the King, and He loves me I know, For His
 3. I be-long to the King, and His prom-ise is sure, That we

dwell in His pal-ace so fair; For He tells of its bliss in yon
 mer-cy and kindness, so free, Are un-ceas-ing-ly mine, where-so
 all shall be gath-ered at last In His king-dom a - bove, by life's

heav-en a - bove, And His chil-dren its splen-dors shall share.
 ev-er I go, And my ref-uge un-fail-ing is He.
 wa-ters so pure, When this life with its tri-als is past.

CHORUS.

I be-long to the King, I'm a child of His love, And He

nev-er for-sak-eth His own; He will call me some day to His

pal - ace a - bove, I shall dwell by His glo - ri - fied throne.

Jesus Saves.

J. P. H.

Moderato.

JOHN P. HILLIS.

1. Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves me, Oh, what rap - ture in my soul;
2. Man - y years in sin I wan - dered, Far from God and peace di - vine;
3. Sin - ner, come, oh, come to Je - sus, Let the blood your sins re - move;

I have tast - ed God's sal - va - tion, Now His blood doth make me whole.
Then it was that Je - sus found me, Then He gave me joy sub - lime.
There is par - don, there is cleans - ing, Oh, the depths of Je - sus love.

CHORUS.

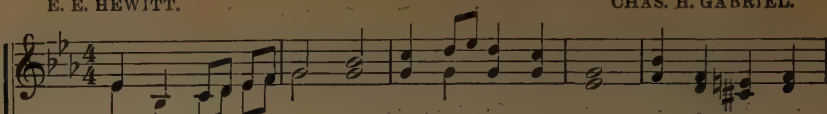
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Full a - tone - ment thro' His blood;

I have tast - ed God's sal - va - tion, I have plunged beneath the flood.

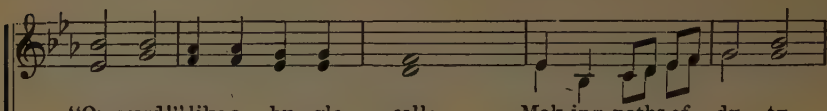
Forward, Ever Forward!

E. E. HEWITT.

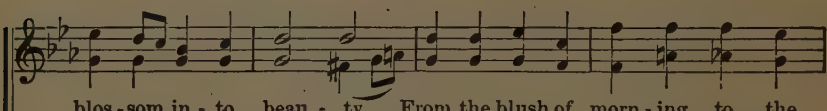
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. For-ward, ev - er for - ward! ral - ly, one and all; Hear the Mas-ter's
 2. For-ward, ev - er for - ward! trust-ing love di - vine, Pass the hap-py
 3. For-ward, ev - er for - ward! dai - ly let us rise, Je - sus lead-ing

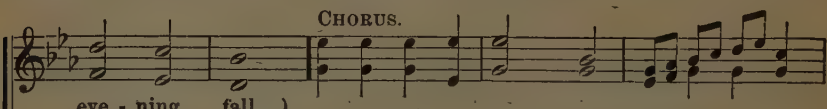


"On-ward!" like a bu - gle call; Mak-ing paths of du - ty
 watch-word all a - long the line; Joy - ful hearts pos-sess - ing,
 on - ward near-er to the skies; Lift-ing up a broth-er,

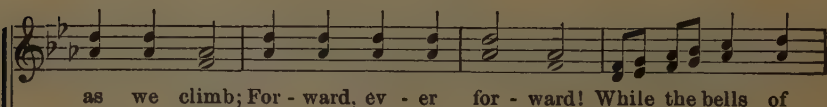


blos-som in - to beau - ty, From the blush of morn - ing to the
 blest, and made a bless - ing, Show-ing oth - er pil - grims where the
 cheer-ing one an - oth - er, Step by step ad - vanc - ing tow'rd the

CHORUS.



eve - ning fall. }
 sun - beams shine. } For-ward, ev - er for - ward! Lift-ing oth-ers
 star - ry prize. }



as we climb; For - ward, ev - er for - ward! While the bells of

glo-ry chime. Je-sus goes be-fore us, In su-preme com-
Je - sus goes be-fore us, In su-
mand; With His ban-ner o'er us, We shall take the land.
preme command; With His banner o'er us,

I Will Go.

MARTHA S. LANKTON.

-WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for strength of
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain. Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-night I'll
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can never heal my woe; I will rise at
4. Something whispers in my soul. Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Jesus' blood will
5. I o-bey the Savior's call, Now to Him I yield my all, At His feet, where

CHORUS.

faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
try a - gain; Je - sus, help Thou me.
once and go, Je - sus died for me. } Can it be, O can it be
make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.

Rit.
There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.

EDGAR LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

1. Have you tak-en Je-sus for your Friend and Guide? You need Him ev-'ry
 2. Since He died on Cal - va - ry, your soul to win, You need Him ev-'ry
 3. He will gladly dwell each moment in your soul, You need Him ev-'ry

day, you need Him all the way; Are you walk-ing ev - 'ry mo-ment
 day, you need Him all the way; He will keep you safe - ly from the
 day, you need Him all the way; He hath pow'r to cleanse you free-ly,

CHORUS.

by His side? You need Je - sus all the way. }
 pow'r of sin, You need Je - sus all the way. } You need Je - sus ev - 'ry
 make you whole, You need Je - sus all the way. }

day,..... You need Je - sus all the way; He will be a friend so
 ev-'ry day, all the way;

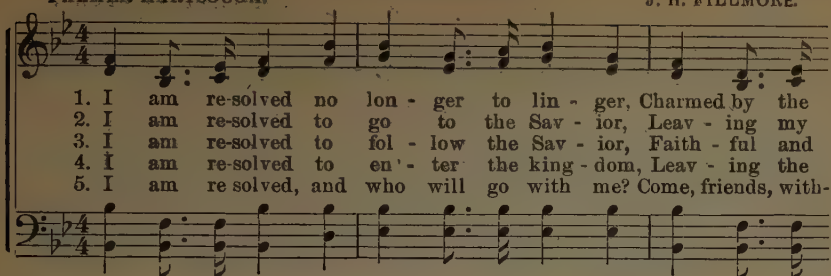
true, as the journey you pursue; You need Je - sus all the way.

I Am Resolved.

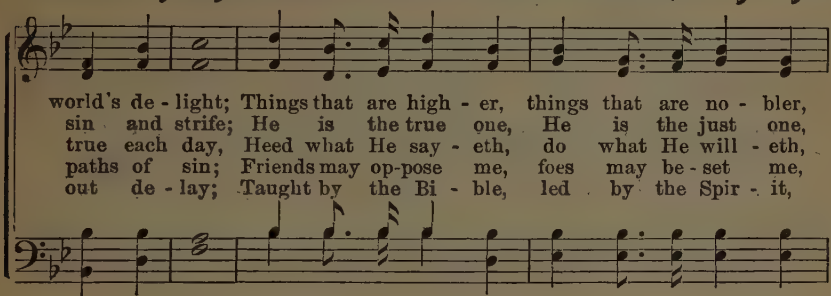
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PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

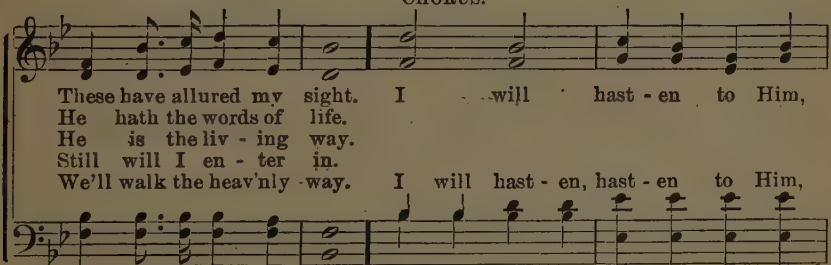


1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
 2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav - ing my
 3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith - ful and
 4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the
 5. I am re solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

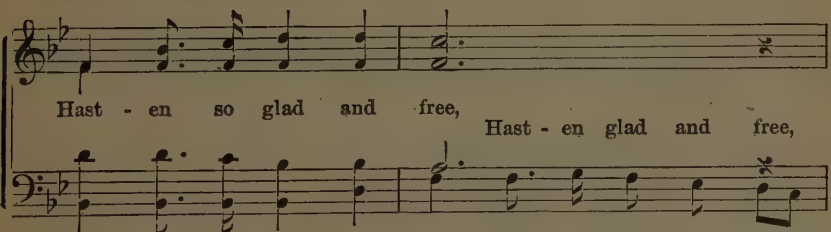


world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
 sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
 true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
 paths of sin; Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me,
 out de - lay; Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

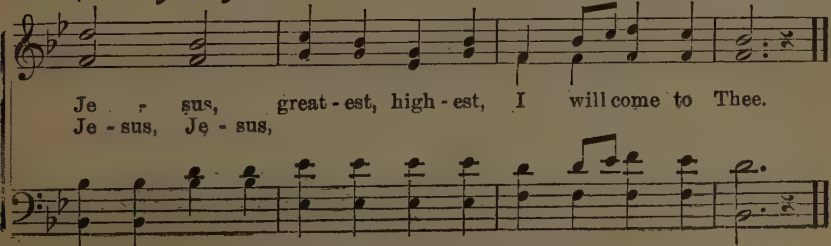
CHORUS.



These have allured my sight. I will hast - en to Him,
 He hath the words of life.
 He is the liv - ing way.
 Still will I en - ter in.
 We'll walk the heav'nly way. I will hast - en, hast - en to Him,



Hast - en so glad and free, Hast - en glad and free,

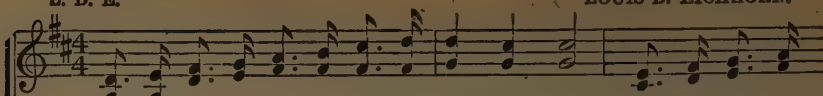


Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

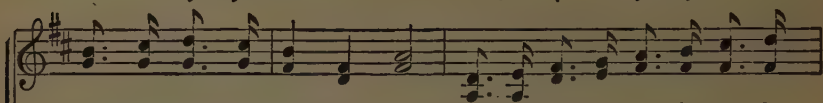
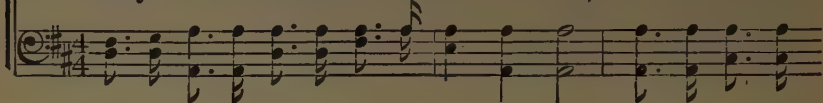
Sing It, and Rejoice Always.

L. D. E.

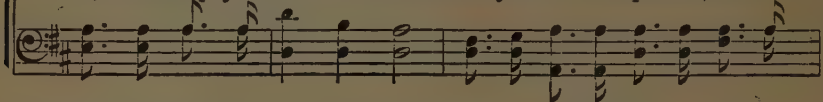
LOUIS D. EICHHORN.



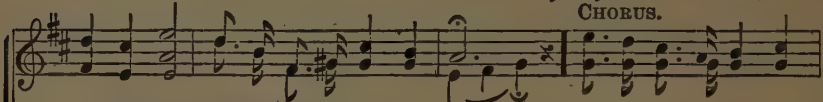
1. Sing the precious sto - ry of the Fa - ther's love, Love so great and
2. Sing it, and re-joyce that Je - sus lived on earth, Lived a life so
3. Sing with thankful heart and voice of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus suf - fered,
4. Will you not be - lieve that Je - sus was di - vine, He will save from



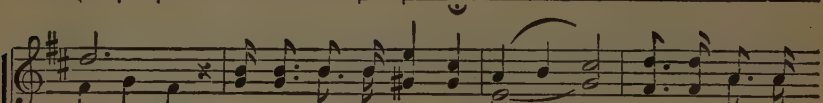
won - der - ful from heav'n a - bove; How He sent His on - ly Son the
beau - ti - ful, of roy - al worth; 'Twas a great ex - am - ple, tho' of
bled, and died for you and me; Ceaseless be His prais - es thro' e -
sin, and keep you all the time? Will you not ac - cept Him, and with



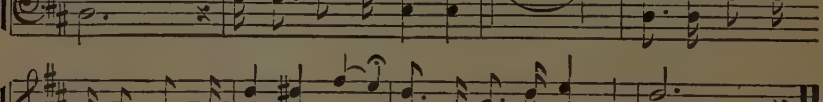
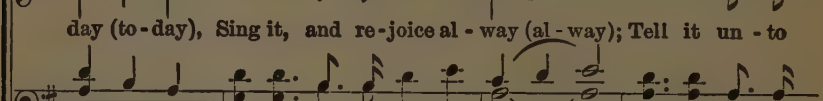
CHORUS.



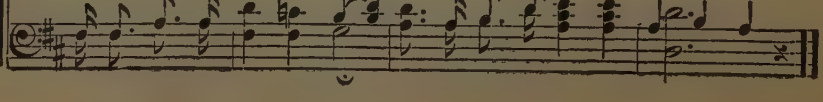
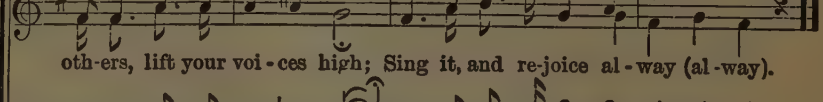
love to prove, Sing it, and re-joyce al - way.... } Sing it, and re-joyce to -
low - ly birth, Sing it, and re-joyce al - way....
ter - ni - ty, Sing it, and re-joyce al - way....
faith sublime, Sing it, and re-joyce al - way?...



day (to-day), Sing it, and re-joyce al - way (al-way); Tell it un - to



oth - ers, lift your voi - ces high; Sing it, and re-joyce al - way (al-way).



We Know.

81

Mrs. LANTA WILSON SMITH.

J. S. FEARIS.

1. We know not what a - waits us A - long life's hid - den ways, A -
 2. When life has scat - tered ros - es Of glad - ness round our feet, God's
 3. Tho' all our earth - ly com - fort And earth - ly joy should cease, The

mid the fleeting shad - ows, And short, un - cer - tain days. But when our Sav - ior
 love in end - less meas - ure Gives life its bliss re - plete. If grief and sor - row
 heart that trusts in Je - sus Shall rest in per - fect peace. We hear Him when He

leads us, With peace and joy we go, The bliss of faith en - folds us—
 crush - es, With o - ver - whelming flow, Then Christ a - lone can help us—
 whis - pers In ac - cents soft and low, He comforts, guides, and keeps us—

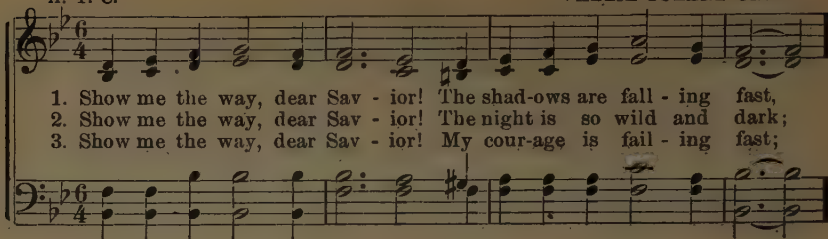
REFRAIN.

These are the things we know. The wonders, God's truth and
 The wonders of the a - ges,

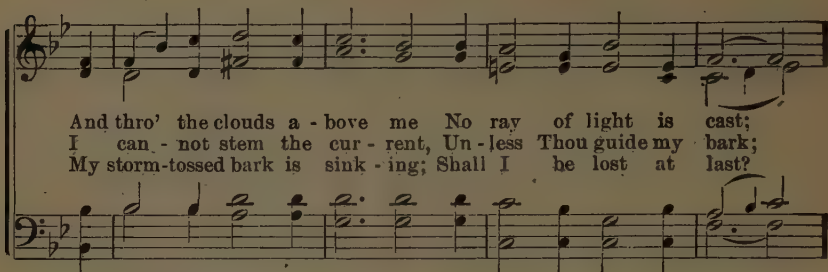
mer - cy show; He loves, He leads, He saves us—These are the things we know.

A. T. C.

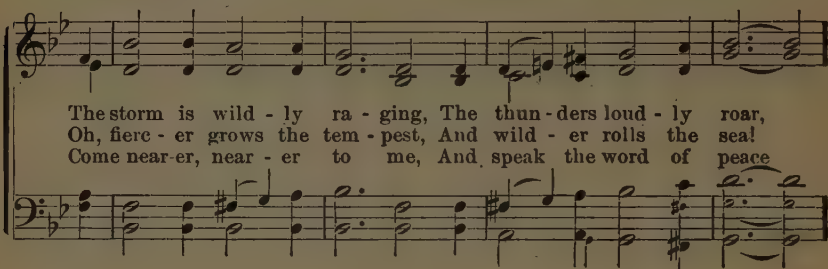
ALLIE TOLAND GRISS.



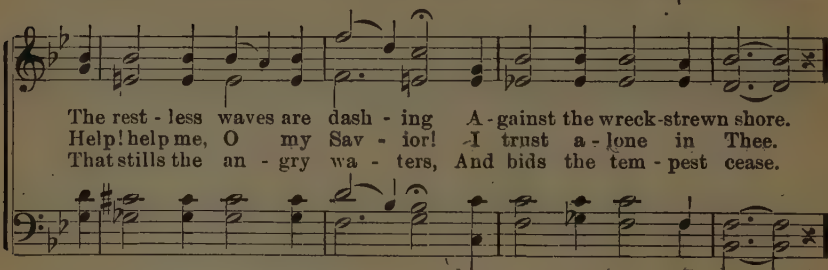
1. Show me the way, dear Sav - ior! The shad - ows are fall - ing fast,
 2. Show me the way, dear Sav - ior! The night is so wild and dark;
 3. Show me the way, dear Sav - ior! My cour - age is fail - ing fast;



And thro' the clouds a - bove me No ray of light is cast;
 I can - not stem the cur - rent, Un - less Thou guide my bark;
 My storm-tossed bark is sink - ing; Shall I be lost at last?

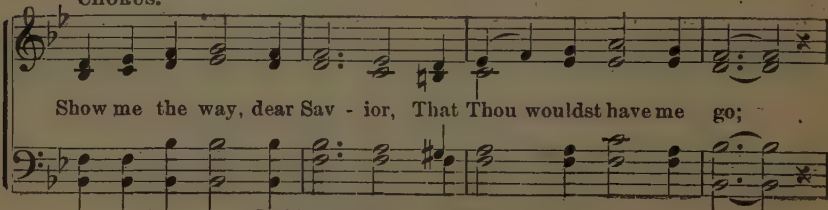


The storm is wild - ly ra - ging, The thun - ders loud - ly roar,
 Oh, fierc - er grows the tem - pest, And wild - er rolls the sea!
 Come near - er, near - er to me, And speak the word of peace



The rest - less waves are dash - ing A - gainst the wreck - strewn shore.
 Help! help me, O my Sav - ior! I trust a - lone in Thee.
 That stills the an - gry wa - ters, And bids the tem - pest cease.

CHORUS.



Show me the way, dear Sav - ior, That Thou wouldst have me go;

Show Me the Way, Dear Savior. Concluded. 83

Show me the way, dear Sav - ior, For Thou a - lone dost know.

Follow All the Way.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Arr. by IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

TRIO.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, In the tend' rest ac - cents call - ing;
2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my feet be worn and wea - ry,
3. Je - sus, ev - er go be - fore me, Shin - ing heav - en's sun - light o'er me;
4. Thro' the val - ley safe - ly lead me, Heav'nly man - na dai - ly feed me;
5. I will nev - er leave Thee, nev - er; Faith - ful I will be for - ev - er;

On my ear these words are falling, "Take thy cross, and daily fol - low me."
 Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery, As I fol - low, fol - low all the way.
 And when weak, by grace restore me, As I fol - low, fol - low all the way.
 Ev - 'ry hour, dear Lord, I need Thee, As I fol - low, fol - low all the way.
 Help me in my weak en - deav - or Thee to fol - low, fol - low all the way.

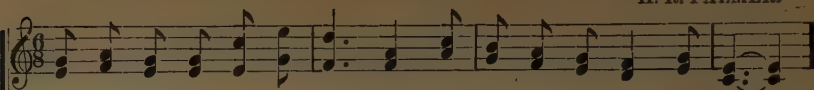
CHORUS.

I will take my cross and fol - low, My dear Sav - ior I will fol - low;

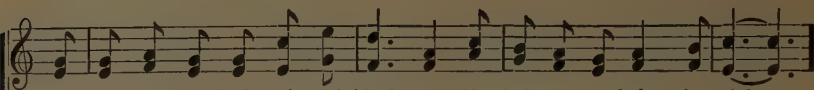
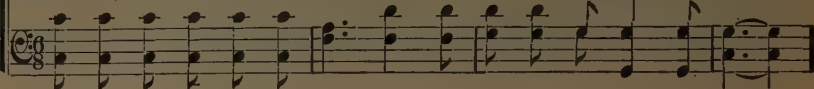
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

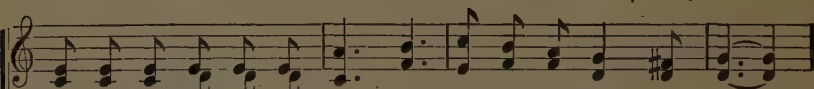
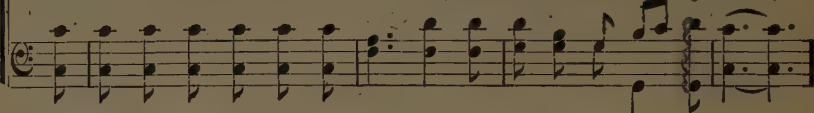
H. R. PALMER.



1. Mas-ter, the tempest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh wak-en and save, I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast;



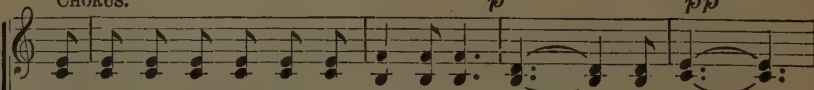
Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep;
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;



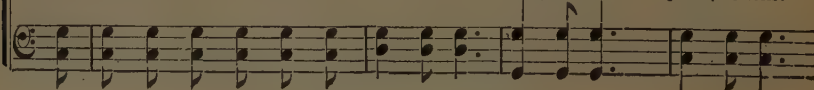
When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh has-ten, and take con-trol.
 And with joy I shall make the best har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



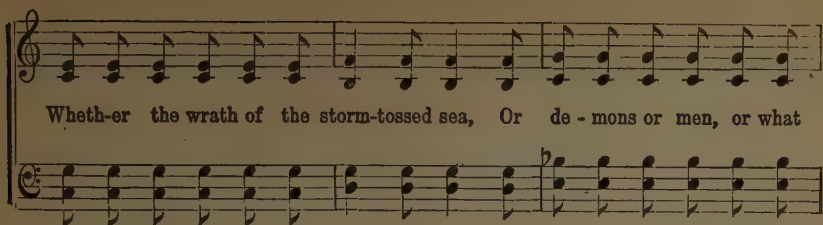
CHORUS.



The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace be still!
 Peace, be still! peace, be still!

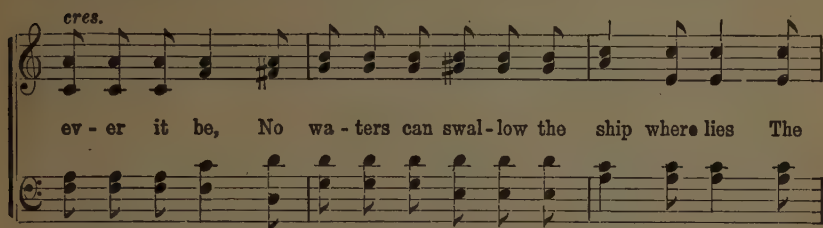


Master, the Tempest is Raging. Concluded. 85



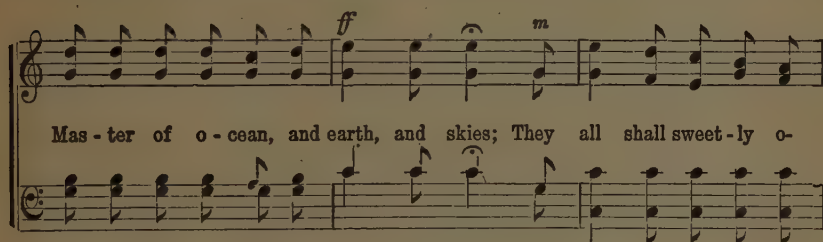
Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what

cres.



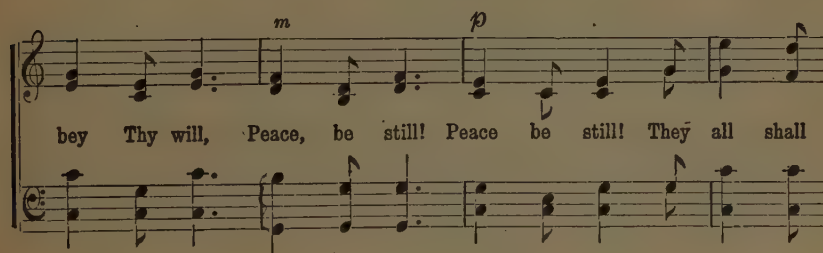
ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The

ff *m*



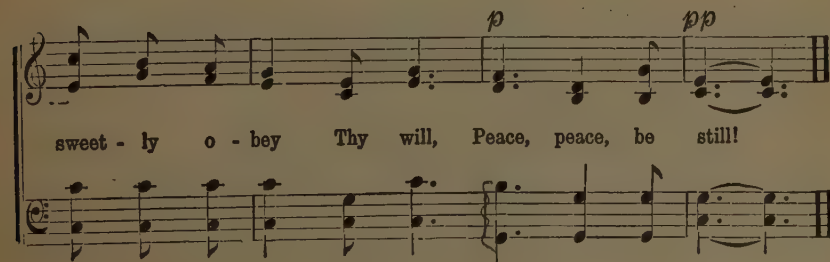
Mas-ter of o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-

m *p*



bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall

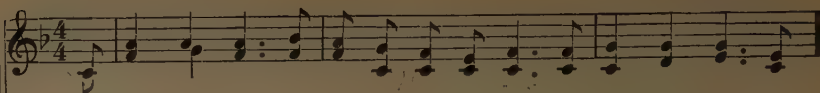
p *pp*



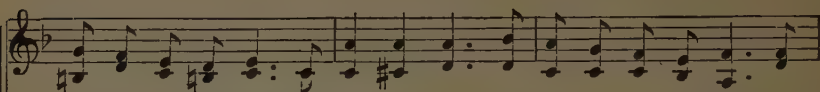
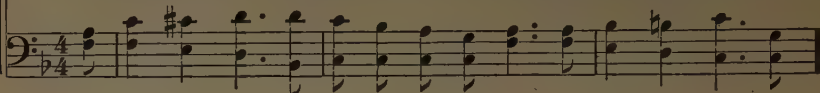
sweet-ly o-bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

CAROLINE SAWYER.

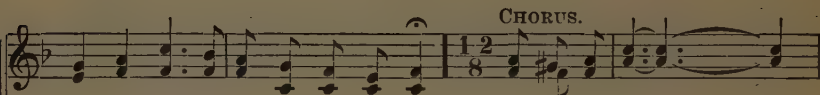
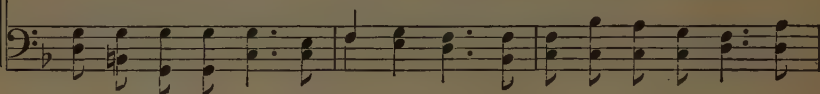
D. B. TOWNER.



1. If you could see Christ standing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head and
2. If you could see that face so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake words
3. He whis-pers to your heart; turn not a-way, For He's be-side you

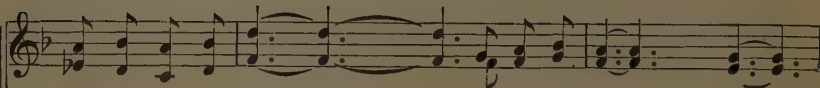
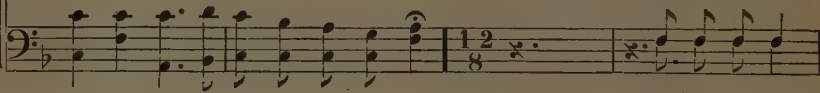


pierc-ed hands could view; Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light, And
on - ly pure and true; Could see the nail-prints in His ten-der feet, And
in your nar-row pew; If you will list - en, you will hear Him say, In

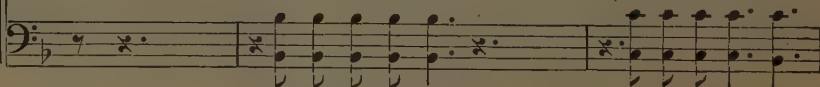


hear Him say, "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you;" Would you be - lieve,.....
hear Him say, "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you;" Last verse.
lov-ing tones, "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." Will you be - lieve.....

Would you believe,
Last verse.. Will you believe,



and Je - sus re - ceive,..... If He were stand - ing
and Je - sus re - ceive,..... For He is stand - ing
and Je - sus re - ceive, If He were standing
and Je - sus re - ceive, For He is standing



here?..... Would you be - lieve,..... and Je - sus re -
 here? Will you be - lieve,..... and Je - sus re -
 here, were standing here? Would you be - lieve,
 here, is standing here? Will you be - lieve,

ceive,..... If He were stand - ing..... here?
 ceive,..... For He is stand - ing..... here?
 and Je - sus re - ceive, If He were standing, if He were standing here?
 and Je - sus re - ceive, For He is standing, for He is standing here?

More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTIS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
 3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the

pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
 lone I seek; Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be,

More love. O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.

I Was Poor as the Poorest.

FRANK H. MASHAW.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I was poor as the poor - est out - cast from the fold, I
 2. I was poor as the poor - est, I shrank from the throng, I
 3. I was poor as the poor - est, I wan - dered a - lone, No
 4. I was poor as the poor - est, He came from the sky With
 5. I was poor as the poor - est, till Je - sus stooped low And

sank by the way-side with hun - ger and cold; But He bade me look
 hid in the darkness that dwelt with me long; But He came like the
 dwell - ing had I, and my pil - low a stone; But I heard some - one
 love that was deathless, for sin - ners to die; And He bled on the
 washed all my sins of the white - ness of snow; And so that is the

up, all His rich - es be - hold; O the wealth of the world is Je - sus.
 morn - ing, with sun - light and song. Now the light of my life is Je - sus.
 whis - per, "My child, still my own;" Now the peace of my heart is Je - sus.
 cross, and my heart said, "'Tis I;" Now the love in my soul is Je - sus.
 rea - son I love Him, you know; O the wealth of the world is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

I was poor as the poor - est out cast from the fold, But He gave me great

treas - ure, not sil - ver and gold; But a man - sion a - bove that will

nev - er grow old, For the wealth of the world is Je - sus.

The Son of God.

REGINALD HEBER.

HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave;
3. A glo - rious band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came;

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.

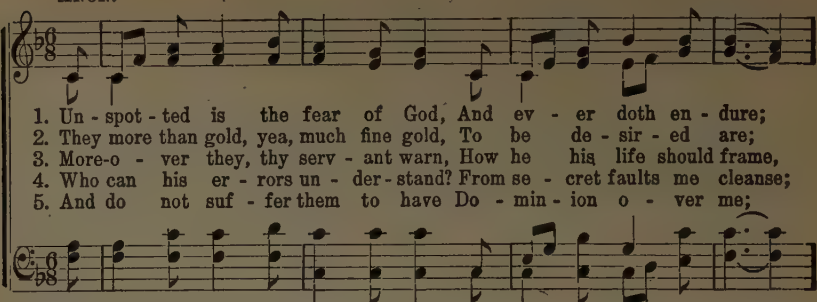
Who best can drink his cup of woe, And tri - umph o - ver pain,
 Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They climbed the diz - zy steep to heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain:

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low—He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train.
 O God! to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.

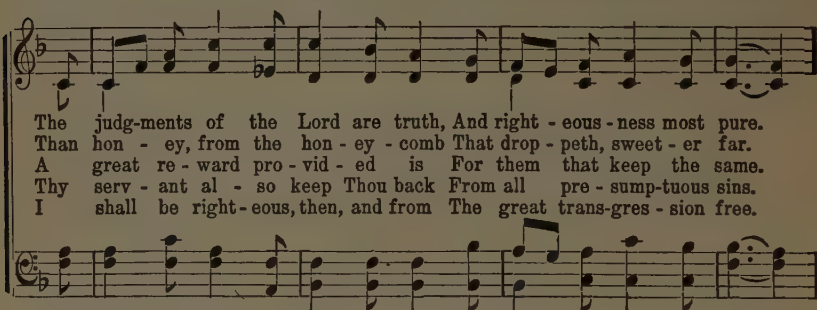
O How Love I Thy Law.

ANON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

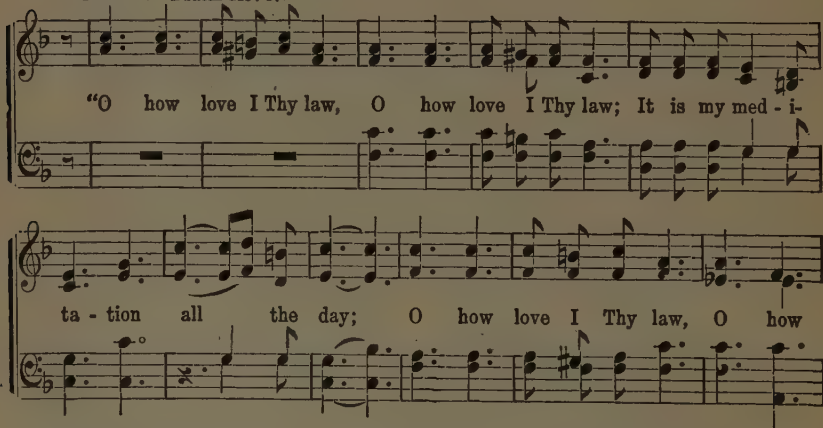


1. Un - spot - ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
 2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sir - ed are;
 3. More-o - ver they, thy serv - ant warn, How he his life should frame,
 4. Who can his er - rors un - der - stand? From se - cret faults me cleanse;
 5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min - ion o - ver me;

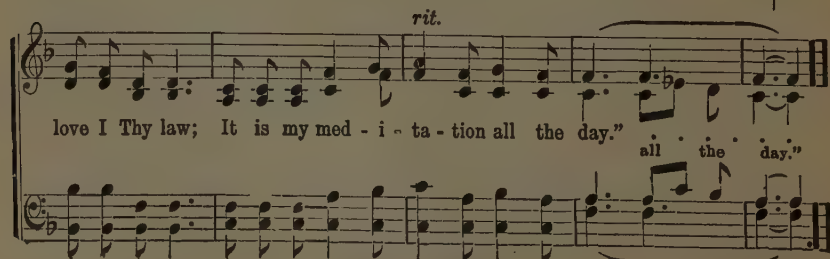


The judg - ments of the Lord are truth, And right - eous - ness most pure.
 Than hon - ey, from the hon - ey - comb That drop - peth, sweet - er far.
 A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
 Thy serv - ant al - so keep Thou back From all pre - sump - tuous sins.
 I shall be right - eous, then, and from The great trans - gres - sion free.

CHORUS. Psalm 119: 97.



"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i -
 ta - tion all the day; O how love I Thy law, O how



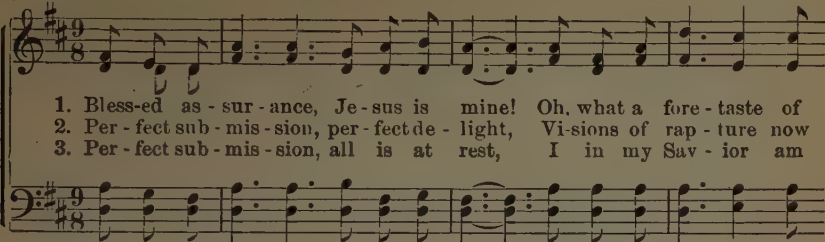
rit.
 love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day." all the day."

Blessed Assurance.

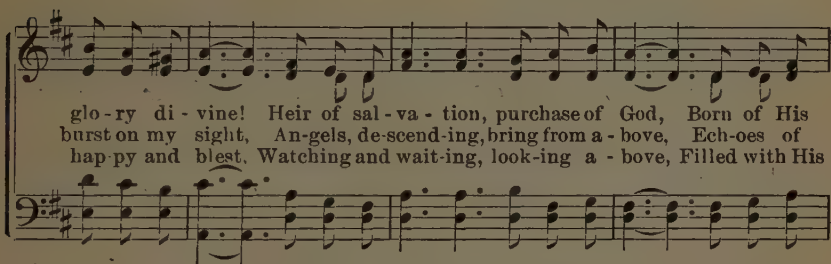
91

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

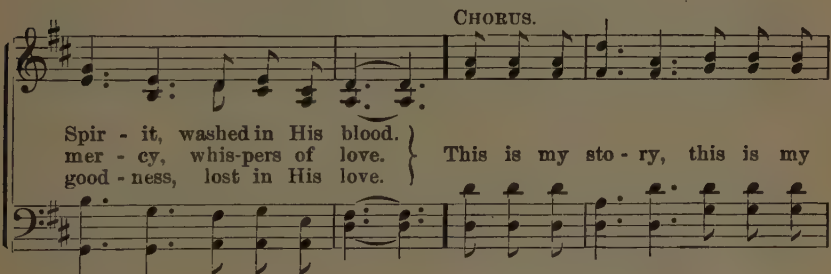


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am

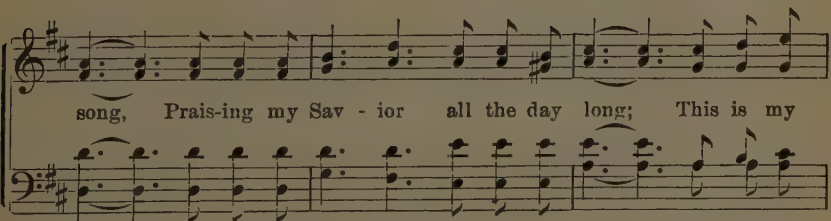


glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An-gels, de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His

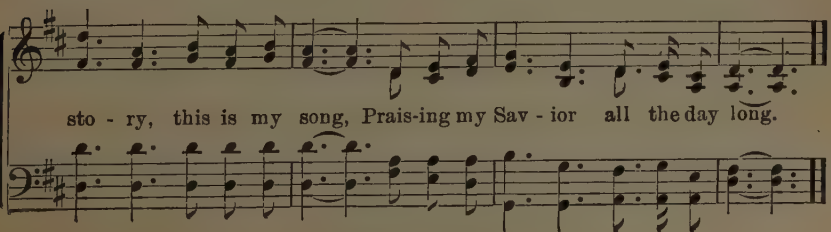
CHORUS.



Spir-it, washed in His blood. } This is my sto-ry, this is my
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love. }
 good-ness, lost in His love.



song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep - herd, Call - eth thee now to come
 2. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep - herd, Gave His dear life for thee;
 3. Lin - ger - ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are a - broad to - day,

In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room;
 Ten - der - ly now He's call - ing, "Wan - der - er, come to me;"
 Seek - ing the sheep who're stray - ing, Seek - ing the lambs to slay;

Come in the strength of man - hood, Come in the morn of youth,
 Haste! for with - out is dan - ger, "Come," cries the Shep - herd blest,
 Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep - herd, Call - eth thee now to come,

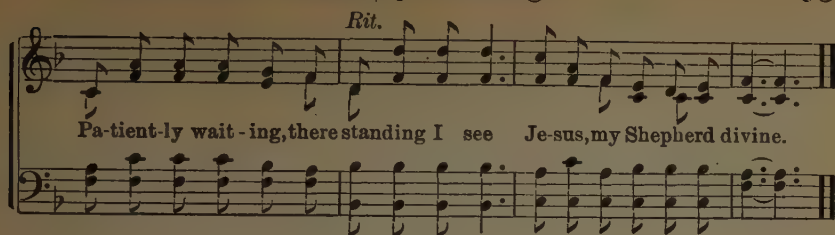
En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the way of truth.
 En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the place of rest.
 En - ter the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.

CHORUS.

Lovingly, ten - der - ly calling is He, "Wan - der - er, wan - der - er, come un - to me;"

Lovingly, Tenderly Calling. Concluded. 93

Rit.

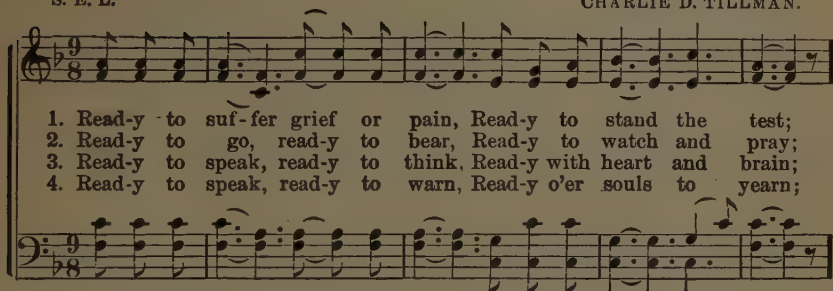


Pa-tient-ly wait-ing, there standing I see Je-sus, my Shepherd divine.

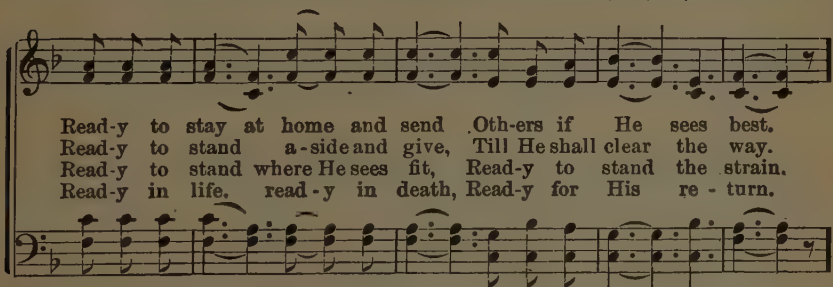
Ready.

S. E. L.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

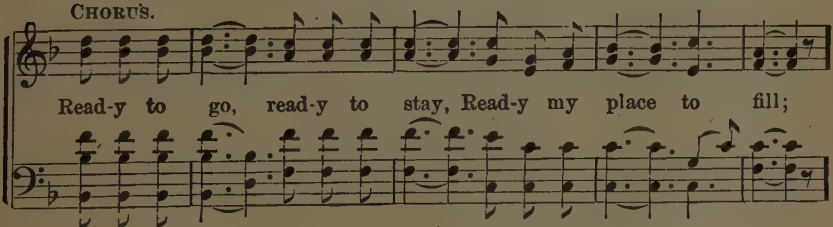


1. Read-y to suf-fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test;
2. Read-y to go, read-y to bear, Read-y to watch and pray;
3. Read-y to speak, read-y to think, Read-y with heart and brain;
4. Read-y to speak, read-y to warn, Read-y o'er souls to yearn;

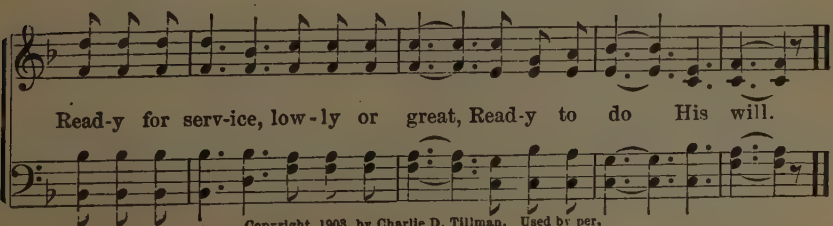


Read-y to stay at home and send Oth-ers if He sees best.
 Read-y to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
 Read-y to stand where He sees fit, Read-y to stand the strain.
 Read-y in life, read-y in death, Read-y for His re-turn.

CHORUS.



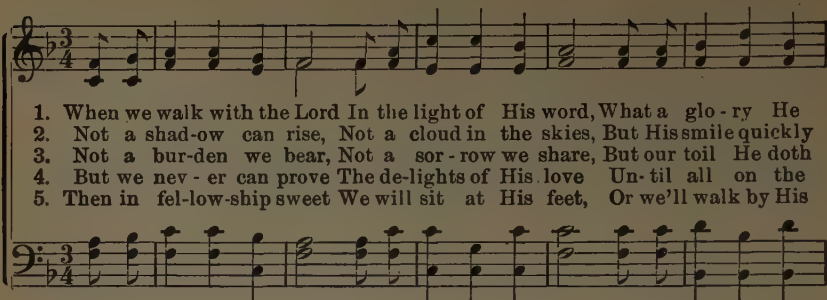
Read-y to go, read-y to stay, Read-y my place to fill;



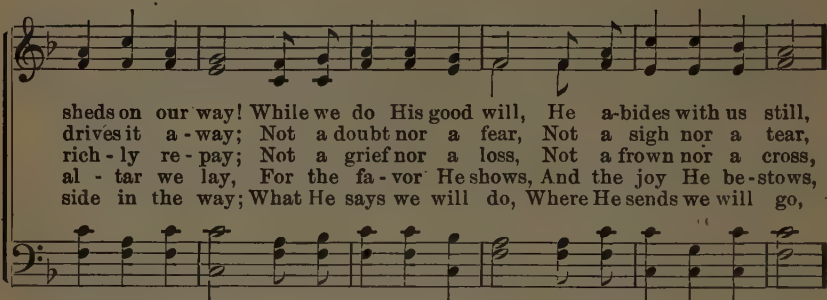
Read-y for serv-ice, low-ly or great, Read-y to do His will.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

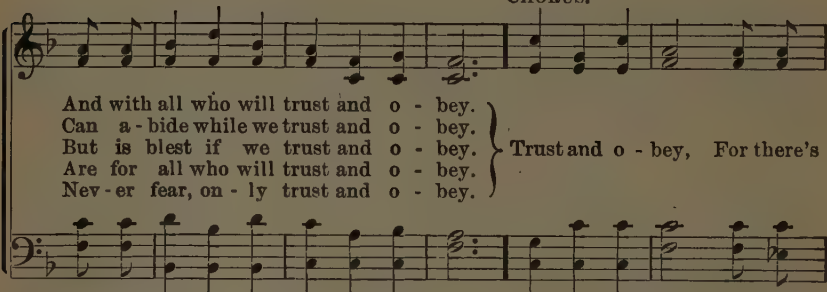


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He
 2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
 4. But we nev-er can prove The de-lights of His love Un-till all on the
 5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



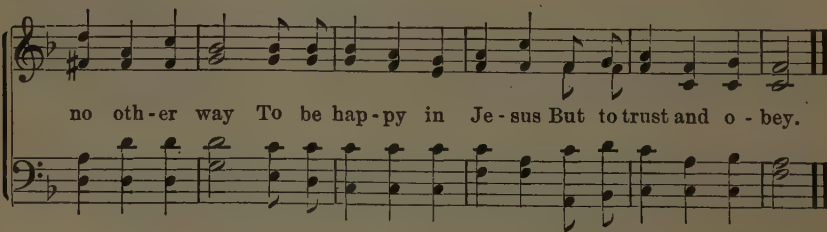
sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us still,
 drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
 rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross,
 al-tar we lay, For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,

CHORUS.



And with all who will trust and o - bey.
 Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
 But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
 Are for all who will trust and o - bey.
 Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

} Trust and o - bey, For there's



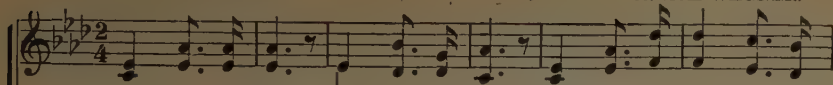
no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus But to trust and o - bey.

Glory to God! Peace on the Earth.

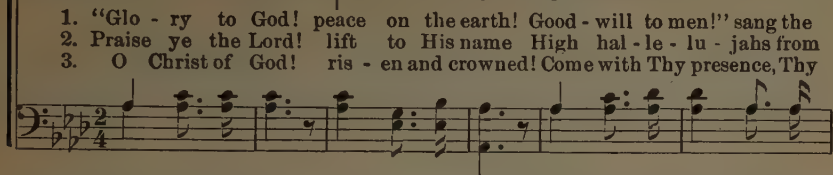

95

CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

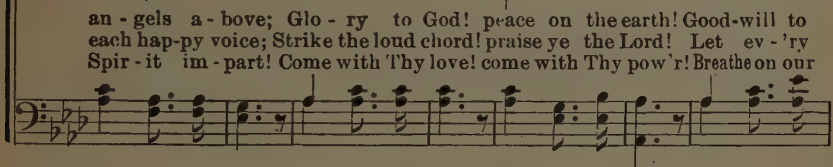
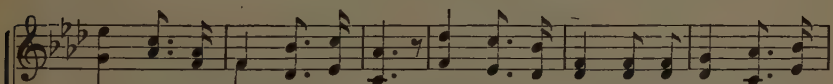
Arr. from WAGNER.



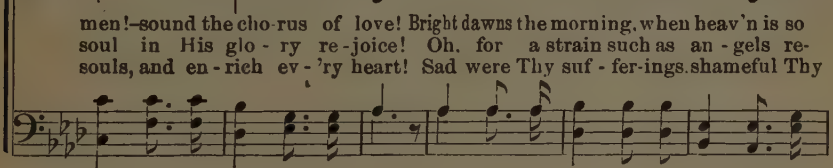
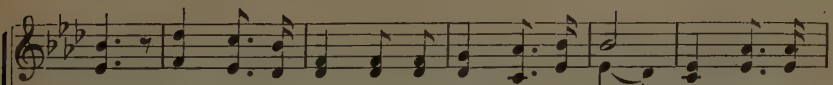
1. "Glo - ry to God! peace on the earth! Good - will to men!" sang the
 2. Praise ye the Lord! lift to His name High hal - le - lu - jahs from
 3. O Christ of God! ris - en and crowned! Come with Thy presence, Thy

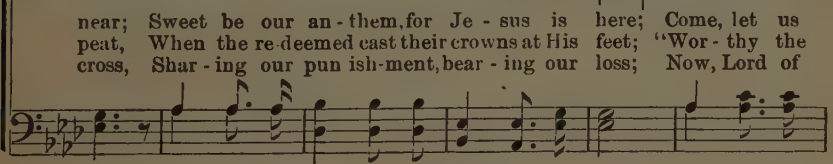
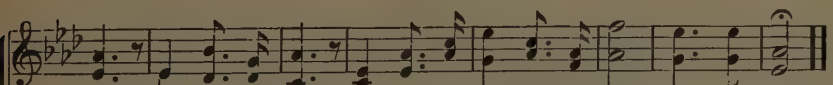
an - gels a - bove; Glo - ry to God! peace on the earth! Good-will to
 each hap - py voice; Strike the loud chord! praise ye the Lord! Let ev - 'ry
 Spir - it im - part! Come with Thy love! come with Thy pow'r! Breathe on our

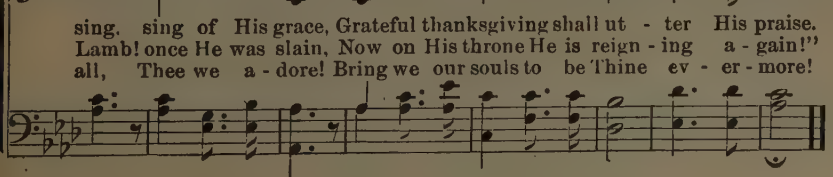
men!—sound the cho - rus of love! Bright dawns the morning, when heav'n is so
 soul in His glo - ry re - joice! Oh, for a strain such as an - gels re -
 souls, and en - rich ev - 'ry heart! Sad were Thy suf - fer - ings, shameful Thy

near; Sweet be our an - them, for Je - sus is here; Come, let us
 peat, When the re - deemed cast their crowns at His feet; "Wor - thy the
 cross, Shar - ing our pun ish - ment, bear - ing our loss; Now, Lord of

sing, sing of His grace, Grateful thanksgiving shall ut - ter His praise.
 Lamb! once He was slain, Now on His throne He is reign - ing a - gain!"
 all, Thee we a - dore! Bring we our souls to be Thine ev - er - more!



A. B. SIMPSON.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. Tell me not of earth-ly pleasures, Tempt me not with sor-did gain;
 2. Oh, the bless-ed rest it brings us To be-long to Christ a-lone;
 3. Wea-ry soul, give up the struggle, Cease at length thy-self to own;

Mock me not with earth's il-lu-sions, Vex me not with hon-ors vain.
 We can draw on all His ful-ness When we've noth-ing of our own.
 Give your-self a-way to Je-sus, And be-long to Him a-lone.

I am weaned from sin-ful i-dols; I am hence-forth not my own;
 Bless-ed Je-sus, take me, own me, Make me, keep me whol-ly Thine;
 Once He gave His all to win thee, Now He asks as much of thee;

I have giv'n my heart to Je-sus, I be-long to Him a-lone.
 Deign to find in me Thy por-tion, While I joy to call Thee mine.
 All He has He ful-ly gives thee; Let thy love His por-tion be.

CHORUS.

I am not my own, I be-long to Him,

I am His a - lone, I be - long to Him.

Never Mind.

T. C. N.

T. C. NEAL.

1. As we jour - ney to our home, Oft the way seems drear - y;
 2. Sa - tan will, we know, as - sail, He will sure - ly try us;
 3. We will trust, what - e'er be - fall, In the might - y Sav - ior;

But, tho' cares and tri - als come, This our song so cheer - y:
 But he nev - er can pre - vail, While our Sav - ior's by us.
 Heed - ing naught but His sweet call, Look - ing up - ward ev - er.

CHORUS.

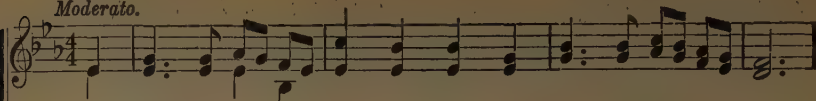
Nev - er mind, nev - er mind, Just be pa - tient, good and kind;

Help and strength in Je - sus find, Nev - er, nev - er mind.

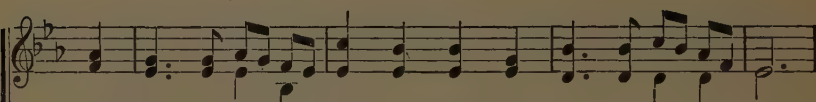
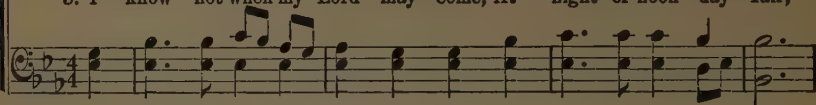
I Know Whom I Have Believed.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

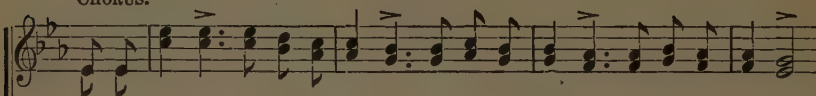
1. I know not why God's won - drous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon - day fair,



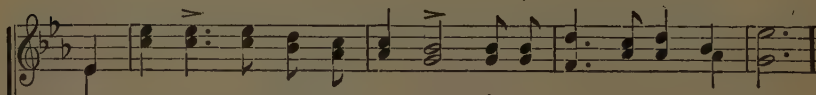
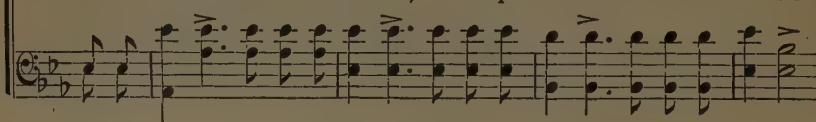
Nor why—un-wor-ty—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
 Nor how be - liev - ing in His word Wrought peace with-in my heart.
 Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Cre - ate - ing faith in Him.
 Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
 Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."



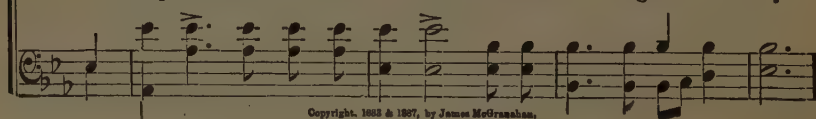
CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have be-liev - ed, And am per - suad-ed that He is a - ble



To keep that which I've com - mit - ted Un - to Him a - gainst that day."

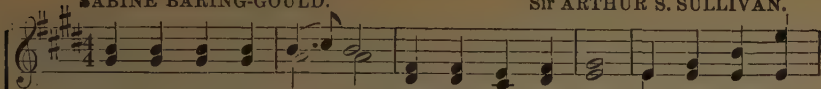


Onward, Christian Soldiers!

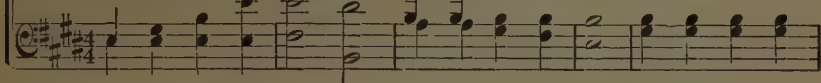
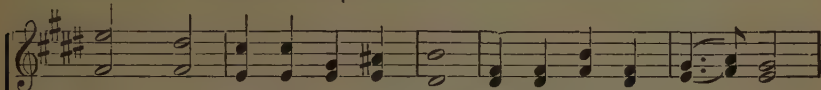
99

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

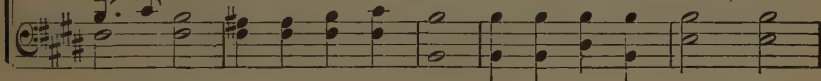

Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



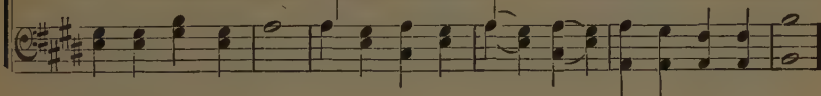
1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On-ward then ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

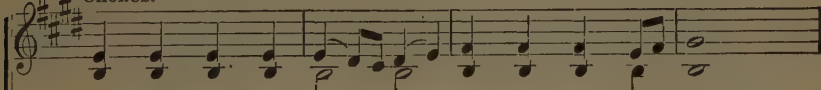
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

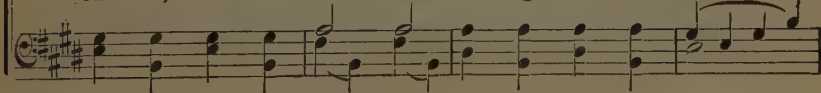
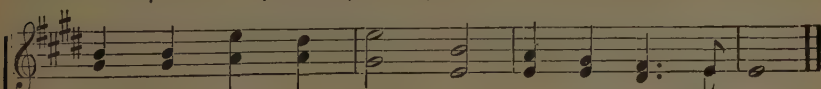
Leads a-against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
 All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
 'Gainst the Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can-not fail.
 Un - to Christ the King This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.




CHORUS.



On-ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



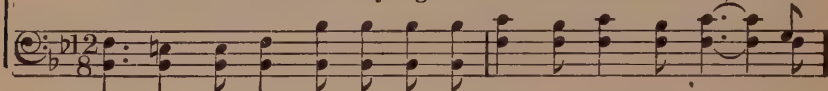
The King of Glory.

Rev. CHAS. M. SHELDON.

H. G. SMYTH.

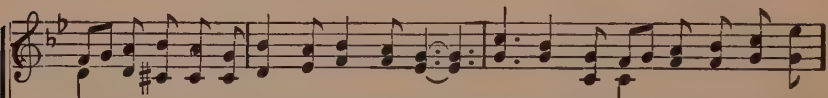
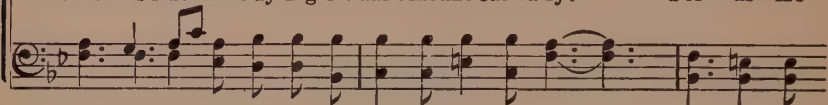


1. Al-might-y King of glo-ry, We love to sing of Thee, To
 2. He found us lost and straying Up-on the mountains cold, With
 3. He felt our shame while ly-ing In sad Geth-sem-a-ne; He

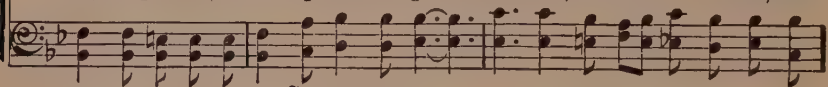


tell the death-less sto-ry Of Thy sal-va-tion free;
 tears and toil and pray-ing He brought us to the fold;
 bore our sins while dy-ing On dark Mount Cal-va-ry!

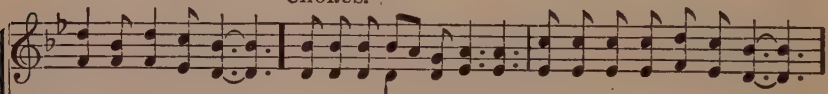
O might-y
 O Shep-herd,
 For us He



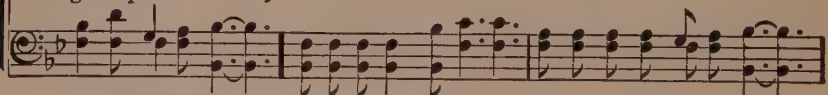
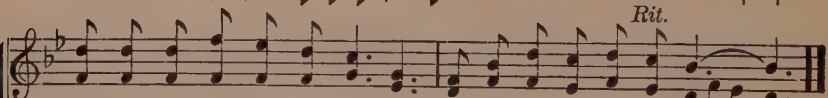
grace, forgiving, O crown of thorns He wore! Our souls, redeemed and living, Shall
 nev-er sleeping! O Sav-ior, ev-er near! Be-neath Thy watchful keeping Our
 rose, su-per-nal, In triumph o'er the grave; Our souls, in realms e-ter-nal, Shall



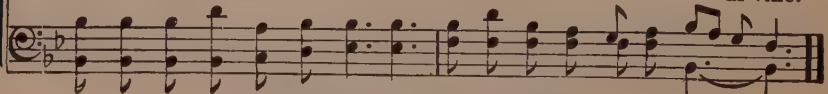
CHORUS.



praise Him ev-er-more.
 heart shall never fear. } He is the King of glo-ry! To Him our hearts we enshrine;
 sing His pow'r to save.

*Rit.*

He is our light and sal-va-tion, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er di-vine!...
 di-vine!



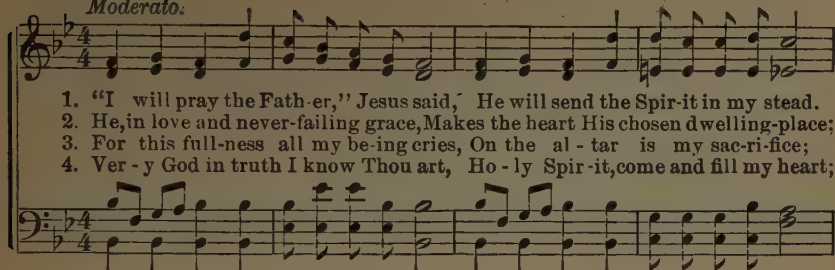
He Has Come to Abide.

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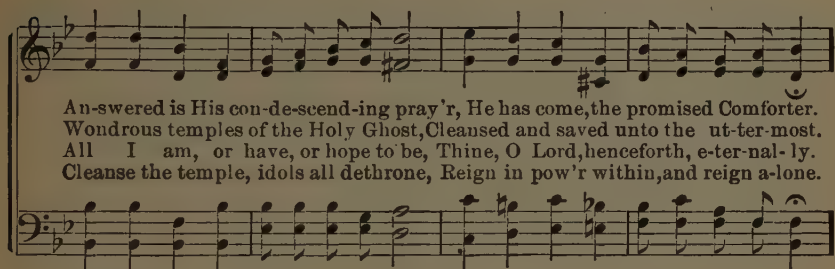
C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

Moderato.

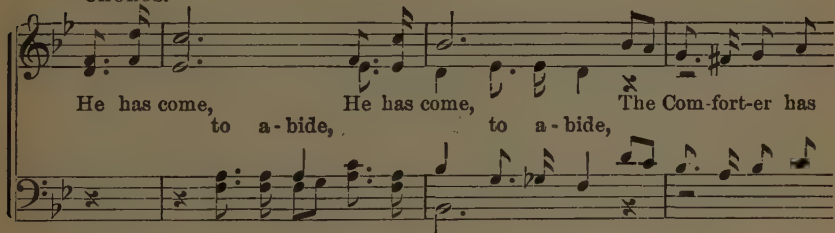


1. "I will pray the Fath-er," Jesus said, He will send the Spir-it in my stead.
2. He, in love and never-failing grace, Makes the heart His chosen dwelling-place;
3. For this full-ness all my be-ing cries, On the al-tar is my sac-ri-fice;
4. Ver-y God in truth I know Thou art, Ho-ly Spir-it, come and fill my heart;



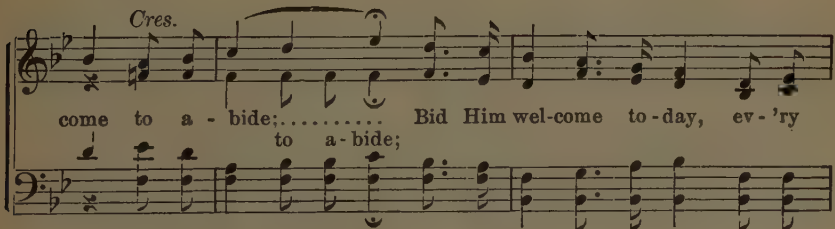
An-swered is His con-de-scend-ing pray'r, He has come, the promised Comforter.
 Wondrous temples of the Holy Ghost, Cleansed and saved unto the ut-ter-most.
 All I am, or have, or hope to be, Thine, O Lord, henceforth, e-ter-nal-ly.
 Cleanse the temple, idols all dethrone, Reign in pow'r within, and reign a-lone.

CHORUS.

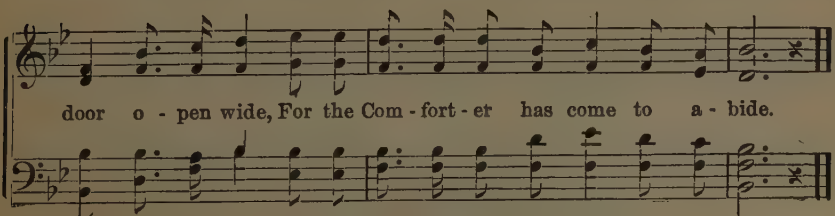


He has come, to a-bide, He has come, to a-bide, The Com-fort-er has
 to a-bide, to a-bide,

Cres.



come to a-bide;..... Bid Him wel-come to-day, ev-'ry
 to a-bide;



door o-pen wide, For the Com-fort-er has come to a-bide.

"I Go To Prepare a Place."

E. E. HEWITT.

J. L. GILBERT, Arr. by H. L. GILMOUR.

1. In the won - der - ful land where the wea - ry shall rest, Which clouds never
 2. He knows all our longings, pro - vides for each need, The joys of that
 3. He'll gath - er to - geth - er the loved ones we miss, They'll sweeten our
 4. The hands that once lov - ing - ly min - is - tered here, Are add - ing new

dark - en, nor part - ings mo - lest, Our home shall be furnished with
 home all our hopes far ex - ceed; Sweet flow'rs and glad wa - ters, crowns
 pleasures and height - en our bliss; The treas - ures too ho - ly for
 beau ties as friends shall draw near; The blos - soms of E - den they

ten - der - est care, "I go," said the Mas - ter, "a place to pre - pare."
 star - ry and bright, And songs ev - er ring - ing thro' por - tals of light.
 earth's breaking clay, Shall shine in the glo - ry of heav - en's fair day.
 joy - ful - ly bring, The sweet will ful - fill - ing of Je - sus our King.

CHORUS.

O prom - ise so sweet! O prom - ise so true! Made by our dear

Sav - ior to com - fort us thro'; In the beau - ti - ful home - land be -

"I Go To Prepare a Place." Concluded. 103

yond the bright blue, I go to pre- pare a bright man- sion for you.

O Why Not To-night?

ELIZABETH REED.

J. CALVIN BUSHBY.

1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor - row's sun may never rise, To bless thy long-de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love requite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
 This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
 Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.

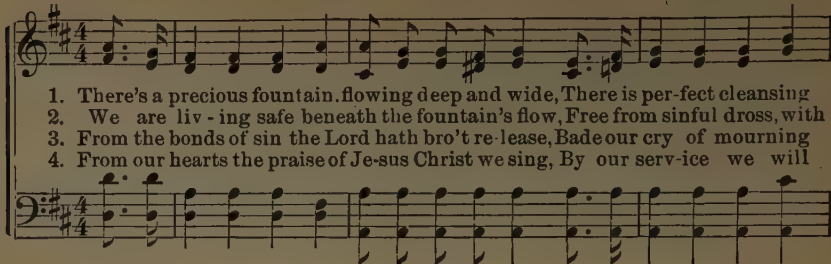
CHORUS.

O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
 O why not to-night, why not to-night? Why not to-night, why not to-night?

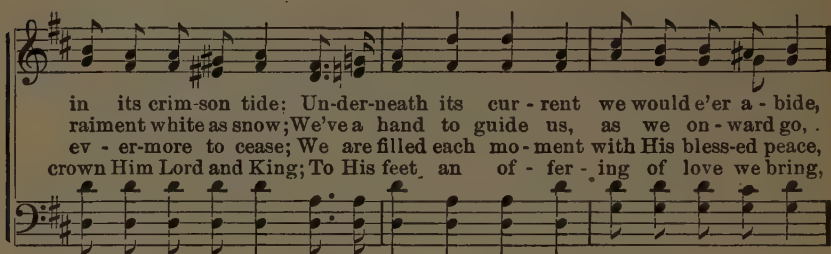
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

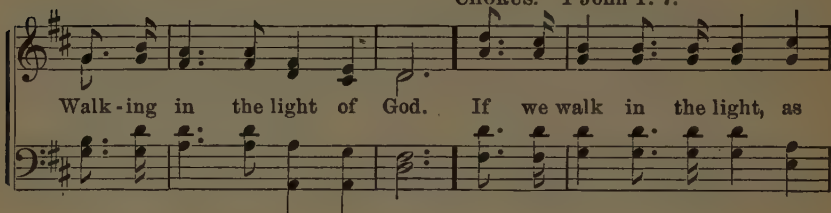


1. There's a precious fountain flowing deep and wide, There is per-fect cleansing
2. We are liv-ing safe beneath the fountain's flow, Free from sinful dross, with
3. From the bonds of sin the Lord hath bro't re-lease, Bade our cry of mourning
4. From our hearts the praise of Je-sus Christ we sing, By our serv-ice we will

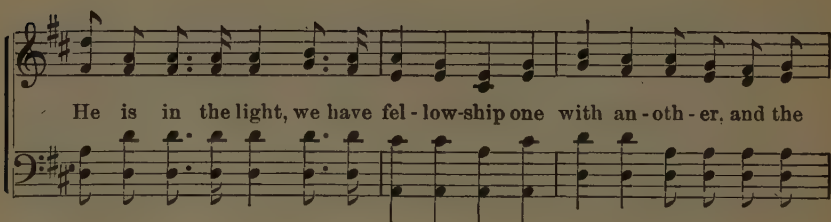


in its crim-son tide; Un-der-neath its cur-rent we would e'er a-bide,
 raiment white as snow; We've a hand to guide us, as we on-ward go,
 ev-er-more to cease; We are filled each mo-ment with His bless-ed peace,
 crown Him Lord and King; To His feet an of-fer-ing of love we bring,

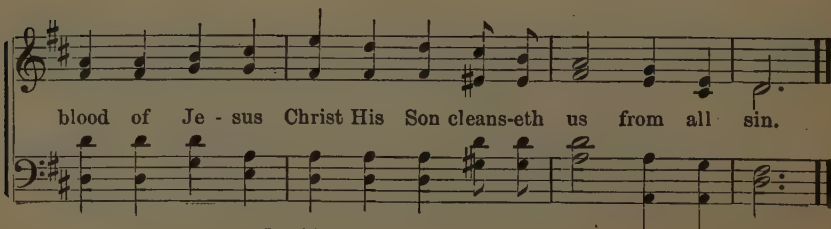
CHORUS. I John 1: 7.



Walk-ing in the light of God. If we walk in the light, as



He is in the light, we have fel-low-ship one with an-oth-er, and the



blood of Je-sus Christ His Son cleans-eth us from all sin.

Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

105

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth - er it be
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

Rit. REFRAIN.

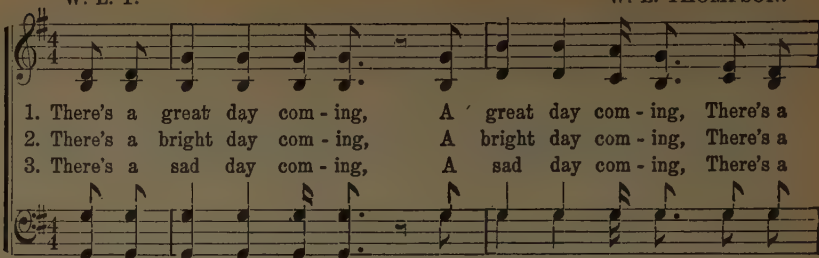
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 Will He an - swer thee, "Well done?" } Oh, can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will He find us watch - ing there?

read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He

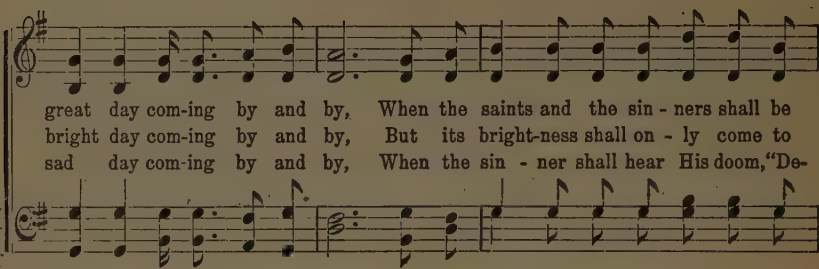
find you and me still watching, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?

W. L. T.

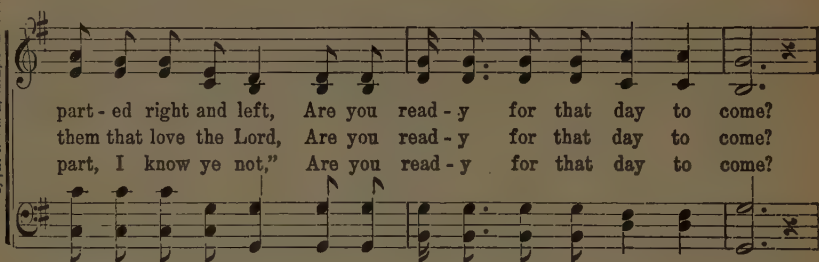
W. L. THOMPSON.



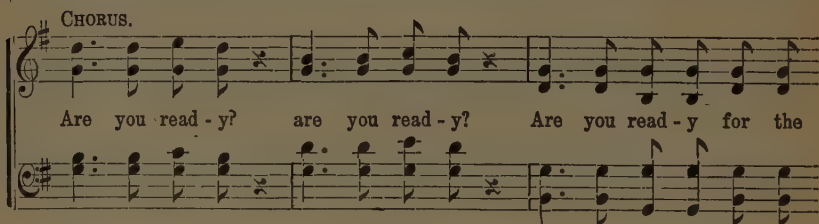
1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a



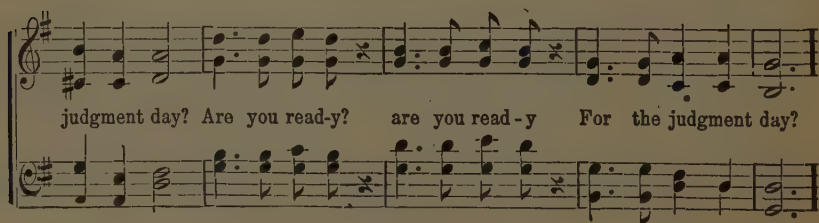
great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear His doom, "De-



part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?



CHORUS.
 Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the



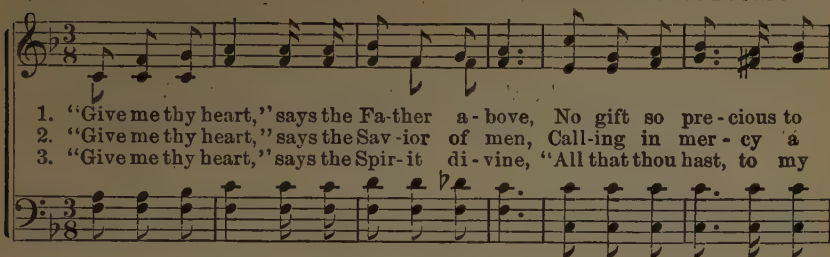
judgment day? Are you read-y? are you read-y For the judgment day?

Give Me Thy Heart.

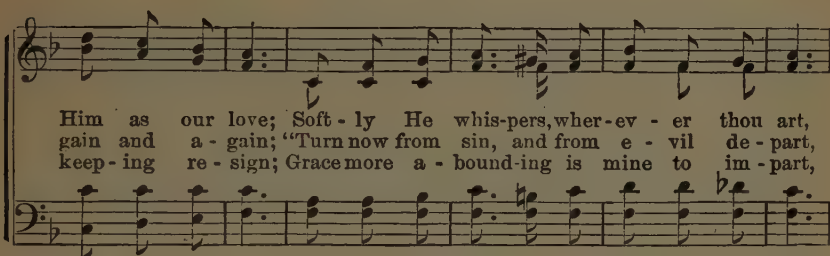
107

E. E. HEWITT.

ANNIE F. BOURNE.

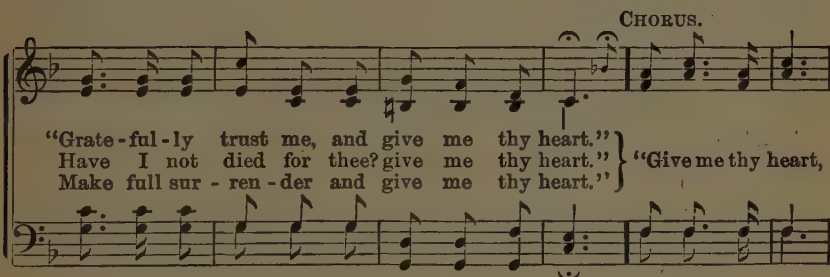


1. "Give me thy heart," says the Fa-ther a - bove, No gift so pre - cious to
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Sav - ior of men, Call - ing in mer - cy a
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir - it di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my



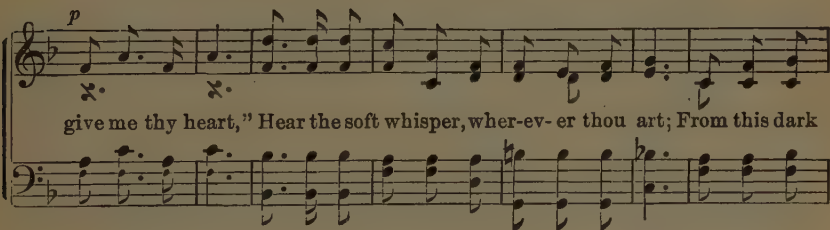
Him as our love; Soft - ly He whis - pers, wher - ev - er thou art,
 gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
 keep - ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound - ing is mine to im - part,

CHORUS.



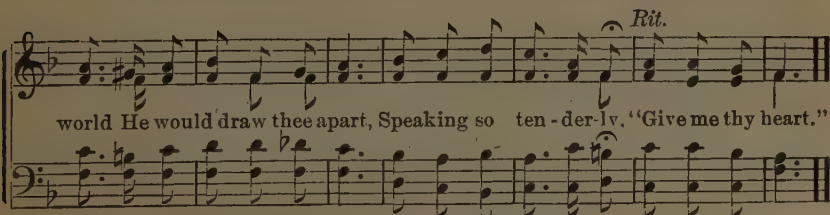
"Grate - ful - ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
 Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."
 Make full sur - ren - der and give me thy heart." } "Give me thy heart,

p



give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher - ev - er thou art; From this dark

Rit.



world He would draw thee apart, Speaking so ten - der - ly, "Give me thy heart."

J. ELLERTON, Tr.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say; Hell to-day is
 2. Earth her joy con-fess-es, cloth-ing her for spring, All good gifts re-
 3. Mak-er and Re-deem-er, life and health of all, Thou, from heav'n be-
 4. Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain; All that now is

vanquished, heav'n is won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv-ing, God for ev-er-
 turned with her returning King: Bloom in ev-'ry meadow, leaves on ev-'ry
 hold-ing hu-man na-ture's fall; Of the Father's Godhead true and on-ly
 fall-en raise to life a-gain; Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations

more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore!
 bough, Speak His sor-rows end-ed, hail His tri-umph now.
 Son, Man-hood to de-liv-er, manhood didst put on.
 see, Bring a-gain our daylight: day re-turns with Thee!

8vas.

ff REFRAIN IN UNISON.

Welcome, hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say; Hell to-day is

INST.

vanquished, heav'n is won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv-ing,

This block contains the first system of a musical score. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

God for ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works adore!

Rall.

This block contains the second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The tempo marking 'Rall.' is placed above the treble staff.

In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

J. BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an- noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

This block contains the first system of the musical score for 'In the Cross of Christ I Glory.' It is in 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sublime.
 Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more luster to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

This block contains the second system of the musical score for 'In the Cross of Christ I Glory.' It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

CHAS. GOUNOD.

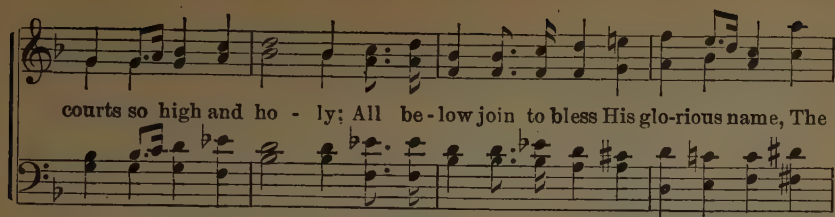
Praise ye Je - ho - vah, the Fa - ther ev - er - last - ing; Praise Him in

glo - ry, ye ransomed hosts, un - ceas - ing - ly; An - gels a - dore Him, and

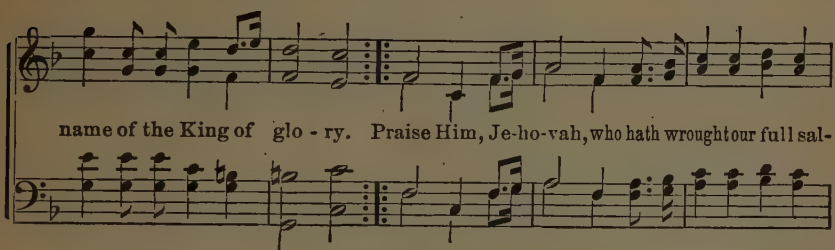
cast your crowns before Him; Sing, all ye peo - ple, and praise the Lord for evermore.

Praise ye the Lord, Tell it out that Je - sus reigns, In pow'r and might, love and
Praise ye the Lord, and might,

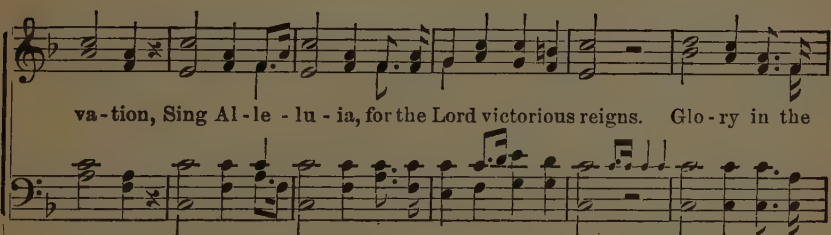
light; He will rule in love e - ter - nal. Praise Him a - bove, in the
and light; O praise a - bove,



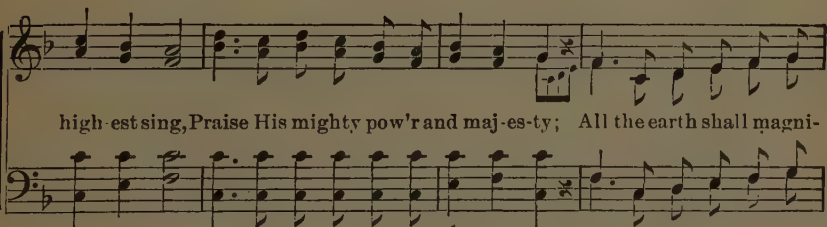
courts so high and ho - ly; All be-low join to bless His glo-rious name, The



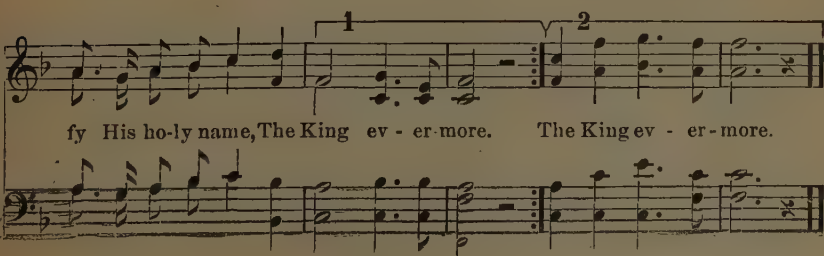
name of the King of glo - ry. Praise Him, Je-ho-vah, who hath wrought our full sal-



va-tion, Sing Al-le - lu - ia, for the Lord victorious reigns. Glo-ry in the



high-est sing, Praise His mighty pow'r and maj-es-ty; All the earth shall magni-



fy His ho-ly name, The King ev - er-more. The King ev - er-more.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

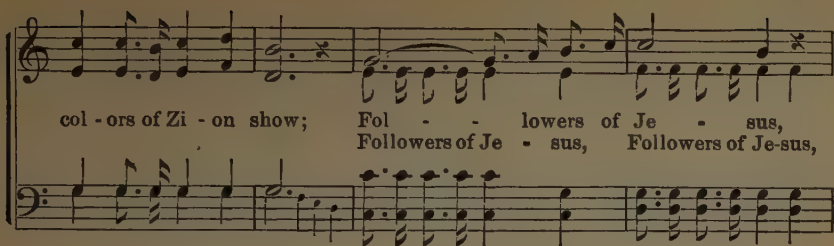
1. For - ward, for - ward! For - ward go, for the
 2. For - ward, for - ward! For - ward go, for the

Lord is with thee, He is thy life, thy light, thy joy;
 morn is breaking, Swiftly the shadows fly a - way; Forward,
 Forward,

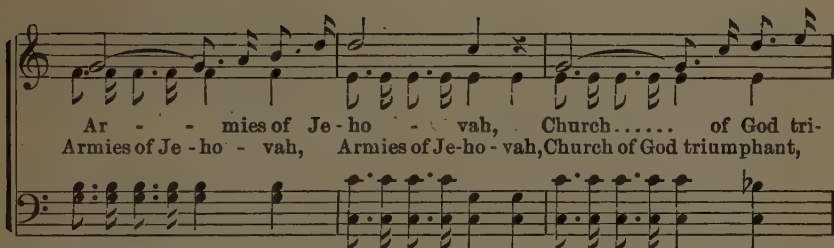
forward! Forward go, for the Lord is with thee, Mighty thy foes to destroy.
 forward! Forward go, for the King in splen - dor Ris - es and conquers the day.

Her - alds of the gos - pel, Mes - sen - gers of
 Heralds of the gos - pel, Heralds of the gospel, Messengers of mer - cy,

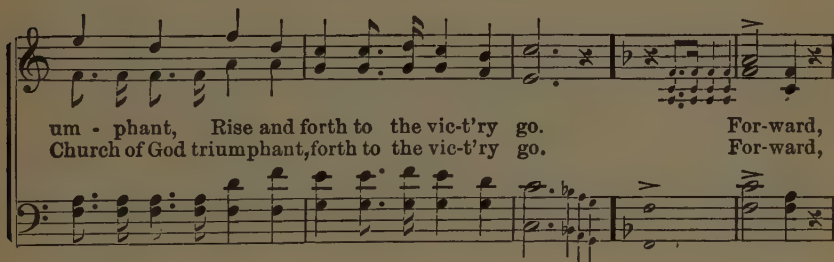
mer - cy, Chil - dren of the king - dom, High the
 Messengers of mer - cy, Children of the king - dom, Children of the kingdom,



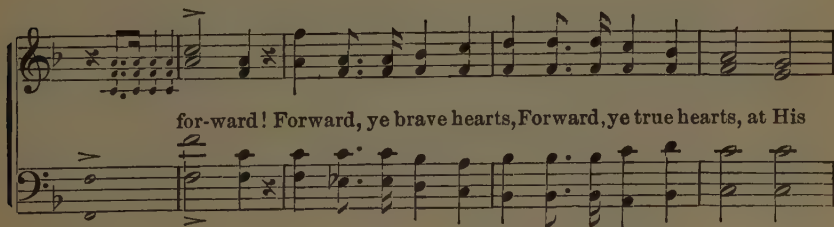
col - ors of Zi - on show; Fol - - low - ers of Je - sus,
Followers of Je - sus, Followers of Je - sus,



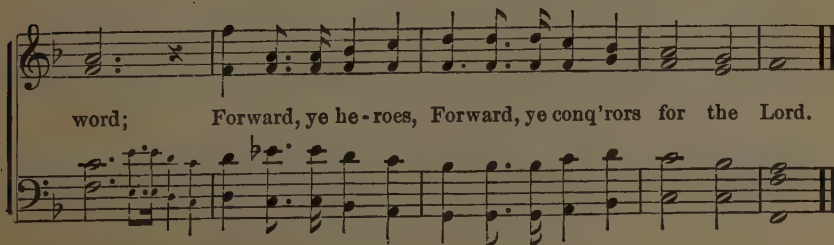
Ar - - mies of Je - ho - - vah, Church..... of God tri -
Armies of Je - ho - - vah, Armies of Je - ho - vah, Church of God triumphant,



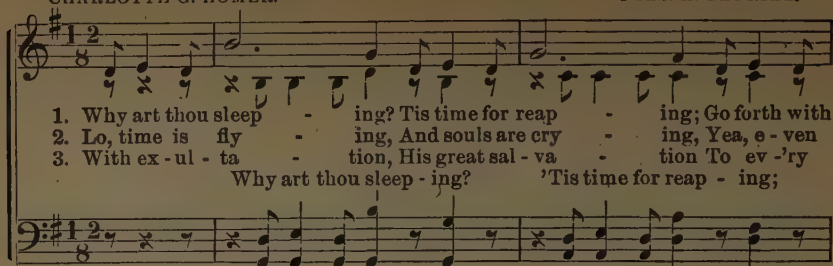
um - phant, Rise and forth to the vic - t'ry go. For - ward,
Church of God triumphant, forth to the vic - t'ry go. For - ward,



for - ward! Forward, ye brave hearts, Forward, ye true hearts, at His

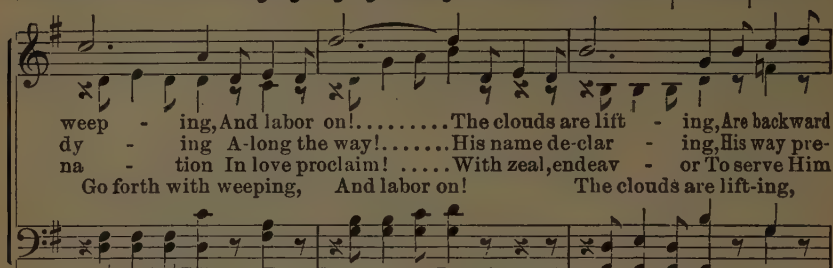


word; Forward, ye he - roes, Forward, ye conq'rors for the Lord.



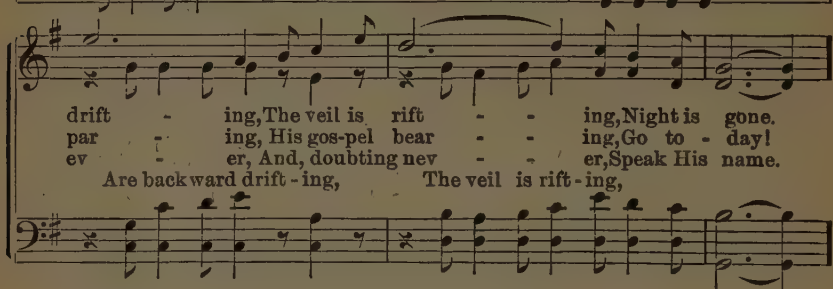
1. Why art thou sleep - ing? 'Tis time for reap - ing; Go forth with
 2. Lo, time is fly - ing, And souls are cry - ing, Yea, e - ven
 3. With ex - ul - ta - tion, His great sal - va - tion To ev - 'ry

Why art thou sleep - ing? 'Tis time for reap - ing;



weep - ing, And labor on!..... The clouds are lift - ing, Are backward
 dy - ing A-long the way!..... His name de - clar - ing, His way pre -
 na - tion In love proclaim! With zeal, endeav - or To serve Him

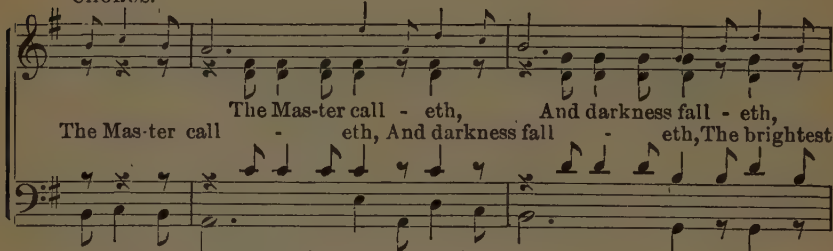
Go forth with weeping, And labor on! The clouds are lift-ing,



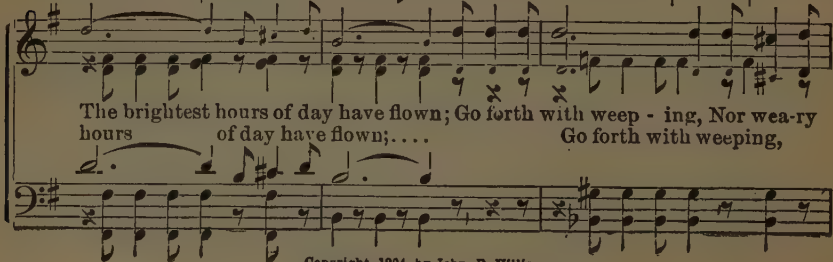
drift - ing, The veil is rift - ing, Night is gone.
 par - ing, His gos - pel bear - ing, Go to - day!
 ev - er, And, doubting nev - er, Speak His name.

Are backward drift-ing, The veil is rift-ing,

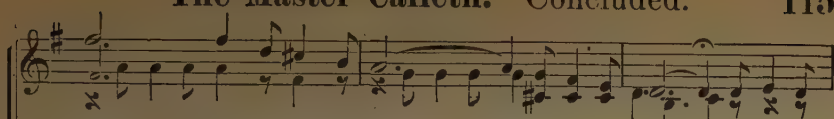
CHORUS.



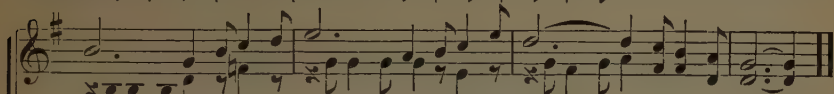
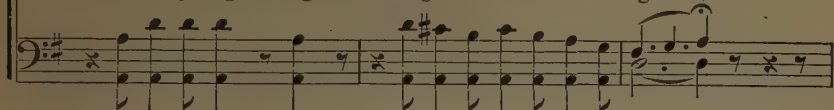
The Mas - ter call - eth, And darkness fall - eth,
 The Mas - ter call eth, And darkness fall eth, The brightest



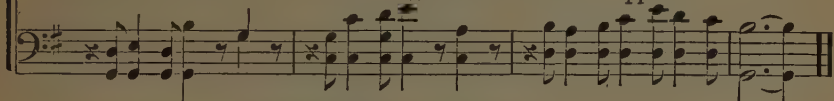
The brightest hours of day have flown; Go forth with weep - ing, Nor wear - y
 hours of day have flown;.... Go forth with weeping,



reap - ing The grain un - to..... the harvest grown; Your toil and
Nor weary reap - ing The grain unto the harvest grown;



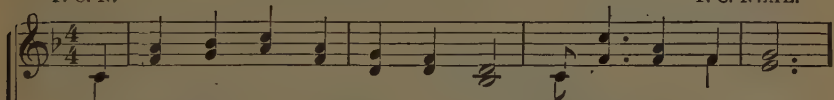
sad - ness Will turn to glad - ness When He appears to claim "His own."
Your toil and sadness Will turn to gladness When He appears



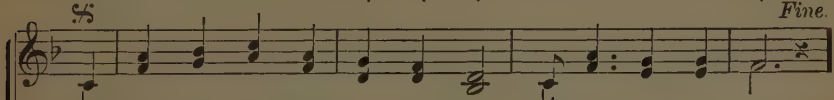
Singing As We Go.

T. C. N.

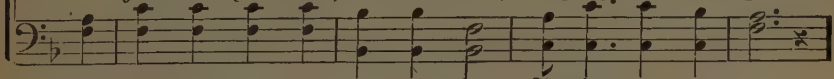
T. C. NEAL.



1. We jour - ey on - ward day by day, Sing - ing as we go;
2. He guards, and helps us do the right, Sing - ing as we go;
3. Up - on God's prom - is - es we rest, Sing - ing as we go;
4. We'll cross to heav - en's bless - ed land, Sing - ing as we go;



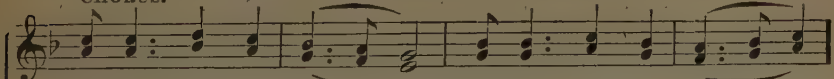
Our Sav - ior's love shines o'er the way, Sing - ing as we go.
To serve Him is our chief de - light, Sing - ing as we go.
His pledge is sur - est, sweet - est, best; Sing - ing as we go.
To join the glo - rious, ransomed band, Sing - ing as we go.



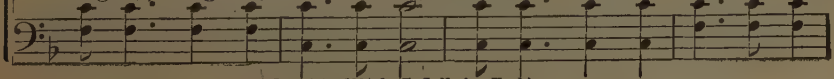
D. S. - With Je - sus near, we will not fear, Sing - ing as we go.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Sing - ing as we go,..... Sing - ing as we go,.....
Sing - ing, sing - ing as we go, Sing - ing, sing - ing as we go;



FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Hark! hark! my soul! an-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
 3. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and drear-y; The day must dawn, and
 4. An - gels, sing on: your faithful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet fragments

o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Je - sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring-ing,
 darksome night be past; Faith's journey ends in welcome to the wea-ry,
 of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

MALE VOICES. UNISON.
REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
 And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last. } An - gels of Je - sus,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

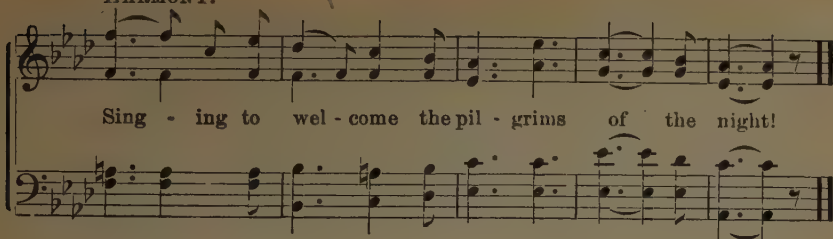
an - gels of light; Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the

ALL. UNISON.
 night! An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,

Hark! Hark! My Soul! Concluded.

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HARMONY.

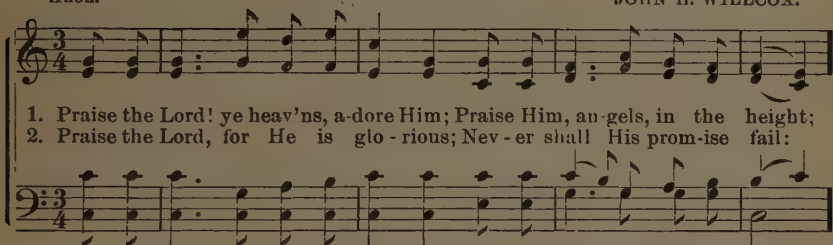


Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!

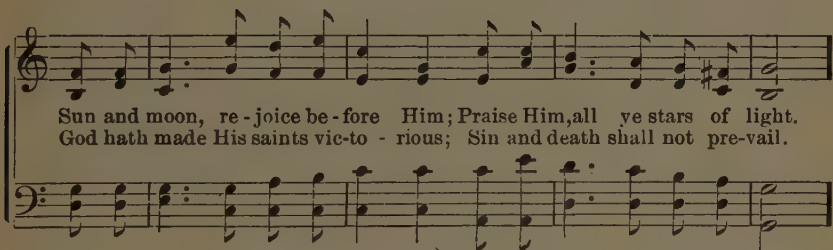
Praise the Lord.

Anon.

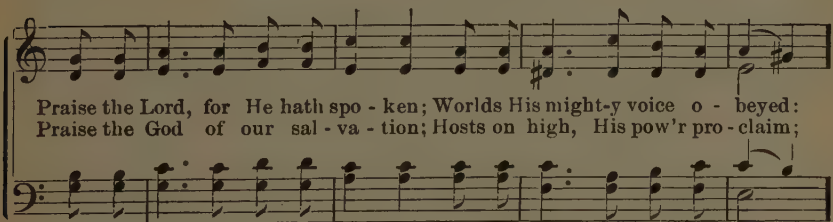
JOHN H. WILLCOX.



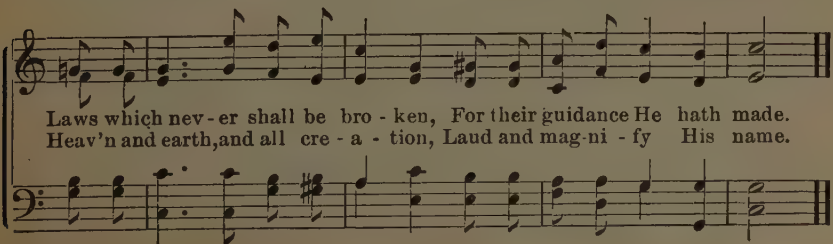
1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a-dore Him; Praise Him, an-gels, in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His prom - ise fail:



Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
God hath made His saints vic - to - rious; Sin and death shall not pre - vail.



Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might-y voice o - beyed:
Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high, His pow'r pro - claim;



Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guidance He hath made.
Heav'n and earth, and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.

MARY IRENE McLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

1. The shep herd who miss-es a sheep from the fold, Re-gard-less of
 2. And when he has found it his joy is so deep, Tho' wea-ry and
 3. Tho' wet with the dews of the night are his locks, And dark are the

dan-ger or cost, Will search on the mountains all night in the cold,
 hun-gry and cold, He ten-der-ly lifts in his arms the poor sheep,
 wa-ters he crossed, How blithe-ly he sings when in sight of his flocks,

CHORUS.

To res-cue the sheep that is lost. There's joy.....
 And car-ries it back to the fold.
 "I've bro't back the sheep that was lost." There's joy 'mong the angels, there's

..... in heav'n..... a - bove;.....
 joy 'mong the angels, there's joy 'mong the an-gels in heav-en a - bove:

Joy,
 An-gels in joy a - bove,..... Joy,
 An-gels in heav-en, are al-ways re-joic-ing, An-gels in

joy a - bove; When a sin - ner re-
heav-en are al-ways re-joic-ing; When a sin-ner re-pents there is

pents..... There's joy, joy a - bove.....
joy 'mong the an-gels, There's joy 'mong the an-gels in heav-en a - bove.
There's joy 'mong the an-gels a - bove.....

Cross and Crown.

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
4. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.

The Blessed "Whosoever."

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

ADOLPH JESREAL.

1. "Who-so - ev - er!" Oh, the ful-ness of that hope-in - spir-ing word!
 2. On the cross our Sav-ior suf-fered that He might our souls re-claim;
 3. Let us sing it out with gladness till the world for Christ we win;

Man's sal - va - tion is the gift of love so free; He has
 Now He gen - tly whis-pers, Come, O come to me! O the
 O that all the beau - ty of His love would see! 'Tis a

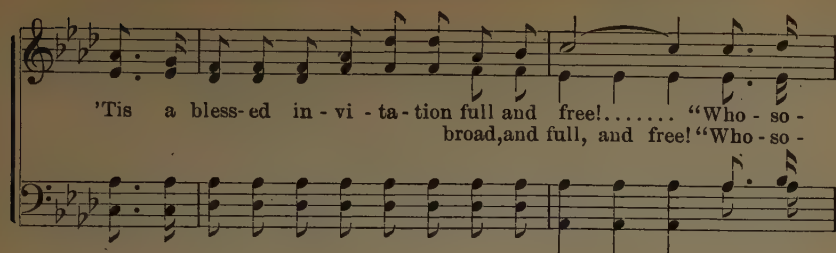
on - ly to ac - cept it, thro' a liv - ing ris - en Lord,
 joy of ful - ly trust-ing in His all - suf - fi - cient name,
 balm for ev - 'ry sad - ness, 'tis the on - ly cure for sin,

And that bless - ed "Who - so - ev - er" is for me.
 For that bless - ed "Who - so - ev - er" is for me.
 And that bless - ed "Who - so - ev - er" is for me.

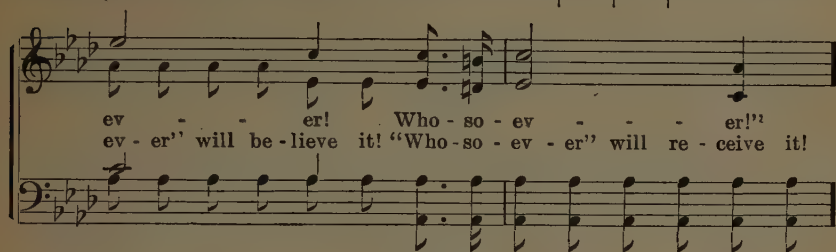
CHORUS.

"Who - so - ev - er! Who - so - ev - er!"
 "Who - so - ev - er!" God hath spoken, and His word can-not be bro-ken;

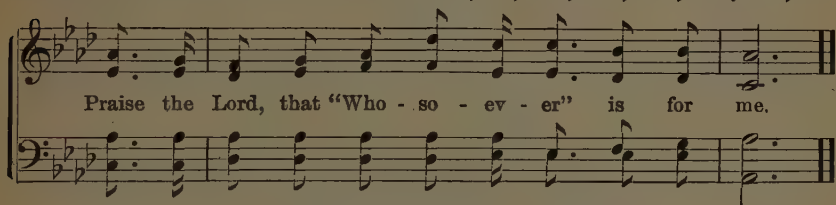
The Blessed "Whosoever." Concluded. 121



'Tis a bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion full and free!..... "Who - so -
broad, and full, and free! "Who - so -

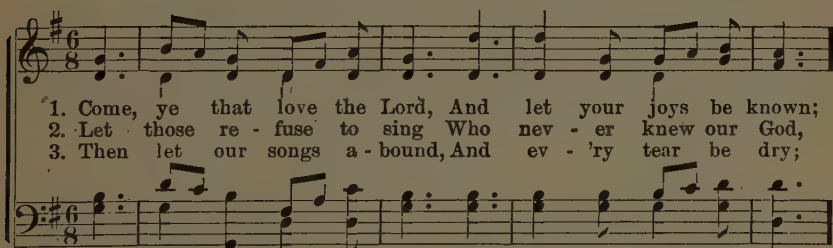


ev - er! Who - so - ev - er!"
ev - er" will be - lieve it! "Who - so - ev - er" will re - ceive it!



Praise the Lord, that "Who - so - ev - er" is for me.

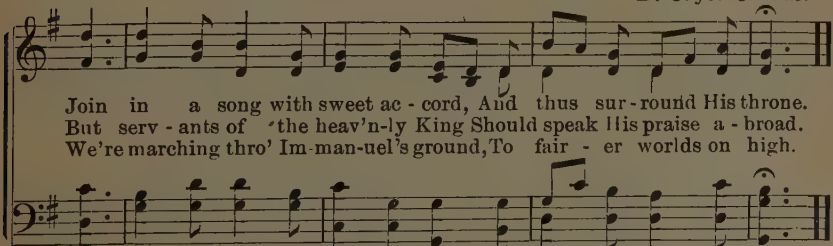
I'm Glad Salvation's Free.



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God,
3. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

CHO.-I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;

D. C. for Chorus.



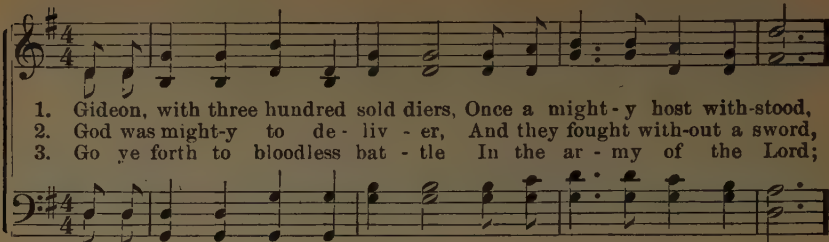
Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round His throne.
But serv - ants of 'the heav'n - ly King Should speak His praise a - broad.
We're marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

Sal - va - tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free,

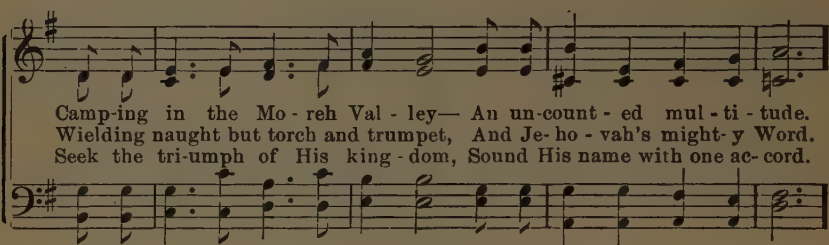
122 The Sword of the Lord and Gideon.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

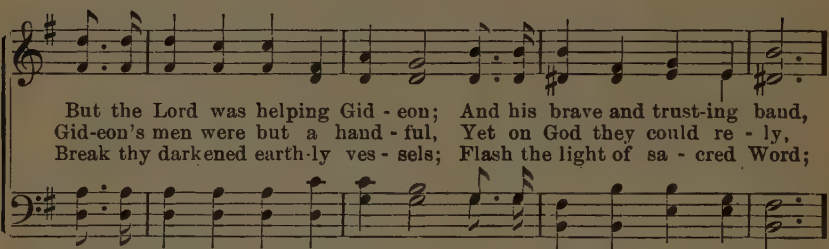
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



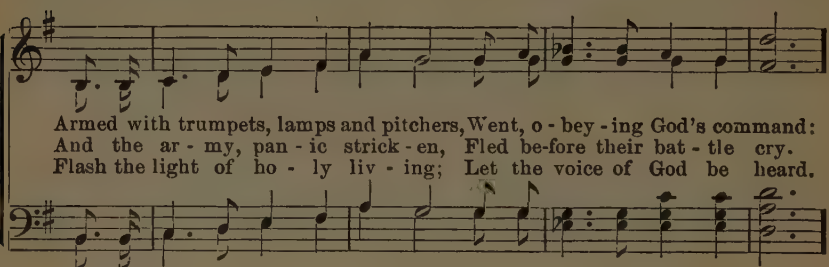
1. Gideon, with three hundred sold diers, Once a might-y host with-stood,
 2. God was might-y to de-liv-er, And they fought with-out a sword,
 3. Go ye forth to bloodless bat-tle In the ar-my of the Lord;



Camp-ing in the Mo-reh Val-ley— An un-count-ed mul-ti-tude.
 Wielding naught but torch and trumpet, And Je-ho-vah's might-y Word.
 Seek the tri-umph of His king-dom, Sound His name with one ac-cord.

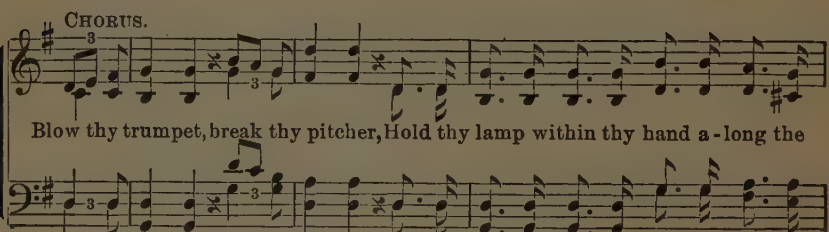


But the Lord was helping Gid-eon; And his brave and trust-ing band,
 Gid-eon's men were but a hand-ful, Yet on God they could re-ly,
 Break thy darkened earth-ly ves-sels; Flash the light of sa-cred Word;



Armed with trumpets, lamps and pitchers, Went, o-bey-ing God's command;
 And the ar-my, pan-ic strick-en, Fled be-fore their bat-tle cry.
 Flash the light of ho-ly liv-ing; Let the voice of God be heard.

CHORUS.



Blow thy trumpet, break thy pitcher, Hold thy lamp within thy hand a-long the

The Sword of the Lord, etc. Concluded. 123

line; Cry, "The sword of the Lord and Gideon!" "The sword of the Lord and

Gideon," "The sword of the Lord and Gideon," And the vict'ry shall be thine.

Work, for the Night is Coming.

Mrs. ANNIE L. COGHILL.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming. Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the
2. Work, for the night is coming. Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright-est
3. Work, for the night is coming, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright

dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter,
hours with la-bor—Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry fly-ing mo-ment
tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies, Work till the last beam fad-eth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

Rev. W. B. WILLIAMS.

ORAN WILLIAMS.

1. Hear the message Christ is bringing, Down the a-ges hear it ring-ing, }
 2. Are you burdened with the la-bor Of up-lift-ing your weak neighbor? "I will
 3. "If you come on me be-liev-ing, If you come my grace re-ceive-ing, }

give you rest, I will give you rest!" } What a comfort for the
 "I will give you rest, I will give you rest!" } Does the world of sin dis-
 "In discouragement and

wea-ry, How con-sol-ing, kind and cheery, } "I will give you rest, I will
 tress you, Do the wick-ed oft oppress you? } "I will give you rest,
 weakness, If you learn of me in meekness, }

CHORUS.

give you rest!" Come unto me, all ye that la - bor,
 I will give you rest!" Come un-to me, come un-to me,

Come un-to me, come un-to me; Come un-to
 Come un-to me, all ye that la-bor, Come, and I will give you rest;

me,..... all ye that la - bor, And I will give you rest.
Come un-to me, come un-to me,

I Remember Calvary.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so;
2. Oh, I de-light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand;
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Happy with Christ my Sav-ior near;

And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.
His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal - va - ry.
Trusting that I some day shall see Je - sus, my Friend of Cal - va - ry.

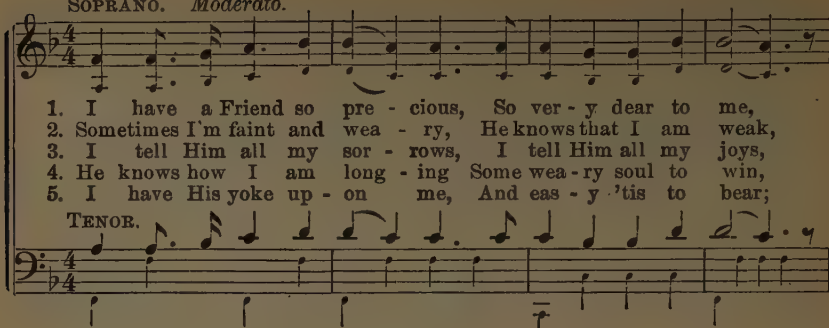
CHORUS.

Je - sus shall lead me night and day, Je - sus shall lead me all the way;

He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry.

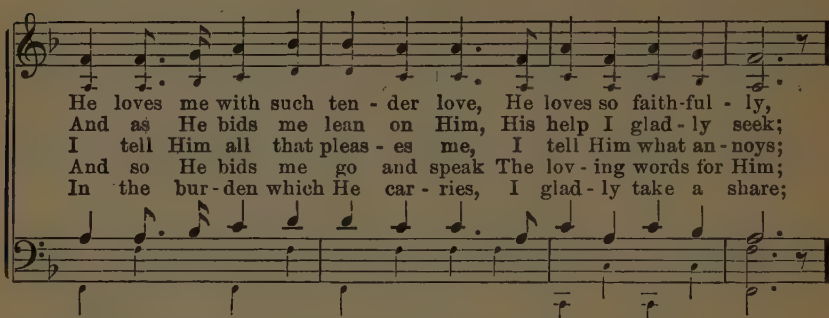
Arr. by W. E. B.

W. E. BURNETT.

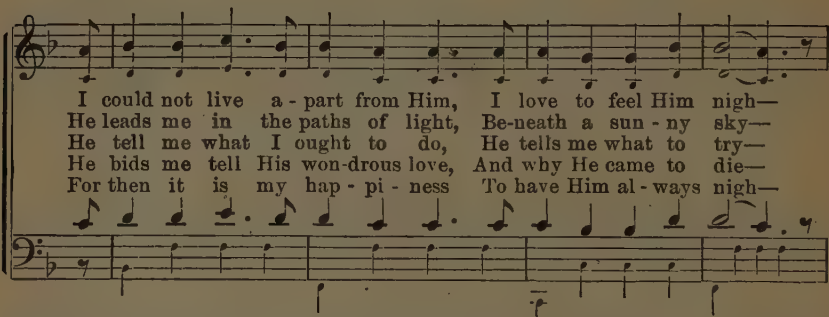
SOPRANO. *Moderato.*


1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver-y dear to me,
 2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea-ry, He knows that I am weak,
 3. I tell Him all my sor-rows, I tell Him all my joys,
 4. He knows how I am long-ing Some wea-ry soul to win,
 5. I have His yoke up-on me, And eas-y 'tis to bear;

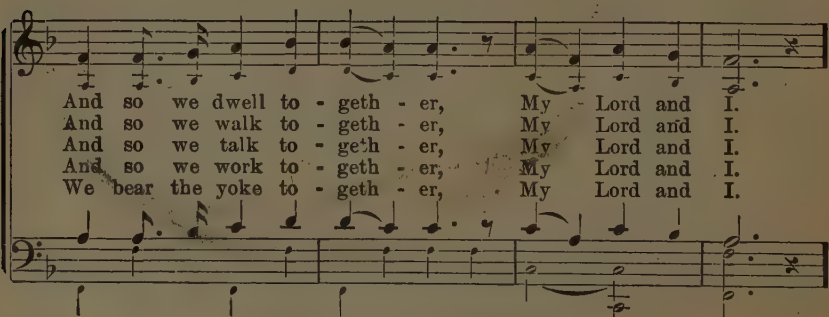
TENOR.



He loves me with such ten-der love, He loves so faith-ful-ly,
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad-ly seek;
 I tell Him all that pleas-es me, I tell Him what an-noys;
 And so He bids me go and speak The lov-ing words for Him;
 In the bur-den which He car-ries, I glad-ly take a share;



I could not live a-part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh—
 He leads me in the paths of light, Be-neath a sun-ny sky—
 He tell me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try—
 He bids me tell His won-drous love, And why He came to die—
 For then it is my hap-pi-ness To have Him al-ways nigh—



And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
 And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
 And so we talk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
 And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
 We bear the yoke to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

CHORUS. (*May be omitted.*)

Dwell - ing to - geth - er, Happy we will be through-
Dwelling to-geth-er for - ev - er and for-ev - er, Happy we will be through-

out e - ter - ni - ty; Dwell - ing to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
out e - ter - ni - ty; Dwelling together forever and for-ev-er, My Lord and I.

Rest in the Lord.

CLARA J. DENTON.

(Solo, and Full Chorus.)

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Rest in the Lord, im-pa-tient heart, With smile His pleasure wait; Rest in the
2. Rest in the Lord, un-eas-y heart, With calmness wait His will; He knows thy
3. Rest in the Lord, re-bel-lious heart, Com-mit to Him thy way; Tho' dark the

CHORUS.

Lord, He knows full well Thy tri-als, small and great. Rest in the Lord,..... rest
wish-es, ev-'ry one, Then wait, and trust Him still.
clouds, in His good time Will come the perfect day. Rest in the Lord,

Rit.
in the Lord,..... Rest in the Lord, and wait for Him.
O rest in the Lord, Rest in the Lord, and wait for Him.

Will I Empty-Handed Be?

Rev. NEAL A. McAULAY.

JOHN P. HILLIS.

1. Will I emp - ty - hand - ed be When be - side the crys - tal sea
 2. When the har - vest days are past, Shall I hear Him say at last,
 3. When the books are o - pened wide, And the deeds of all are tried,

I shall stand be - fore the ev - er - last - ing throne?.....
 "Welcome, toil - er, I've pre - pared for thee a place"?.....
 May I have a rec - ord whit - er than the snow.....

Must I have a heart of shame As I an - swer to my name,
 Shall I bring Him gold - en sheaves, Ripened fruit, not fad - ed leaves,
 When my race on earth is run, May I hear Him say, "Well done,"

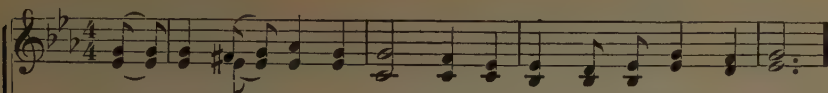
With no works that my Re - deem - er there can own?.....
 When I see the bless - ed Sav - ior face to face?.....
 Take the crown that Love im - mor - tal doth 'be - stow'.....

At Evening It Shall Be Light.

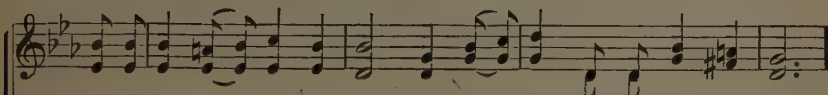
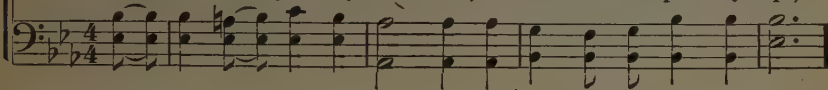
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Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.

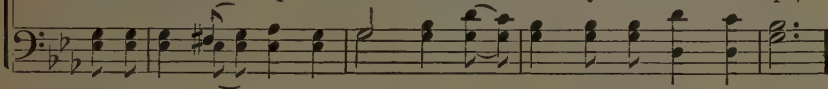
Mrs. J. G. WILSON.



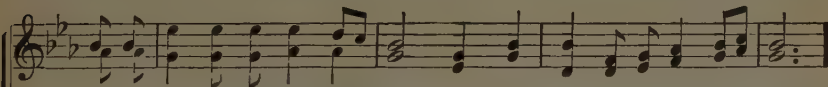
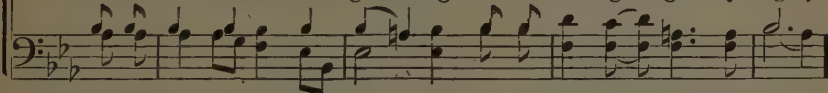
1. The morn-ing of life is o - ver, Its noon-tide has passed a - way,
2. I have had my share of sor - row—My bos - om has throbb'd with pain;
3. And so as I jour-ney on - ward, No mur-mur shall pass my lips,



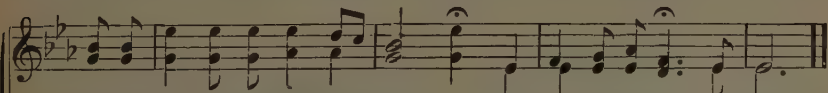
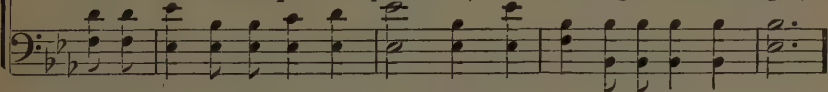
And I'm sit-ting a-mid the shad - ows That her - ald the close of day;
There has come to me, in pass - ing, But lit - tle the world calls gain;
E-ven tho' the cup be bit - ter That I drain by the slow - est sips;



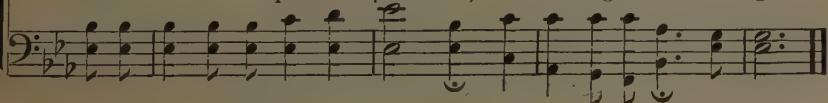
But no dread my heart can har - bor Of the fast ap - proach-ing night;
But I hold a price-less treas - ure That is hid-den from mortal sight;
For a - bove life's sad-dest gloam-ing I'm be-hold-ing the glo - ry bright,



For I rest in the pre-cious prom - ise, "At eve-ning it shall be light;"
And I know, when life's day is end - ed, "At eve-ning it shall be light;"
And I rest in the pre-cious prom - ise, "At eve-ning it shall be light;"

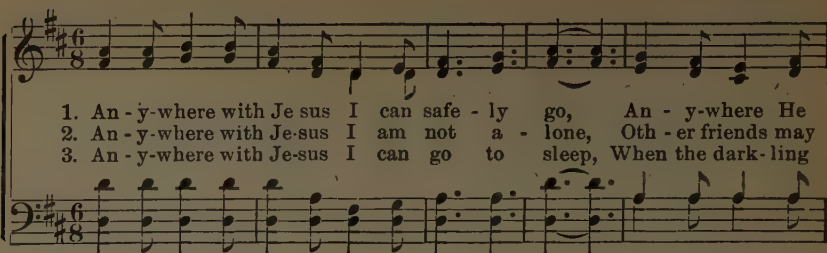


For I rest in the pre-cious prom - ise, "At evening it shall be light."
And I know when life's day is end - ed, "At evening it shall be light."
And I rest in the pre-cious prom - ise, "At evening it shall be light."

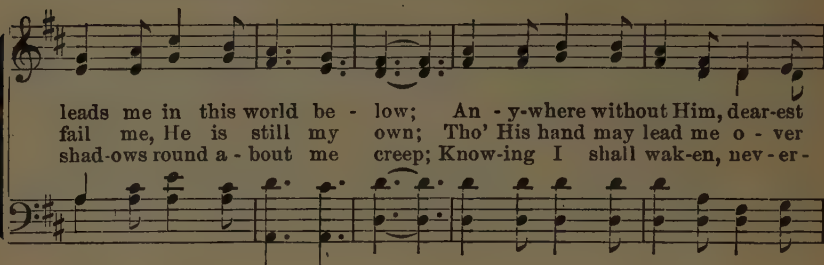


JESSIE H. BROWN.

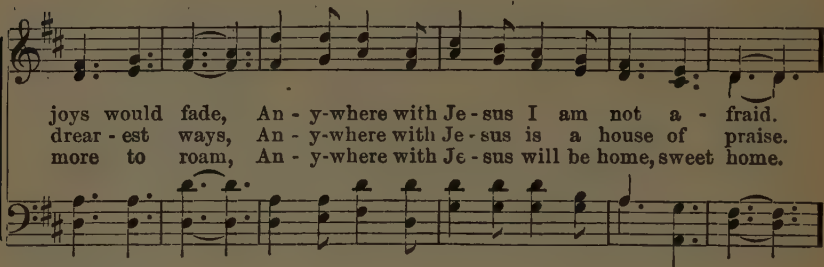
D. B. TOWNER.



1. An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y - where He
 2. An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may
 3. An - y - where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark - ling

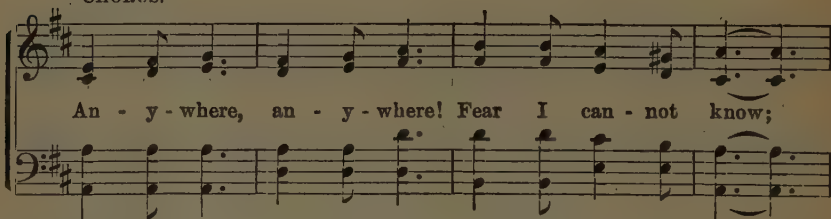


leads me in this world be - low; An - y - where without Him, dear - est
 fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
 shad - ows round a - bout me; Know - ing I shall wak - en, nev - er

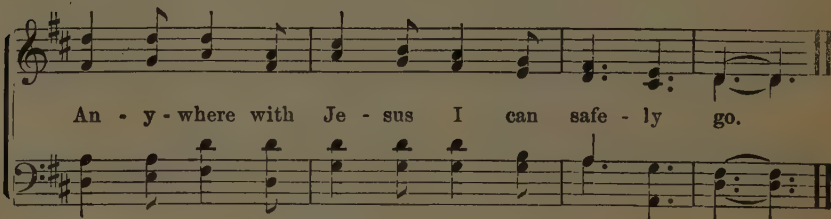


joys would fade, An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
 drear - est ways, An - y - where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
 more to roam, An - y - where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.



An - y - where, an - y - where! Fear I can - not know;



An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

Softly and Tenderly.

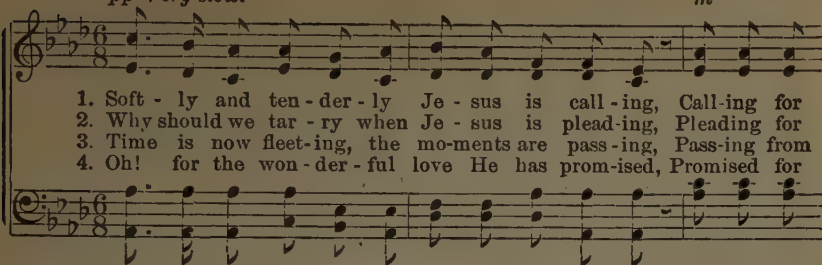
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W. L. T.

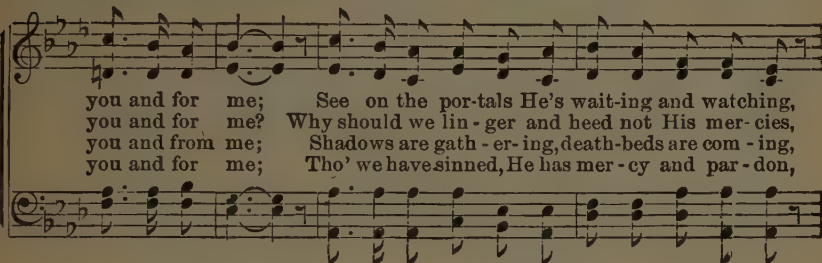
pp *Very slow.*

WILL L. THOMPSON.

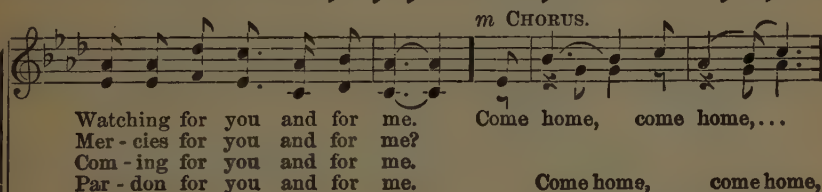
m



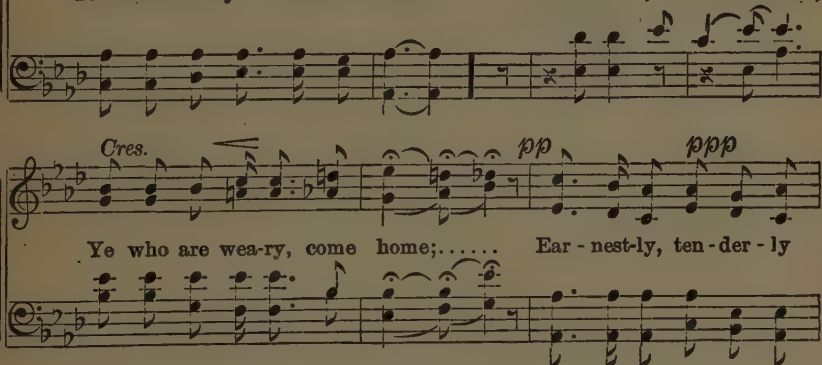
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Promised for



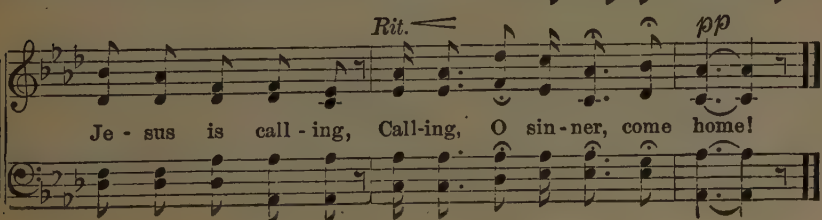
you and for me; See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies,
 you and from me; Shadows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing,
 you and for me; Tho' we have sin - ned, He has mer - cy and par - don,



m CHORUS.
 Watching for you and for me. Come home, come home,...
 Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Com - ing for you and for me.
 Par - don for you and for me. Come home, come home,



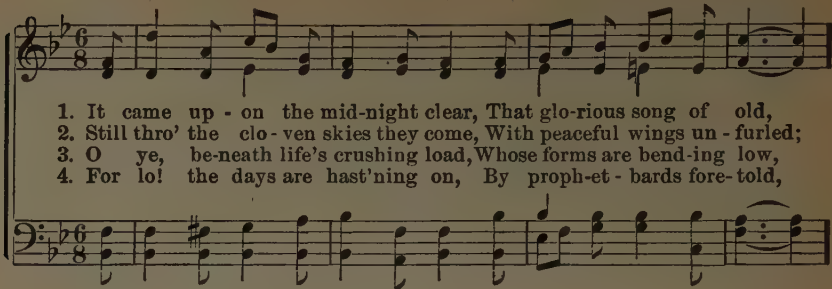
Cres. *pp* *ppp*
 Ye who are wea - ry, come home;..... Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly



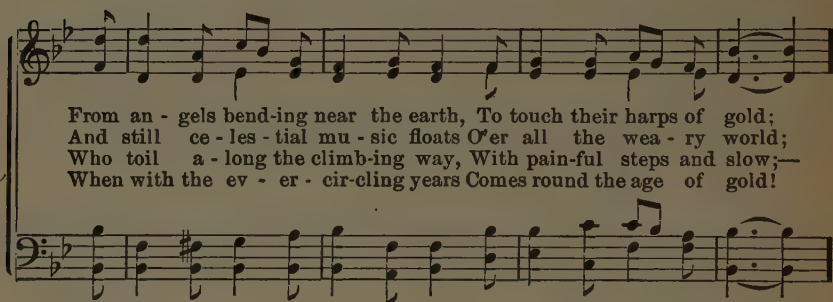
Rit. *pp*
 Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

EDMUND H. SEARS.

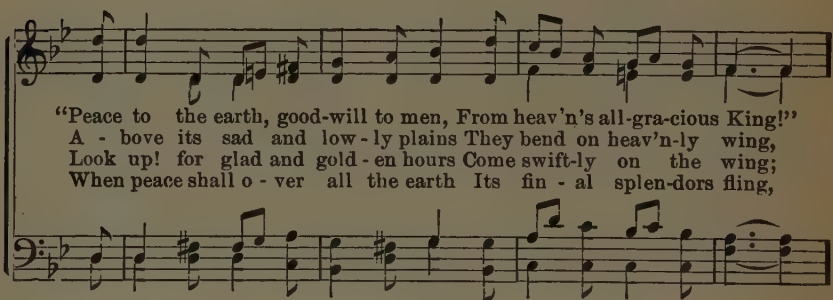
RICHARD S. WILLIS.



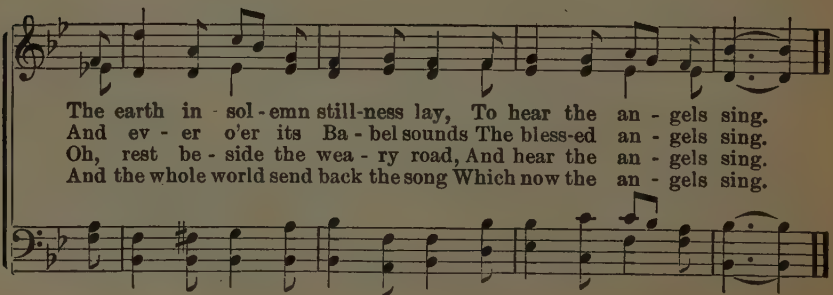
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
 2. Still thro' the clo-ven skies they come, With peaceful wings un-furled;
 3. O ye, be-neath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
 4. For lo! the days are hast'ning on, By proph-et-bards fore-told,



From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
 And still ce-les-tial mu-sic floats O'er all the wea-ry world;
 Who toil a-long the climb-ing way, With pain-ful steps and slow;—
 When with the ev-er-cir-cle years Comes round the age of gold!



"Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King!"
 A-bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on heav'n-ly wing;
 Look up! for glad and gold-en hours Come swift-ly on the wing;
 When peace shall o-ver all the earth Its fin-al splen-dors fling,



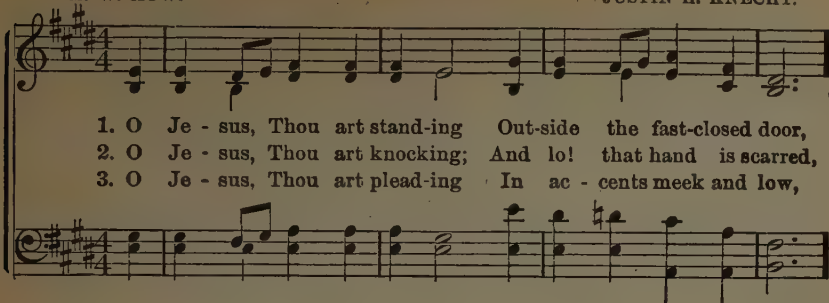
The earth in-sol-emn still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing.
 And ev-er o'er its Ba-bel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing.
 Oh, rest be-side the wea-ry road, And hear the an-gels sing.
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an-gels sing.

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

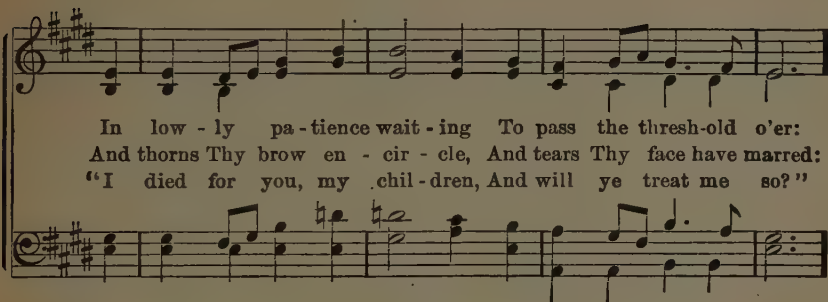
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WM. W. HOW.

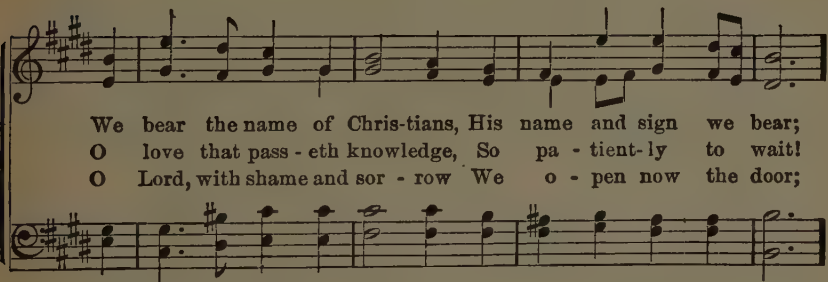
JUSTIN H. KNECHT.



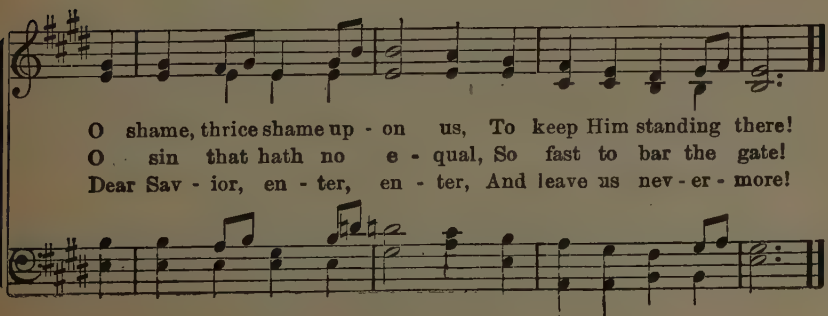
1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low,



In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
 "I died for you, my chil-dren, And will ye treat me so?"



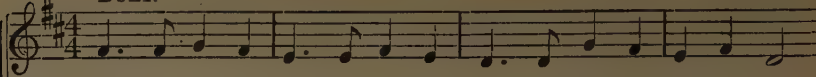
We bear the name of Chris-tians, His name and sign we bear;
 O love that pass - eth knowledge, So pa - tient-ly to wait!
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;



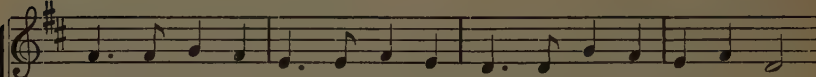
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there!
 O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.
DUET.

W. S. WEEDEN.




1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give;
 2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow;
 3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-ior, whol-ly Thine;
 4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Lord, I give my-self to Thee;
 5. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame;

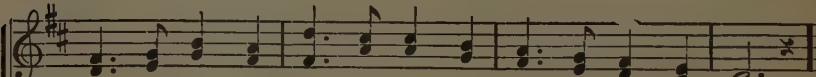


I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live.
 Worldly pleas-ures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
 Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
 Fill me with Thy love and pow-er, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.
 O the joy of full sal - va-tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!

CHORUS.



I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
 I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;



All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur-ren - der all.

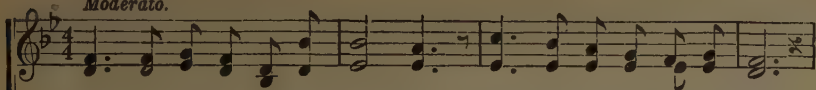
Face to Face.

135

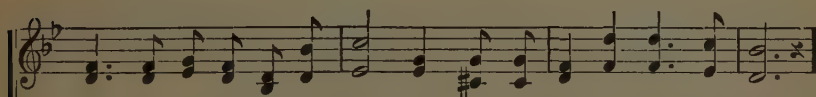
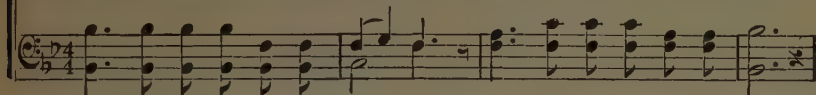
MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.



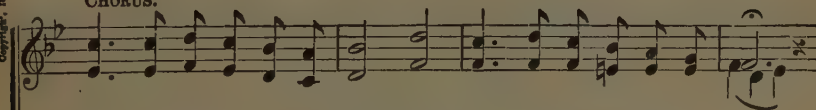
1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint-ly now, I see Him, With the dark - ling veil be-tween;
3. What re - joic-ing in His pres - ence, When are ban-ish-ed grief and pain;
4. Face to face! Oh! bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and 'know;



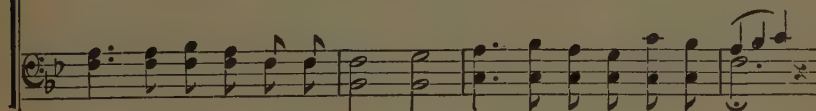
When with rapt-ure I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.



CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!



Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER.

(Male Voices.)

J. H. MacCONNELL.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee (to Thee;) Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
 golden crowns around the glassy sea (the sea;) Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
 sinful man Thy glo-ry may not see (not see;) On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea (and sea;) Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,

mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
 falling down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
 there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri-ty.
 mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!

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Remember Me.

Anon.

(Male Voices.)

JOANNA KINKEL.

1. When storms a-round are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping,
 2. When walk-ing on life's o-cean, Con-trol its rag-ing mo-tion;
 3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress-es,

'Mid fires of e-vil fall-ing, 'Mid temp-ter's voic-es call-ing,
 When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deep sink-ing,
 All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

CHORUS.

Re-mem ber me, Re mem-ber me, O Might-y One! Re mem ber me!

p *pp*

Quit You Like Men.

E. A. H.

(MALE QUARTET.)

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Be strong to toil in the vineyard wide, And in the serv-ice of Christ a-bide;
2. Be strong to take up your dai-ly cross, And bear for Christ an-y pain or loss,
3. Be strong to bat-tle a-gainst all sin, The foes without and the foes with-in;
4. Be brave and faithful, and courage take; Nev-er, no nev-er, your Lord for-sake;

A rich reward you at last shall win, When all the sheaves shall be gathered in.
 Un-til, the burdens of life laid down, Je-sus shall give you a fade-less crown.
 Conquer by faith in the cleansing blood, Conquer the world by the help of God.
 Fight till the conflict on earth is done; Fight till the vic-t'ry thro' Christ is won.

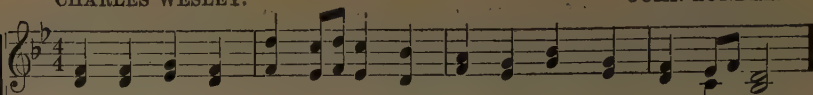
CHORUS.

Quit you like men, be strong! The fight may be fierce and long,..... But
 be strong! ver-y long,

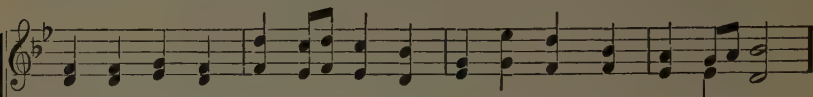
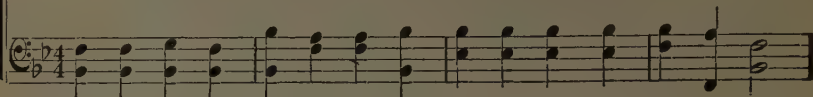
in God's strength we shall win at length; Then quit you like men, be strong!
 be strong!

CHARLES WESLEY.

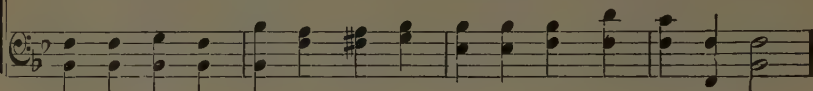
JOHN ZUNDEL.



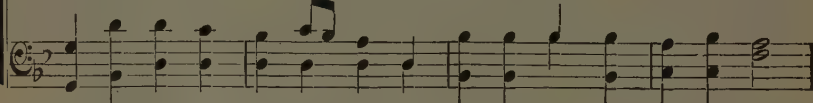
1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.
 Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave:
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee;



Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
 Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
 Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,
 Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,



Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion: En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

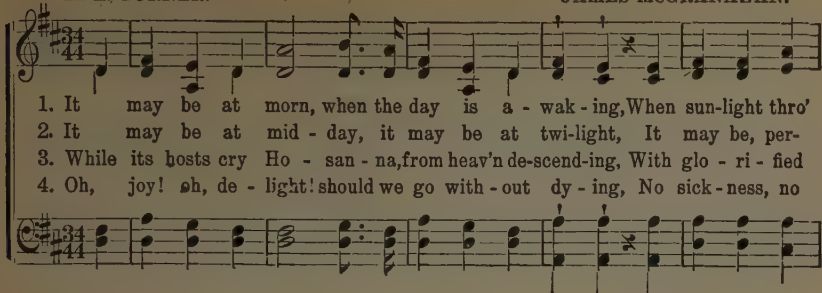


Christ Returneth.

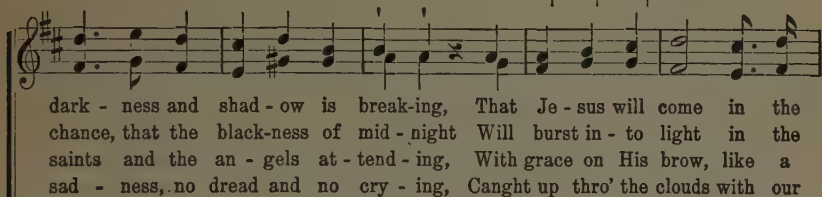
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H. L. TURNER.

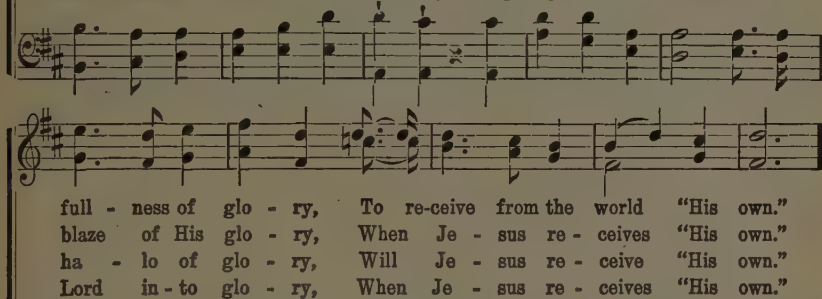
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



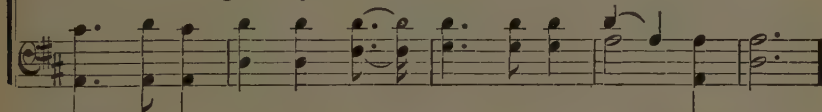
1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When sun-light thro'
 2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
 3. While its hosts cry Ho - san - na, from heav'n de-scend-ing, With glo - ri - fied
 4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with - out dy - ing, No sick - ness, no



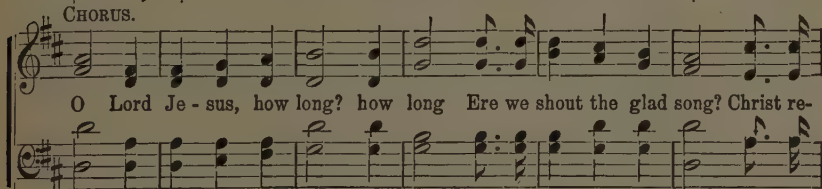
dark - ness and shad - ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
 chance, that the black-ness of mid - night Will burst in - to light in the
 saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our



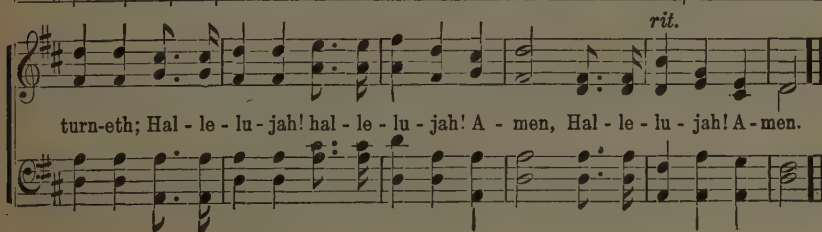
full - ness of glo - ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
 blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
 ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
 Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."



CHORUS.



O Lord Je - sus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-



turn-eth; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

P. D.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
 2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
 3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 4. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart; Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter, rest;

Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
 Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine.
 Nor ev - er from thy Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed.

CHORUS.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, when Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

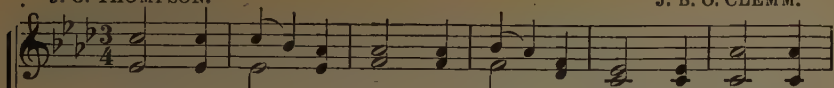
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.


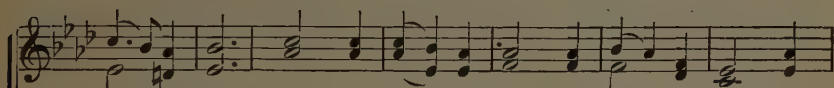
Far and Near the Fields are Teeming. 141

J. O. THOMPSON.


J. B. O. CLEMM.



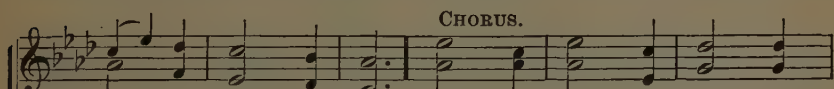
1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam-ing; Send them in the
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the

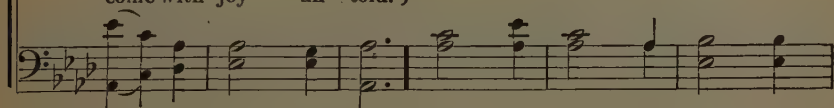
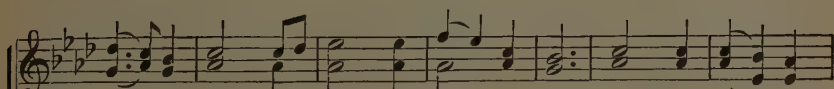
rip-ened grain; Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the
noontide's glare; When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them
sheaves of gold; Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend-ing, Thou shalt



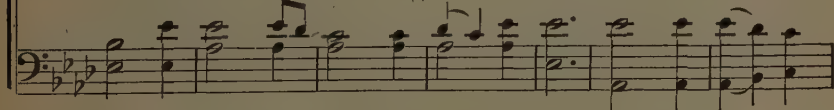

CHORUS.




sun-ny slope and plain.
gath-er ev-'ry-where. } Lord of har-vest, send forth
come with joy un-told. }

reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry; Send them now the

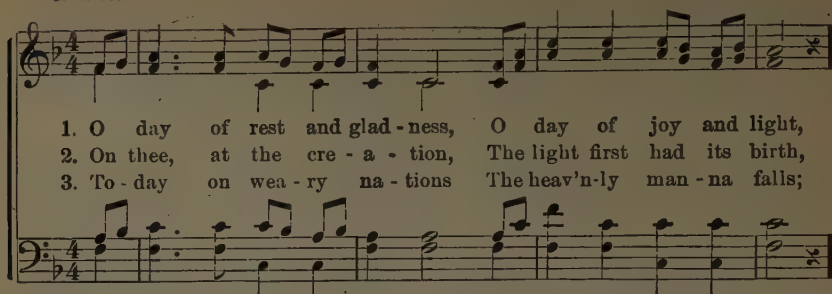



sheaves to gath-er, Ere the har-vest time pass by.

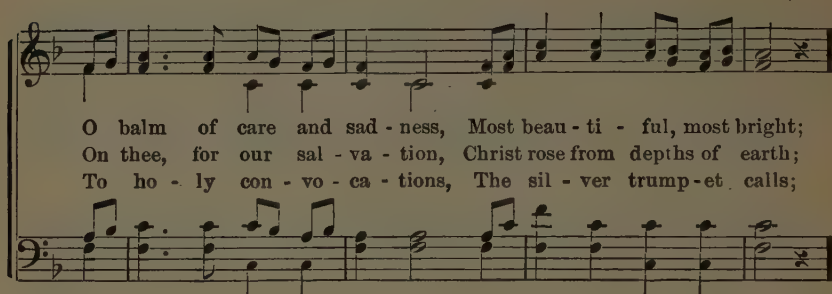


C. WORDSWORTH.

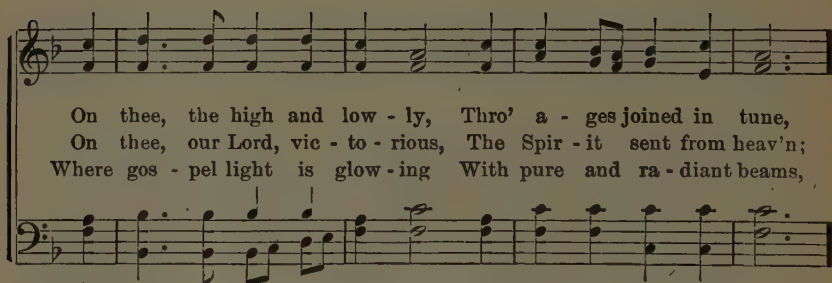
German Melody. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



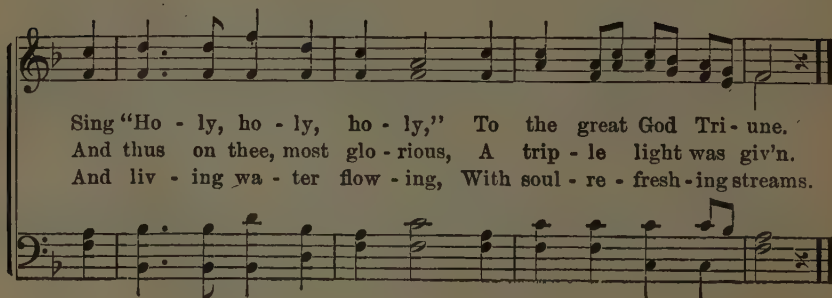
1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
 2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth,
 3. To-day on wea-ry na-tions The heav'n-ly man-na falls;



O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
 On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
 To ho-ly con-vo-ca-tions, The sil-ver trump-et calls;



On thee, the high and low-ly, Thro' a-ges joined in tune,
 On thee, our Lord, vic-to-rious, The Spir-it sent from heav'n;
 Where gos-pel light is glow-ing With pure and ra-diant beams,



Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une.
 And thus on thee, most glo-rious, A trip-le light was giv'n.
 And liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing, With soul-re-fresh-ing streams.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Sabbath Hymn.

- 1 O Sabbath, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet day of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Type of the soul's repose,
 Blest at creation's close,
 Day when my Lord arose,
 To thee I cling.
- 2 Thou treasure-house of prayer,
 Thou balm for pain and care,
 Thou fount of praise;
 Thy mornings breathe release,
 Thy evenings whisper peace,
 Thy anthems never cease,
 Thou psalm of days.
- 3 Forth on thy wings of white,
 Plumed in celestial light,
 Sweet Sabbath day,

Fly all the earth abroad,
 Till all thy beauty laud,
 Till all adore thy God,—
 All hope, all pray.

- 4 Merge heaven into home,
 And where sad strangers roam,
 Thy friendship give;
 Soothe every toiler's pain,
 Wash every sinner's stain,
 Hallow on land and main
 All men that live.
- 5 Our father's God, to Thee,
 Author of sanctity,
 To Thee we sing;
 May all the world revere
 This day, so old, so dear;
 O bring Thy presence near,
 Great God, our King.

HENRY OSTROM.

I Was a Wandering Sheep.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Rev. JOHN BLACK.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my
 2. The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Father sought His child; He followed me o'er
 3. Je - sus my Shepherd is, 'Twas He that loved my soul; 'Twas He that washed me
 4. No more a wand'ring sheep, I love to be con-trolled, I love my ten-der

Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled; I was a wayward child, I did not
 vail, and bill, O'er deserts waste and wild: He found me nigh to death, Famished, and
 in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole: 'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the
 Shepherd's voice, I love the peaceful fold: No more a wayward child, I seek no

love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
 faint, and lone; He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wand'ring one.
 wand'ring sheep; 'Twas He that bro't me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.
 more to roam; I love my heav'nly Father's voice, I love, I love His home!

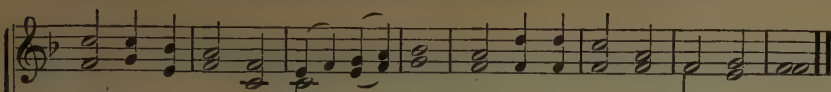
Behold, a Stranger at the Door.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

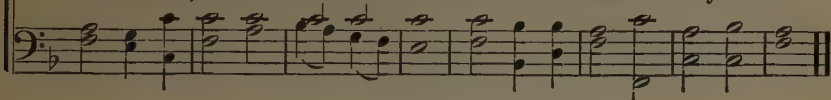
HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER.

1. Behold, a Stran-ger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked be-fore;
 2. O love-ly at - ti - tude, He stands With melting heart and load-ed hands!
 3. But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will; the ver - y friend you need:
 4. Rise, touched with grat-i - tude di - vine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine;
 5. Admit Him, ere His an - ger burn; His feet, de-part - ed, ne'er re - turn:

Behold, a Stranger at the Door. Concluded. 145



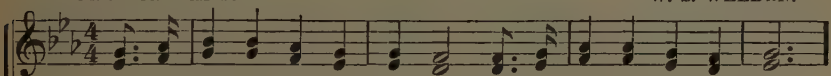
Has wait-ed long- is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The friend of sin - ners - yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul de - stroy - ing mon - ster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand When at His door de - nied you'll stand.



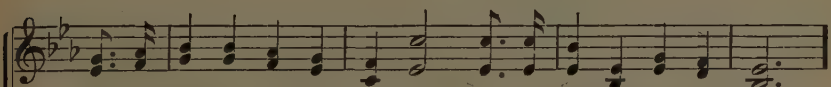
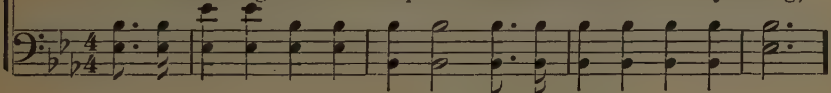
Jesus All the Way.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

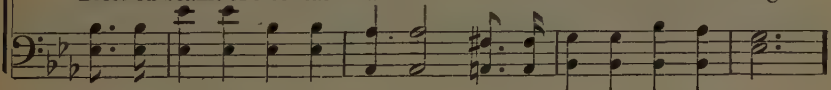
W. S. WEEDEN.



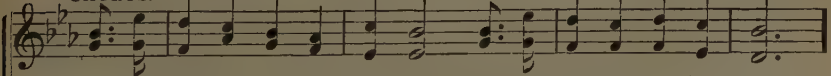
1. I am walking thro' this earth-life, Oft - en wea - ry, oft - en sad;
2. I am trav - ling to a cit - y Where the light is nev - er dim;
3. I am look - ing for re - demp - tion Thro' the mer - its of my King;



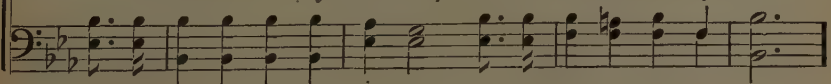
But my Sav - ior walk - eth with me, And His presence makes me glad.
And my Sav - ior leads so gen - tly, It is sweet to walk with Him.
Bless - ed beams of free sal - va - tion Shine a - bout me as I sing.



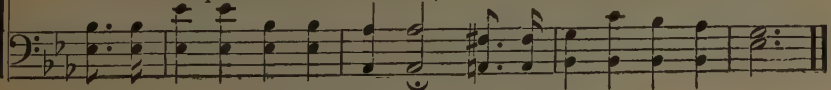
CHORUS.



Je - sus knoweth ev - 'ry sor - row, Je - sus knoweth ev - 'ry fear;



And He whispers thro' life's shadows, "Do not trem - ble, I am near!"



Not I, But Christ.

A. B. SIMPSON.

From MENDELSSOHN.

1. Not I, but Christ, be honored, loved, ex - alt - ed, Not I, but
 2. Not I, but Christ, to gen - tly soothe in sor - row Not I, but
 3. Not I, but Christ, no i - dle word e'er fall - ing, Christ, on - ly
 4. Not I, but Christ, my ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing, Not I, but
 5. Christ, on - ly Christ, ere long will fill my vi - sion; Glo - ry ex -

Christ, be seen, be known, be heard; Not I, but Christ, in ev - 'ry
 Christ, to wipe the fall - ing tear; Not I, but Christ, to lift the
 Christ, no needless, bustling sound; Christ, on - ly Christ, no self - im -
 Christ, my strength and health to be; Christ, on - ly Christ, for bod - y,
 cel - ling, — soon, full soon, I'll see; Christ, on - ly Christ, my ev - 'ry

look and ac - tion, Not I, but Christ, in ev - 'ry tho't and word.
 wea - ry bur - den, Not I, but Christ, to hush a - way all fear.
 por - tant bear - ing, Christ, on - ly Christ, no trace of "I" be found.
 soul and spir - it, Christ, on - ly Christ, live then Thy life in me.
 wish ful - fill - ing—Christ, on - ly Christ, my all in all to be.

Jesus Calls Us.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

W. H. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea,
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store;
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, make us hear Thy call;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low me."
 From each i-dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Christian, love me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "That we love Him more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thine o-be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

Deeper Yet.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been washed from sin;
2. Day by day, hour by hour Bless-ings are sent to me;
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing Him each day;
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin;

But to be free from dross, Still I would en-ter in.
 But for more of His pow'r Ev-er my pray'r shall be.
 What I ask He will give, So then with faith I pray.
 But to pray I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.

CHORUS.

Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, In-to the crim-son flood;

Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Un-der the pre-cious blood.

MARY A. S. BARBER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Prince of peace, con - trol my will; Bid this strug-gling heart be still;
 2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, O - pened wide the gate to God;
 3. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one:
 4. Sav - ior, at Thy feet I fall; Thou my Life, my God, my All!

Bid my fears and doubtings cease, Hush my spir - it in - to peace.
 Peace I ask - but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.
 Chase these doubtings from my heart, Now Thy per - fect peace im - part.
 Let Thy hap - py serv - ant be One for - ev - er - more with Thee.

The Quiet Hour.

Rev. GEO. E. McMANIMAN.

LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. Shut in with God a - lone, I spend the qui - et hour;
 2. Shut in with God a - lone, In med - i - ta - tion sweet,
 3. Shut in with God a - lone, I praise His ho - ly name,
 4. Shut in with God a - lone, And yet I have no fear;

His mer - cy and His love I own, And seek His sav - ing pow'r.
 My spir - it waits be - fore the throne, Bowed low at Je - sus' feet.
 Who gave the Sav - ior to a - tone For all my sin and shame.
 I rest beneath the cleansing blood, And perfect love is here. A - men.

There Is a Fold.

149

JOHN EAST.

HENRY W. GREATORIX.

1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pas-tures ev - er green;
 2. Far up the ev - er - last - ing hills, In God's own light it lies;
 3. One nar - row vale, one dark - some wave, Di - vides that land from this:
 4. Far from this guilt - y world to be Ex - empt from toil and strife—

Where'sul - try sun, or storm - y day, Or night is nev - er seen.
 His smile its vast di - men - sion fills With joy that nev - er dies.
 I have a Shep - herd pledged to save And bear me home to bliss.
 To spend e - ter - ni - ty with Thee— My Sav - ior, this is life.

Art Thou Weary?

JOHN M. NEALE, tr.

HENRY W. BAKER.

1. Art thou wea - ry? art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis - tress?
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?—
 3. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?—
 4. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
 5. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"
 "In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side."
 "Man - ya sor - row, man - ya la - bor, Man - ya tear."
 "Sor - row van - quished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan passed."
 "Not till earth, and not till heav - en Pass a - way."

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a-bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-way;
 3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me!
 Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a-bide with me!
 Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a-bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

PETER RITTER, arr.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gen-tly steep,
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

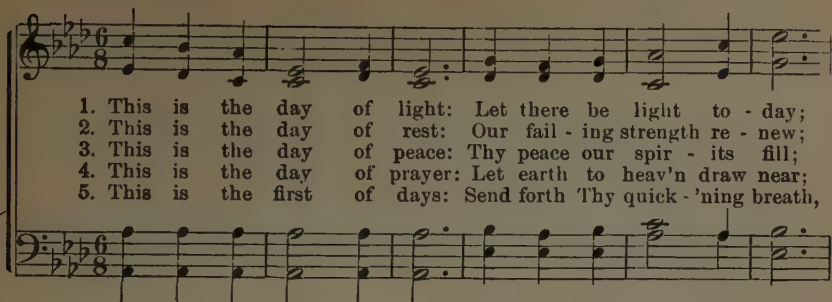
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
 Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Savior's breast!
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in heav'n a-bove.

The Day of Light.

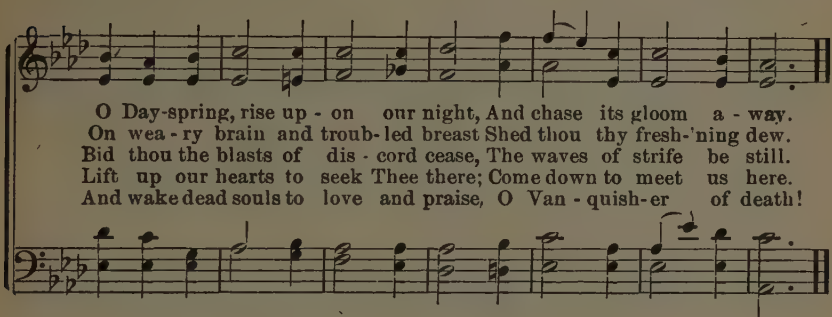
151

JOHN ELLERTON.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER



1. This is the day of light: Let there be light to - day;
 2. This is the day of rest: Our fail - ing strength re - new;
 3. This is the day of peace: Thy peace our spir - its fill;
 4. This is the day of prayer: Let earth to heav'n draw near;
 5. This is the first of days: Send forth Thy quick - 'ning breath,

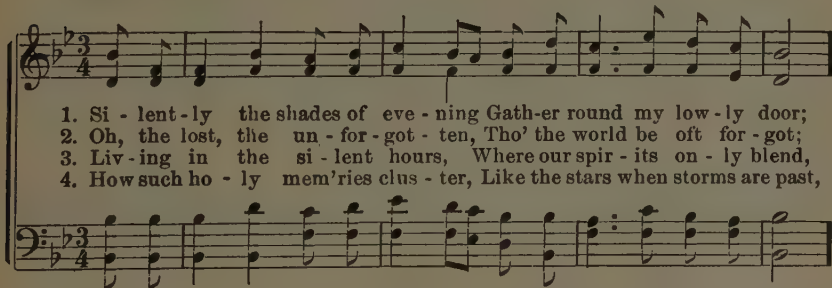


O Day-spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way.
 On wea - ry brain and troub - led breast Shed thou thy fresh - ning dew.
 Bid thou the blasts of dis - cord cease, The waves of strife be still.
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there; Come down to meet us here.
 And wake dead souls to love and praise, O Van - quish - er of death!

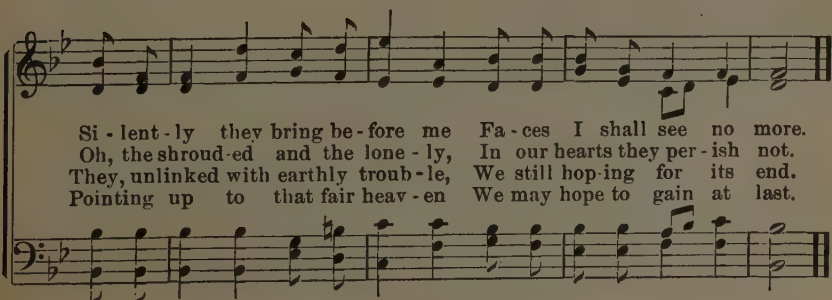
The Shades of Evening.

CHRISTOPHER C. COX.

DARIUS E. JONES.



1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er round my low - ly door;
 2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got;
 3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
 4. How such ho - ly mem'ries clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past,



Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.
 Oh, the shroud - ed and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.
 They, unlinked with earthly troub - le, We still hop - ing for its end.
 Pointing up to that fair heav - en We may hope to gain at last.

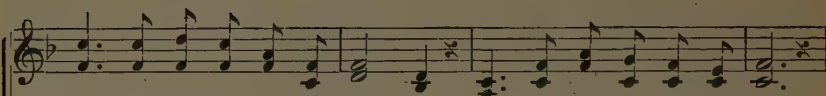
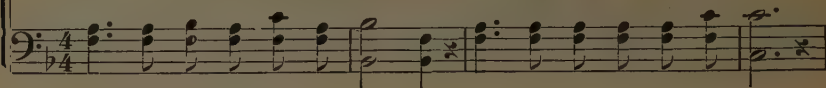
152 What a Friend We Have in Jesus!

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

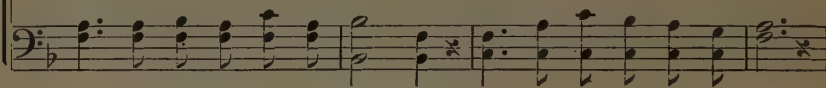
C. C. CONVERSE.



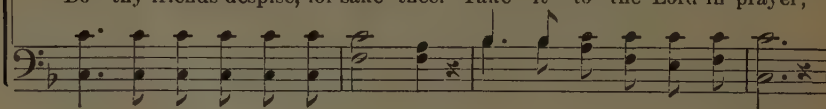
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



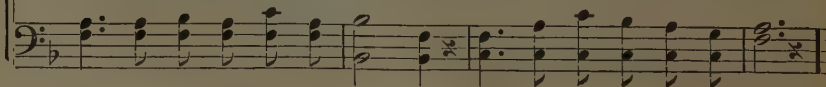
What a priv-i-lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev-er be dis-cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



There Is a Fountain.

153

WILLIAM COWPER.

LOWELL MASON, arr.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
 3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
 5. Then, in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way;
 Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more;
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die;
 When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave;

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way,
 Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more,
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,
 Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave,

And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

Rev. DAN'L C. ROBERTS.

GEORGE WM. WARREN.

*Trumpets before each verse.**Voices alone.*

1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y
 2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the
 3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes-ti-
 4. Re-fresh Thy peo-ple on their toil-some

With organ.

hand
 past,
 lence,
 way,
 Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry
 In this free land by Thee our lot is
 Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-
 Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing

Cres.

band
 cast;
 fense;
 day;
 Of shin-ing worlds in splen-dor thro' the
 Thou our Rul-er, Guardian, Guide, and
 Thy true re-lig-ion in our hearts in-
 Fill all our lives with love and grace di-

ff

skies,
 Stay,
 crease,
 vine,
 Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise.
 Thy Word our law, Thy paths our cho-sen way.
 Thy bounteous good-ness nour-ish us in peace.
 And glo-ry, laud, and praise be ev-er Thine.

Be Still and Know.

155

ANNIE J. VERNON.

Mrs. J. G. WILSON.

1. "Be still and know that I am God," Are words I must not dis - o - bey;
 2. Sub - mis - sive to the Fa - ther's will, I bow be - fore the chast'ning rod;
 3. I know not why He took from me The loved ones resting 'neath the sod;
 4. Yes, He is God; O praise His name, I have no doubts, I have no fears;

For oh, the path that Je - sus trod, I know must al - so be my way.
 I am His child, I will be still, For oh, I know that He is God.
 Enough, His lov - ing hand I see, I know, I know that He is God.
 My loved ones I shall see a - gain, And God Himself shall dry my tears.

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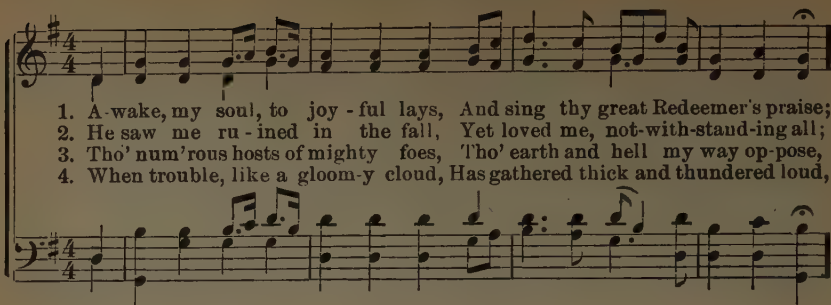
Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

EDWARD CASWALL.

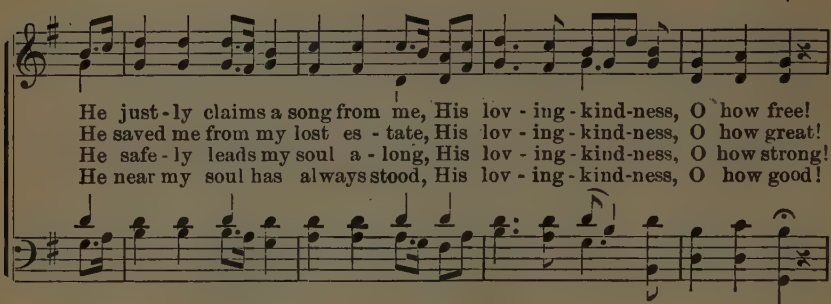
JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
 3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O Joy of all the meek!
 4. But what to those who find? Ah! this, Nor tongue nor pen can show;
 5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

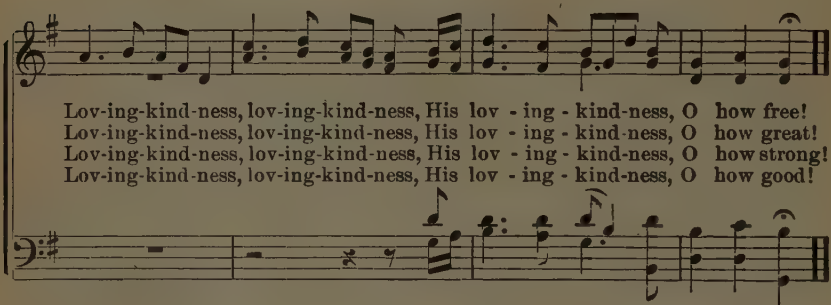
But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man - kind!
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
 The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but His loved ones know.
 Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.



1. A wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all;
 3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
 4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,



He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing - kind-ness, O how free!
 He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing - kind-ness, O how great!
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing - kind-ness, O how strong!
 He near my soul has always stood, His lov - ing - kind-ness, O how good!

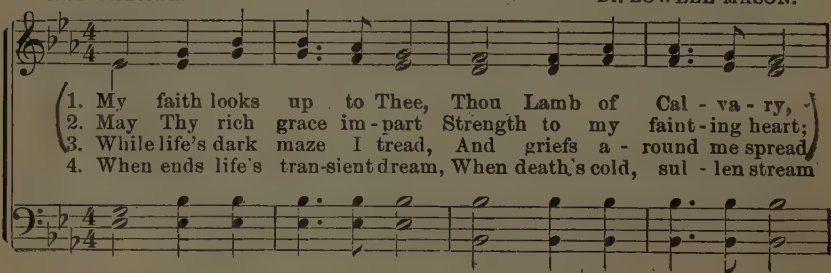


Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing - kind-ness, O how free!
 Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing - kind-ness, O how great!
 Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing - kind-ness, O how strong!
 Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing - kind-ness, O how good!

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

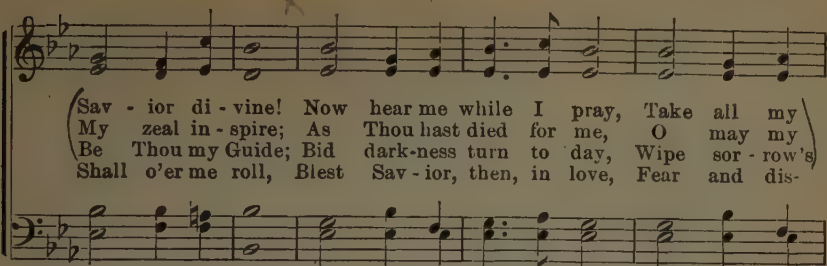
RAY PALMER.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

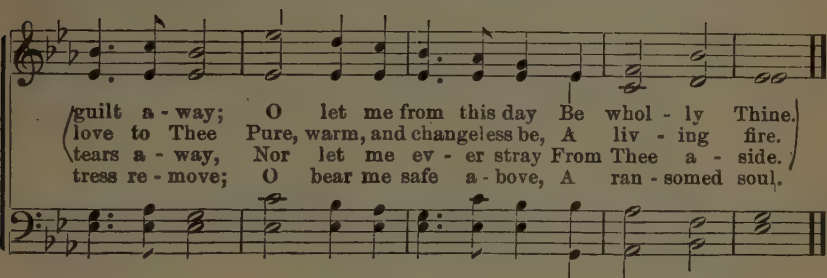


(1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, -
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart;
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

My Faith Looks Up to Thee. Concluded. 157



(Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-

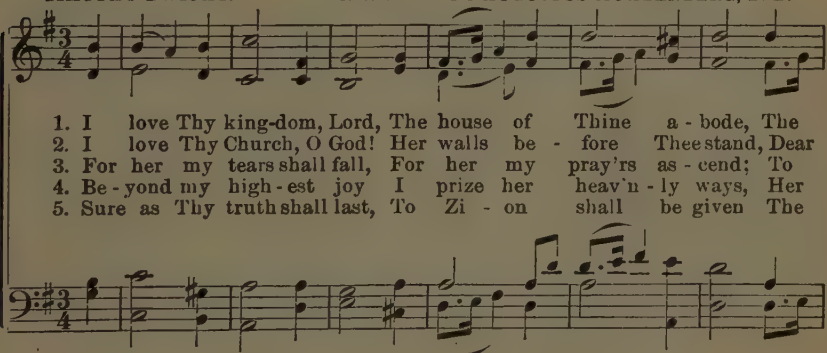


(guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.)
tress re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

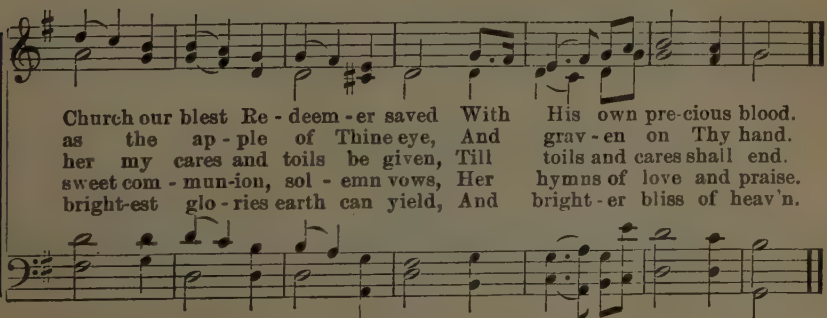
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Rev. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG, D. D.



1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend; To
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways, Her
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given The



Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
sweet com - mun-ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
 2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
 3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

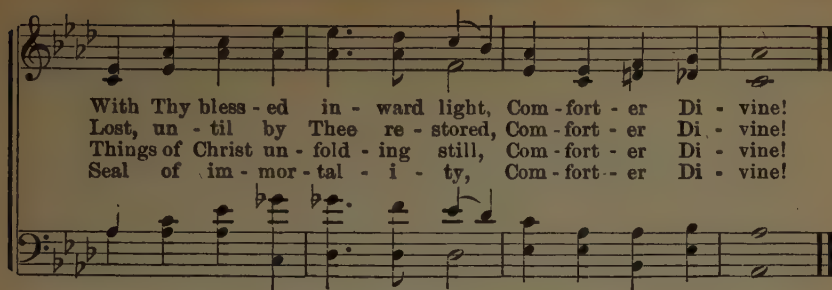
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
 The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
 Put on the ges - pel ar - mor, And, watching un - to pray'r,
 To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Holy Ghost, the Infinite.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, the In - fi - nite! Shine up - on our na - ture's night
 2. We are sin - ful—cleanse us, Lord: We are faint—Thy strength af - ford;
 3. Like the dew Thy peace dis - til; Guide, sub - due our way - ward will;
 4. In us "Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry, Ear - nest of our bliss on high,

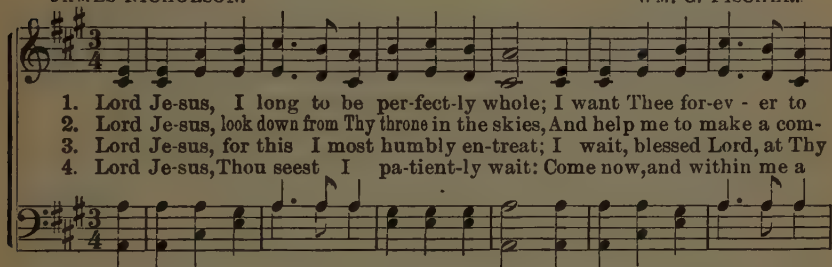


With Thy bless - ed in - ward light, Com - fort - er Di - vine!
 Lost, un - til by Thee re - stored, Com - fort - er Di - vine!
 Things of Christ un - fold - ing still, Com - fort - er Di - vine!
 Seal of im - mor - tal - i - ty, Com - fort - er Di - vine!

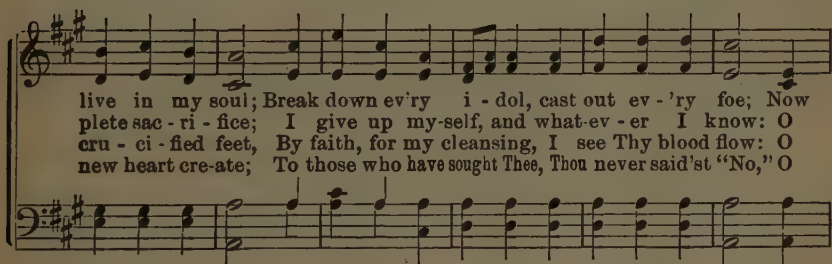
Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

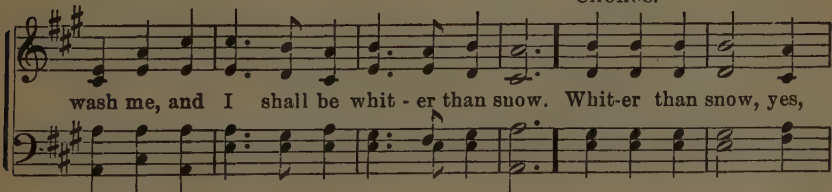


1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com -
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait: Come now, and within me a

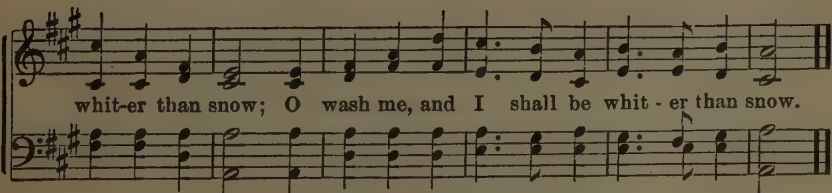


live in my soul; Break down ev'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
 plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know: O
 cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow: O
 new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st "No," O

CHORUS.



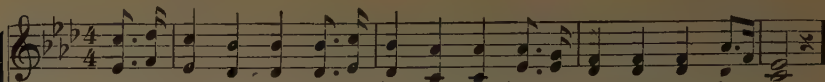
wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,



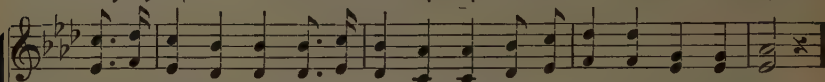
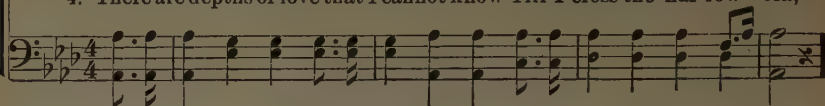
whit - er than snow; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

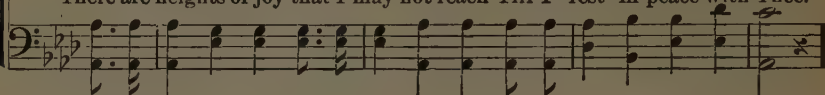
W. H. DOANE.



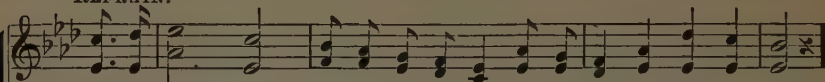
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. Oh, the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar-row sea;



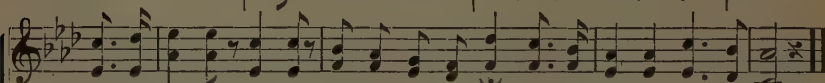
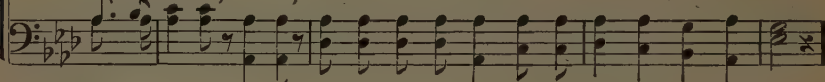
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in prayer and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



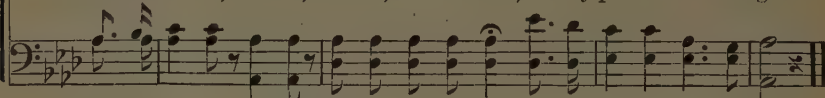
REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
 nearer, nearer,



Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.

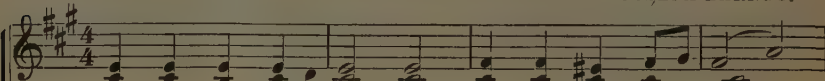


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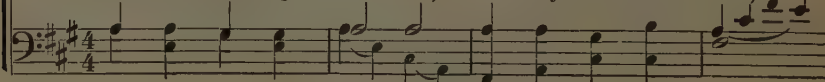
Now the Day Is Over.

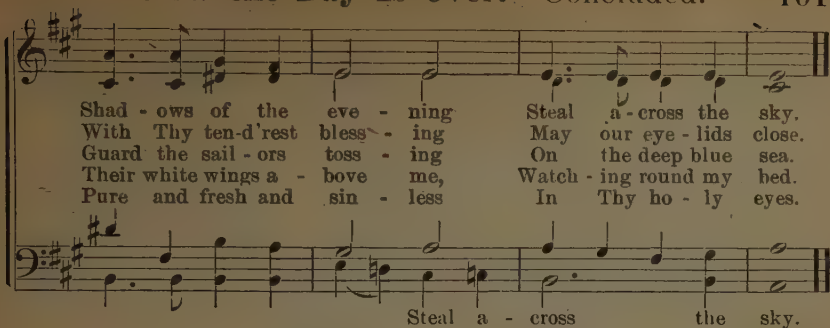
SARINE BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,





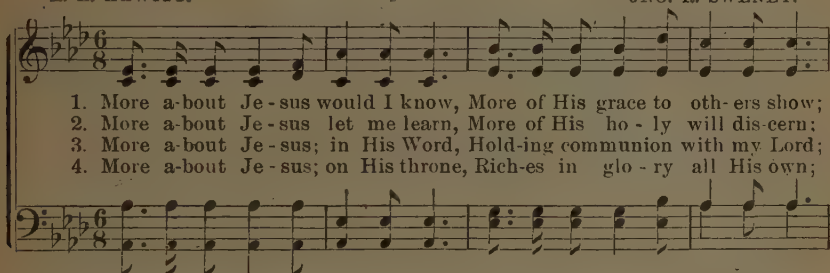
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d' rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

Steal a - cross the sky.

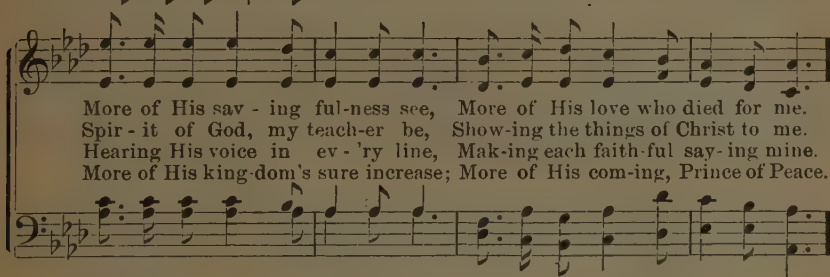
More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

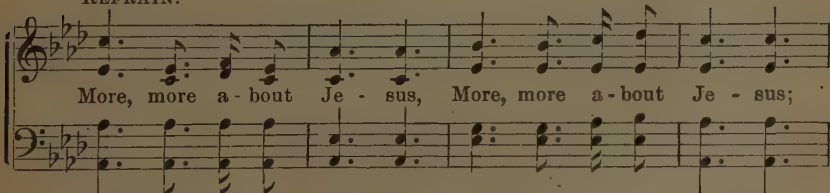


1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
 2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
 3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His Word, Hold - ing communion with my Lord;
 4. More a - bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;

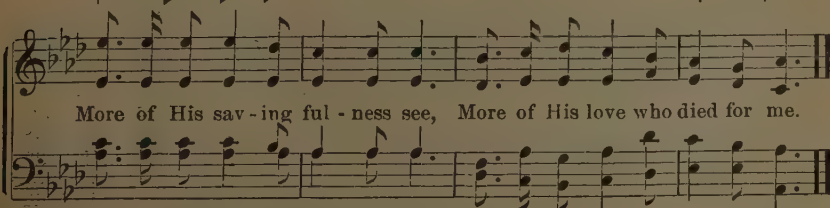


More of His sav - ing ful - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hearing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.
 More of His king - dom's sure in - crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

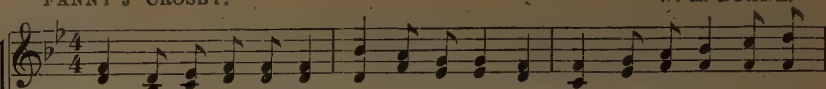


More of His sav - ing ful - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

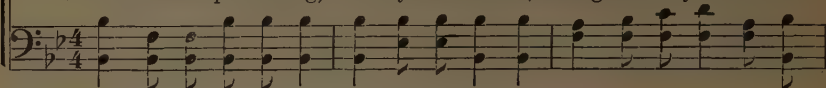
Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

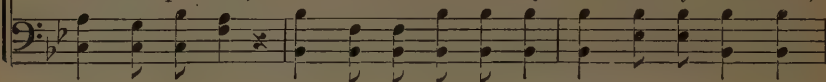
W. H. DOANE.



1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



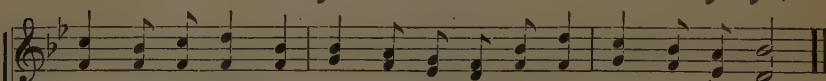
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen - tly:
 grace can re - store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
 Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;



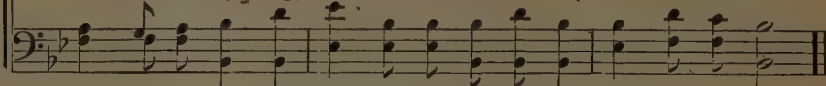
CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus, the Might-y to save. }
 He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. } Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
 Chords that were bro - ken will vi-brate once more. }
 Tell the poor wand'r'er a Sav - ior has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer-ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

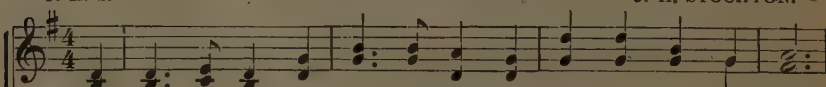


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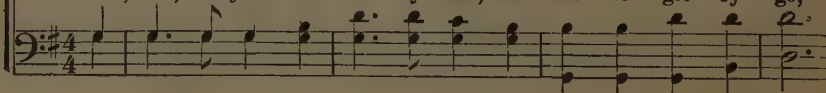
Only Trust Him.

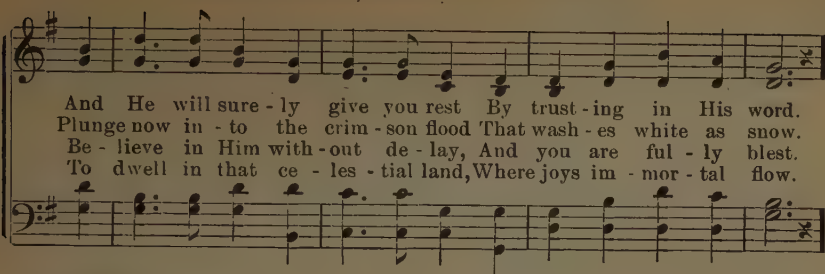
J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.



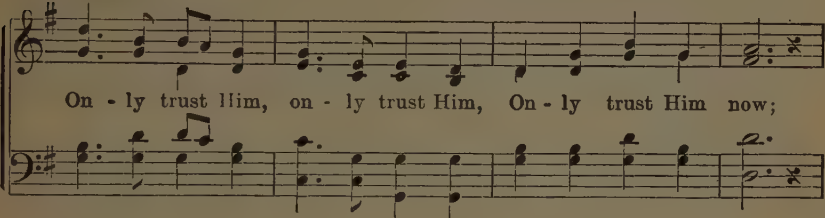
1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,



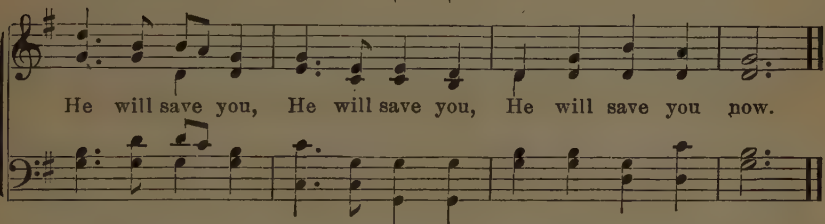


And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

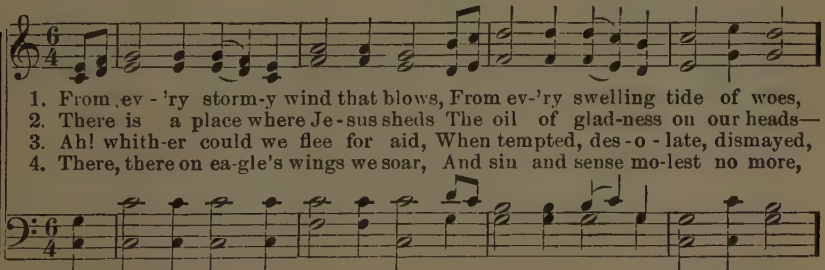


He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

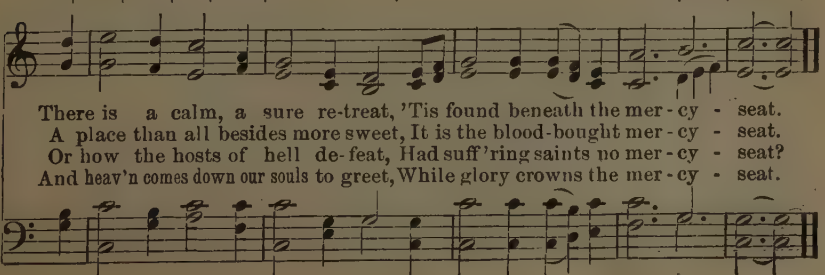
From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

HUGH STOWELL.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



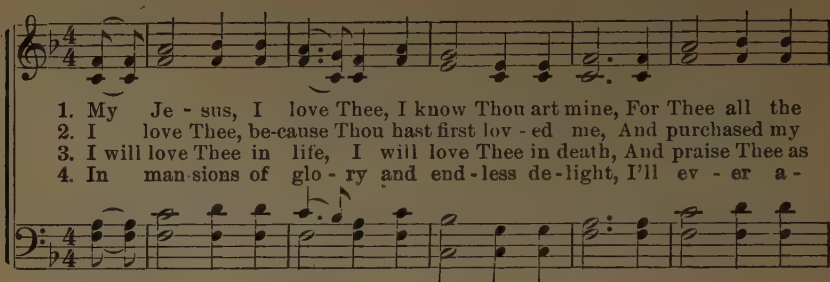
1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads—
3. Ah! whith - er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des - o - late, dismayed,
4. There, there on ea - gle's wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more,



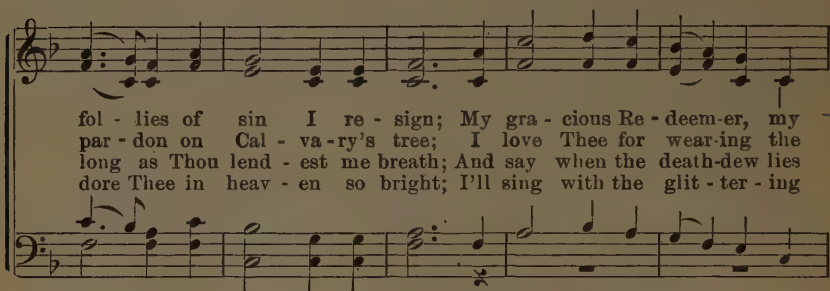
There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found beneath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all besides more sweet, It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.
Or how the hosts of hell de - feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer - cy - seat?
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mer - cy - seat.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

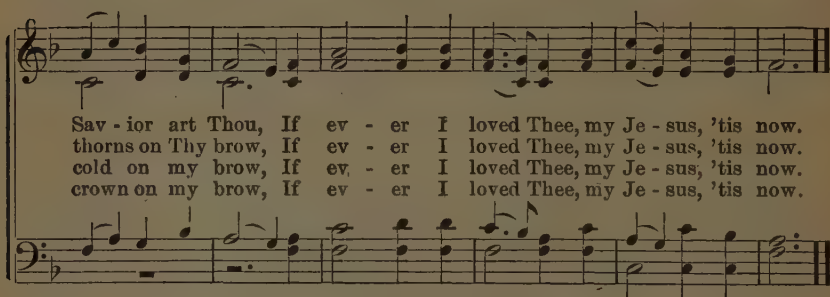
A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem-er, my
 par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

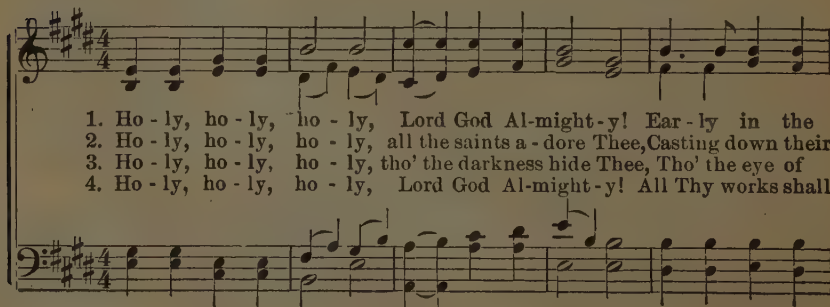


Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn-ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer-ci-ful and might-y! God in three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
falling down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-mo-re shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty!
mer-ci-ful and might-y! God in three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

A. W. BOEHM, tr.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I could for - ev - er think and sing;
2. Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis giv'n; Ask, and He turns your hell to heav'n;
3. To shame our sins He blushed in blood; He closed His eyes to show us God:
4. 'Tis Thee I love, for Thee a - lone I shed my tears and make my moan;
5. In - sa - tiate to this spring I fly; I drink, and yet am ev - er dry:

A - rise, ye need-y, — He'll re - lieve; A - rise, ye guilt-y, — He'll for - give.
Tho' sin and sor - row wound my soul, Je - sus, Thy balm will make it whole.
Let all the world fall down and know That none but God such love can show.
Where'er I am, where'er I move, I meet the ob - ject of my love.
Ah! who against Thy charms is proof? Ah! who that loves, can love e - nough?

Fine.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y love and pow'r.

2. { Now, ye need-y, come and wel-come; God's free bounty glo-ri-fy; }
 True be-lief and true re-pen-tance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.

3. { Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream; }
 All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.

4. { Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Bruised and mangled by the fall; }
 If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.

D. C.—Glo-ry, hon-or and sal-va-tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal-va-tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER.

1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?
 2. Ashamed of Je-sus! soon-er far Let evening blush to own a star;
 3. Ashamed of Je-sus! just as soon Let midnight be a-shamed of noon;
 4. Ashamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
 5. Ashamed of Je-sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a-way;
 6. Till then—nor is my boast-ing vain— Till then I boast a Sav-ior slain;

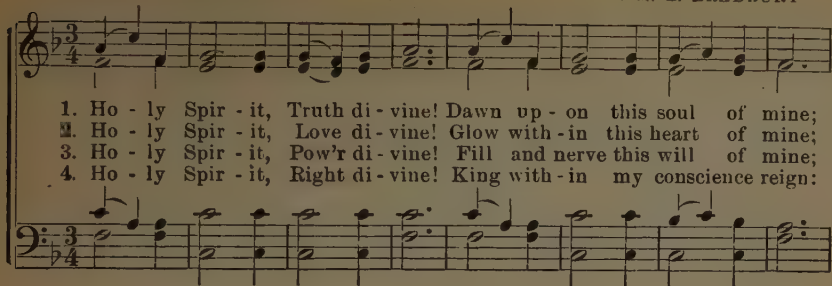
Ashamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end- less days?
 He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
 'Tis midnight with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
 No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 And Oh, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me!

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.

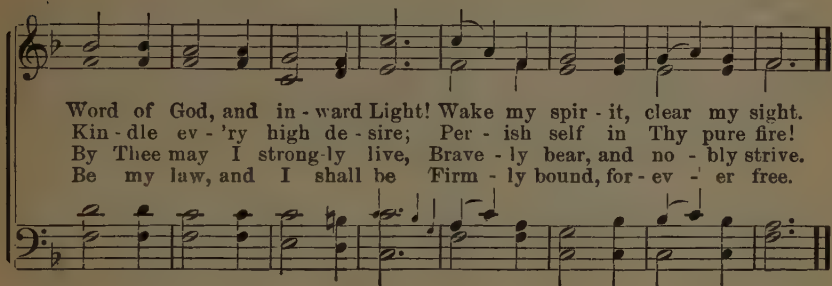
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SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

WM. B. BRADBURY



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine! Glow with - in this heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine! Fill and nerve this will of mine;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Right di - vine! King with - in my conscience reign:

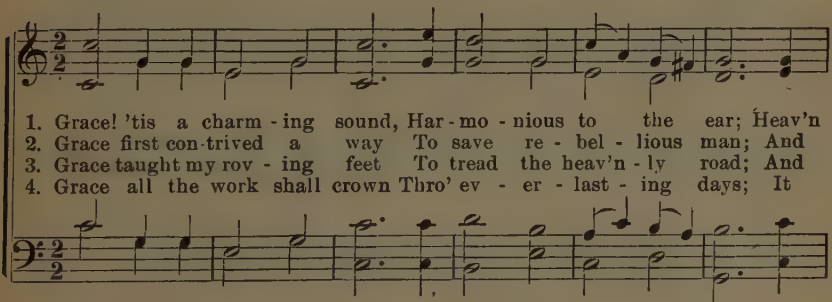


Word of God, and in - ward Light! Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.
 Kin - dle ev - 'ry high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire!
 By Thee may I strong - ly live, Brave - ly bear, and no - bly strive.
 Be my law, and I shall be Firm - ly bound, for - ev - 'er free.

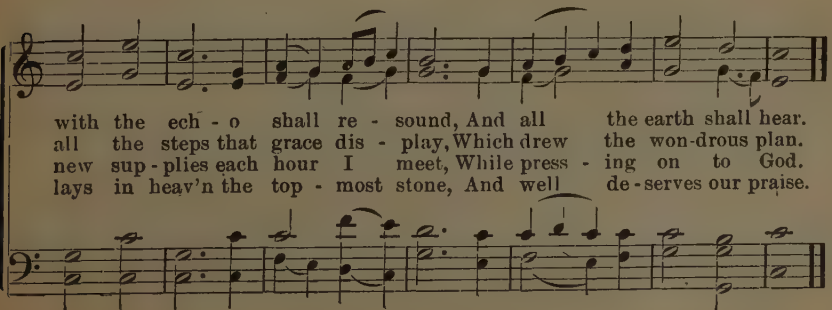
Grace! 'Tis a Charming Sound.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

ISAAC SMITH.



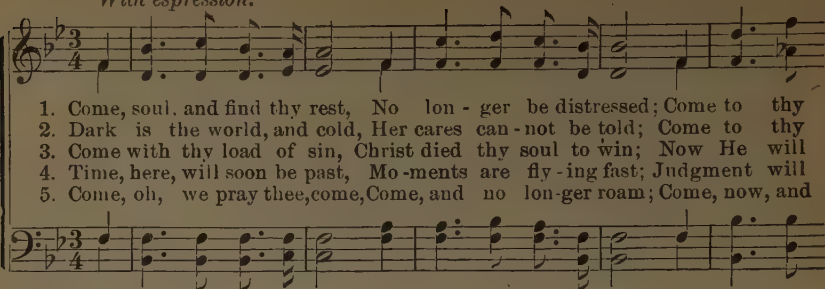
1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear; Heav'n
 2. Grace first con - trived a way To save re - bel - lious man; And
 3. Grace taught my rov - ing feet To tread the heav'n - ly road; And
 4. Grace all the work shall crown Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; It



with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
 all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the won - drous plan.
 new sup - plies each hour I meet, While press - ing on to God.
 lays in heav'n the top - most stone, And well de - serves our praise.

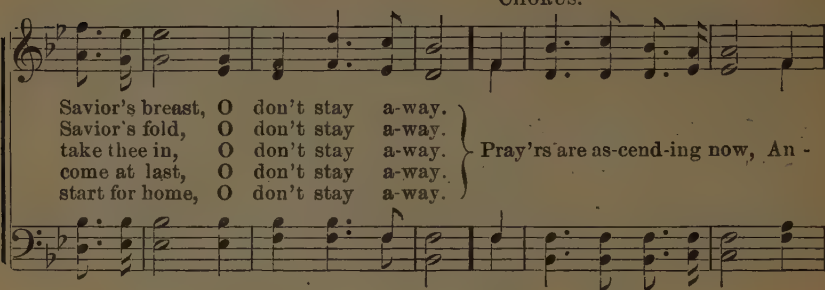
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Rev. W. J. STUART, A. M.

With expression.


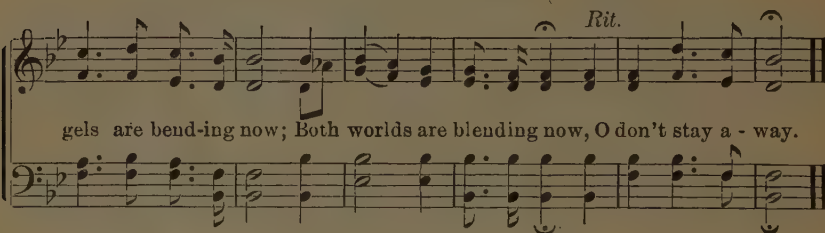
1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No lon - ger be distressed; Come to thy
 2. Dark is the world, and cold, Her cares can - not be told; Come to thy
 3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now He will
 4. Time, here, will soon be past, Mo - ments are fly - ing fast; Judgment will
 5. Come, oh, we pray thee, come, Come, and no lon - ger roam; Come, now, and

CHORUS.



Savior's breast, O don't stay a-way.
 Savior's fold, O don't stay a-way.
 take thee in, O don't stay a-way.
 come at last, O don't stay a-way.
 start for home, O don't stay a-way.

Pray'rs are as-cend-ing now, An -



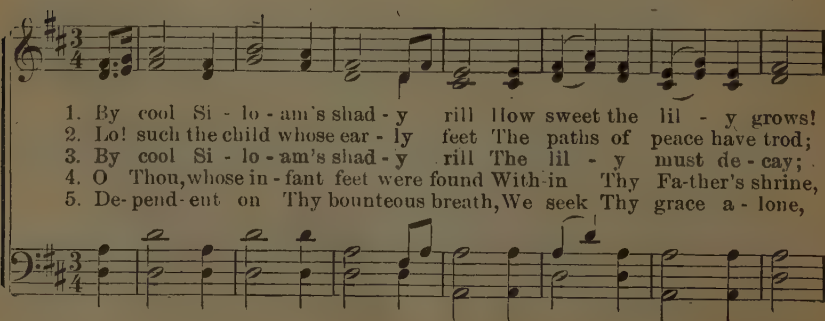
Rit.
 gels are bend-ing now; Both worlds are blending now, O don't stay a - way.

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By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

REGINALD HEBER.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How sweet the lil - y grows!
 2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod;
 3. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill The lil - y must de - cay;
 4. O Thou, whose in - fant feet were found With-in Thy Fa - ther's shrine,
 5. De - pend - ent on Thy bounteous breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone,

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!
 Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
 The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.
 Whose years, with changeless vir - tue crowned, Were all a - like di - vine.
 In child - hood, man - hood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own.

Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Ad. by J. G. WALTON.

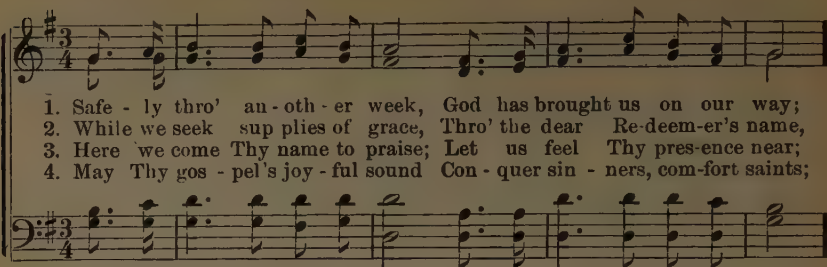
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy When'er we hear that glorious word:
 How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and virtuous life:

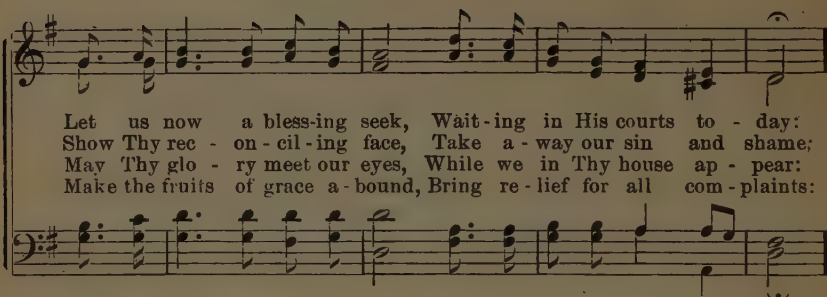
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

JOHN NEWTON.

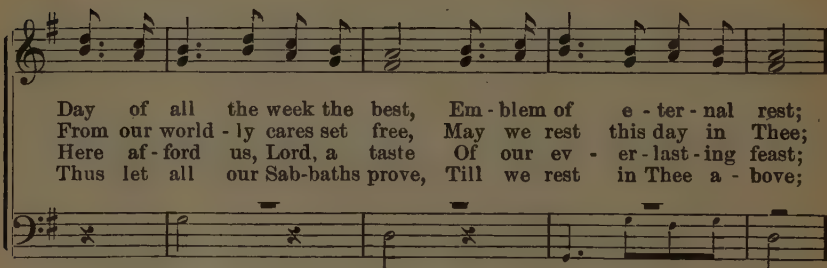
LOWELL MASON.



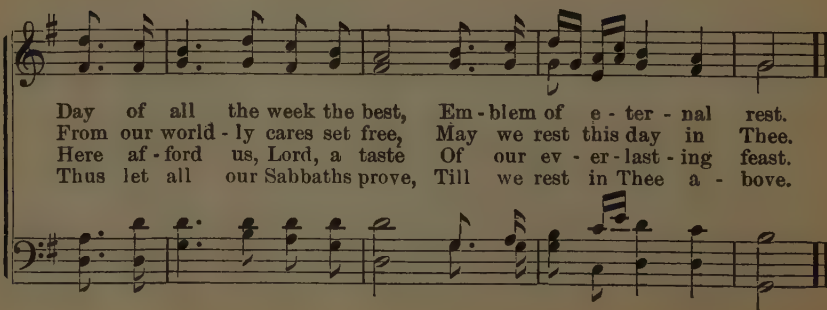
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
 2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name,
 3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres - ence near;
 4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;



Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee;
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast;
 Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove;



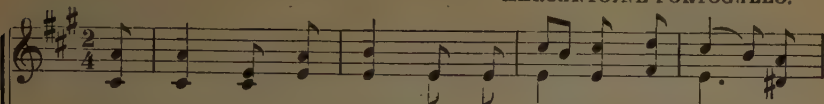
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove.

How Firm a Foundation.

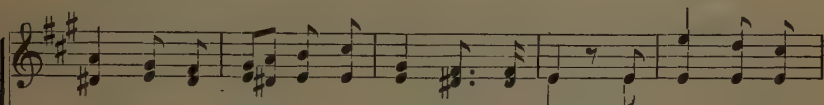
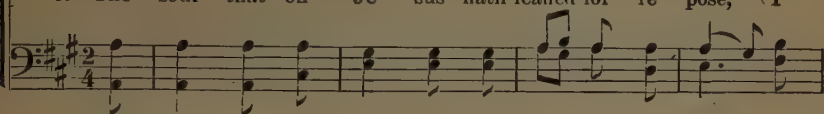
171

GEORGE KEITH.

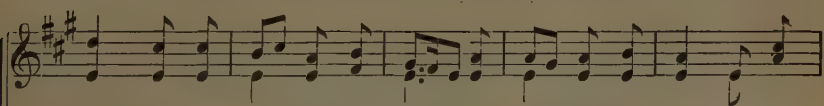
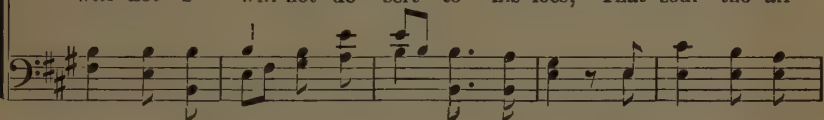
MARCANTOINE PORTOGALLO.



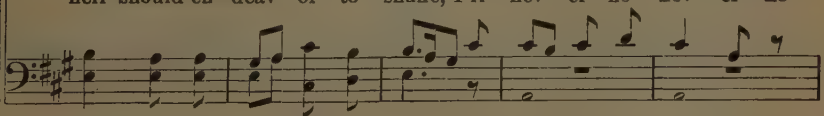
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The
4. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My
5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I



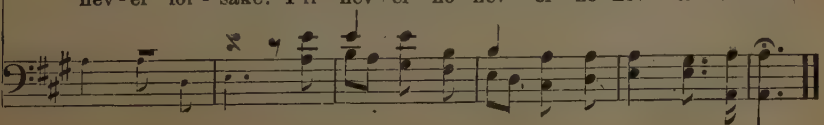
laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He
I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,
riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be
grace, all - suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not
will not—I will not de - sert to his foes; That soul—tho' all



say, than to you He hath said,—To you, who for ref - uge to
help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om -
with thee thy trou - ble to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy
hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con - sume, and thy
hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er—no nev - er—no



Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
nip - o - tent hand; Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
deep - est dis - tress; And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
gold to re - fine; Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
nev - er for - sake! I'll nev - er—no nev - er—no nev - er for - sake!"



RUDYARD KIPLING.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,
 2. The tu-mult and the shouting dies, The captains and the kings de-part;
 3. Far-called, our na-vies melt a-way, On dune and headland sinks the fire,

Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do min-ion o-ver palm and pine,
 Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart:
 Lo, all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre:

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get!
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
 Judge of the na-tion, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.

Come, Holy Ghost, Our Hearts Inspire.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Adapted by R. SIMPSON.

1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, our hearts in-spire; Let us Thine in-fluence prove;
 2. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for moved by Thee The proph-ets wrote and spoke,
 3. Ex-pand Thy wings, ce-les-tial Dove, Brood o'er our na-ture's night;

Source of the old pro-phet-ic fire, Foun-tain of life and love.
 Un-lock the truth, Thy-self the key; Un-seal the sa-cred book.
 On our dis-or-dered spir-its move, And let there now be light.

Laborers of Christ, Arise.

173

Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. La - b'rrers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil;
 2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourn - ing hearts de - plore;
 3. Be faith, which looks a - bove, With prayer, your con - stant guest;
 4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil,

The dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.
 And where the sons of sor - row pine, Dis - pense your hal - lowed lore.
 And wrap the Sav - ior's changeless love A man - tle round your breast.
 And the blest gos - pel's sav - ing health Re - pay your ar - duous toil.

My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH.

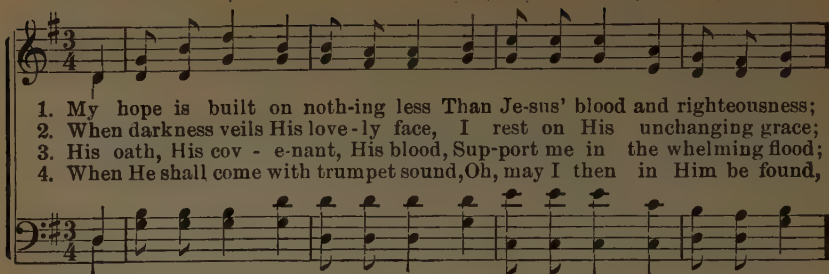
LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise; The
 2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re -
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down: The
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll

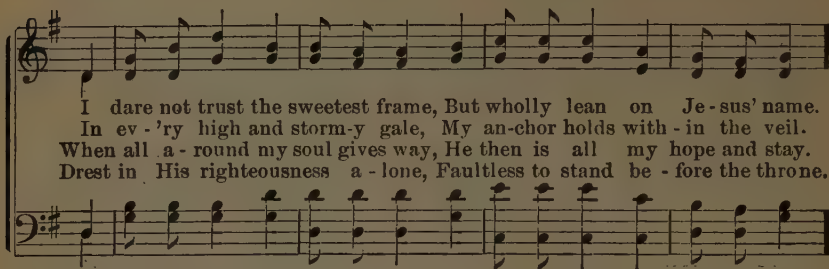
hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.
 take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

EDWARD MOTE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

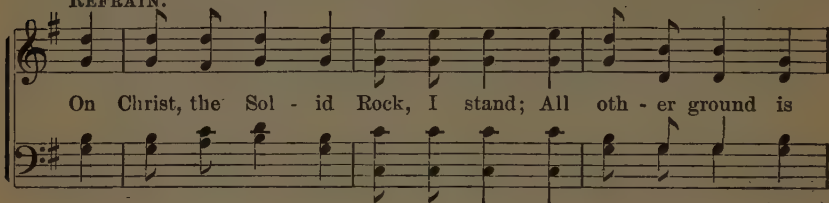


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found,

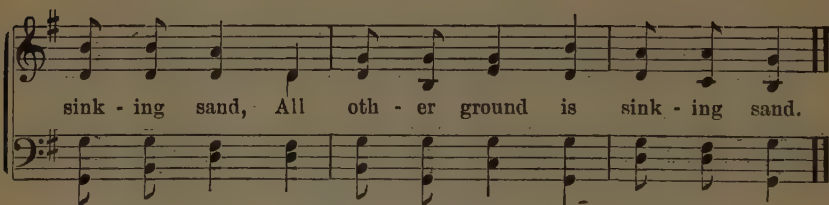


I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with - in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Drest in His righteousness a-lone, Faultless to stand be-fore the throne.

REFRAIN.



On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is

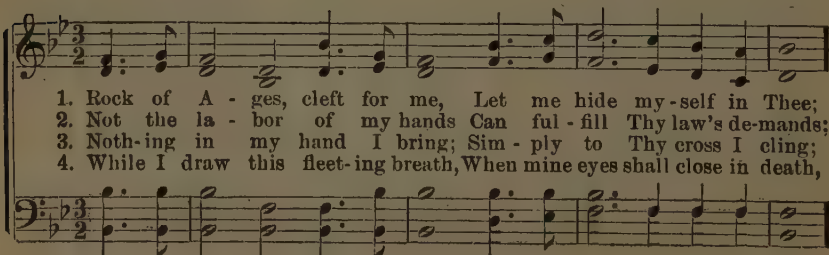


sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

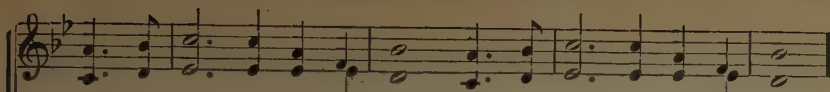
Rock of Ages.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY.

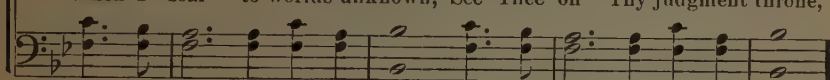
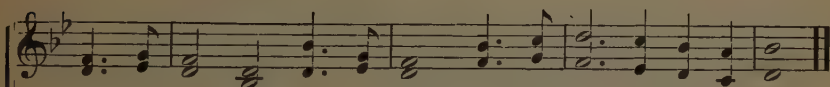
THOMAS HASTINGS.



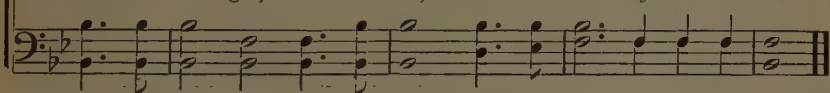
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de-mands;
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,


Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.





Enthroned on High.

THOMAS HAWEIS.


ANDRO HART'S PSALTER.



1. Enthroned on high, al - might - y Lord, The Ho - ly Ghost send down;
 2. Tho' on our heads no tongues of fire Their wondrous pow'rs im - part,
 3. Spir - it of life, and light, and love, Thy heav'n - ly in - fluence give;
 4. To our be - night - ed minds re - veal The glo - ries of His grace,
 5. His love with - in us shed a - broad, Life's ev - er - spring - ing well,

Ful - fill in us Thy faith - ful word, And all Thy mer - cies crown.
 Grant, Savior, what we more de - sire, Thy Spir - it in our heart.
 Quicken our souls, born from a - bove, In Christ that we may live.
 And bring us where no clouds con - ceal The bright - ness of His face.
 Till God in us, and we in God, In love e - ter - nal dwell.



176 O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Ad. LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth,
 2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dread-ful guilt
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
 4. Well—the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Sav-ior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-
 Of sin and wrath di-vine: I'd sing His glo-rious righteousness, In which all-per-
 Ex-alt-ed on His throne: In loft-iest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev-
 And I shall see His face: Then with my Sav-ior, Brother, Friend, A blest e-ter-

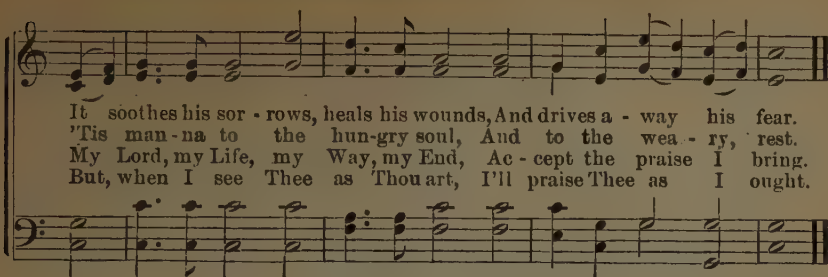
briel while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 fect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
 er-last-ing days Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known.
 ni-ty I'll spend, Tri-um-phiant in His grace, Tri-um-phiant in His grace.

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

JOHN NEWTON.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir-it whole, And calms the troub-led breast;
 3. Je-sus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King,—
 4. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est thought;

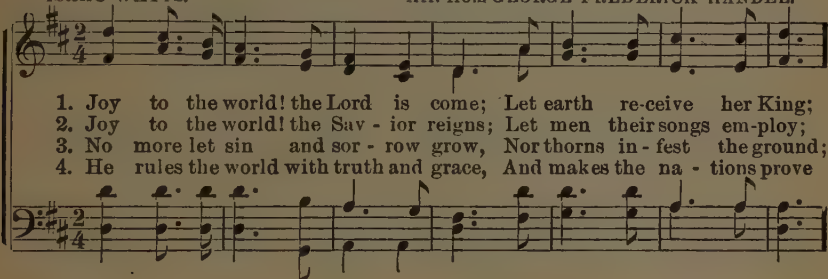


It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
 But, when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.

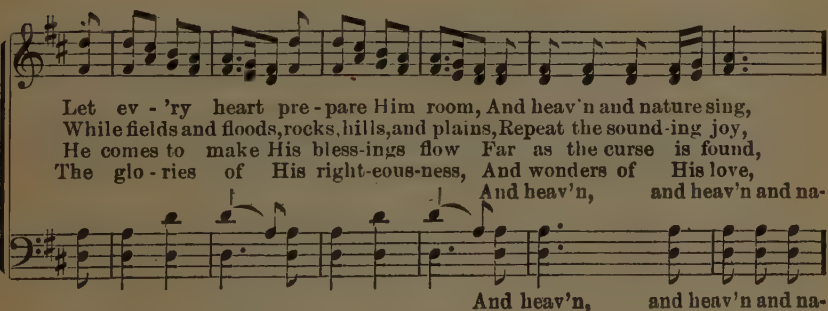
Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS.

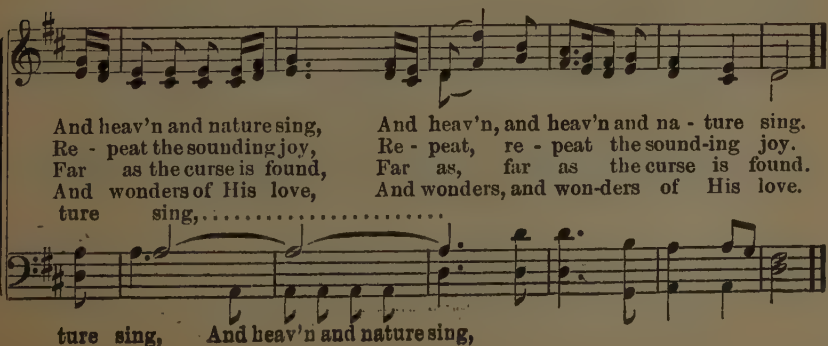
Arr. from GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King;
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy;
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove



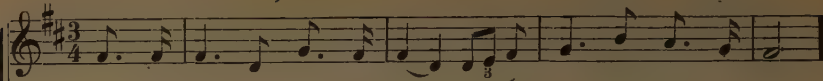
Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sound - ing joy,
 He comes to make His bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found,
 The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And wonders of His love,
 And heav'n, and heav'n and na -
 And heav'n, and heav'n and na -



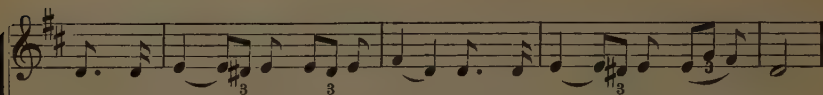
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 And wonders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.
 ture sing,
 ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

CHARLES WESLEY.

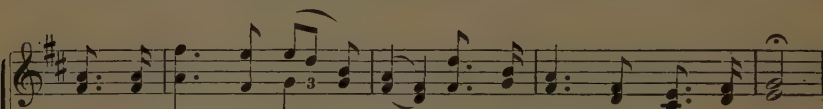
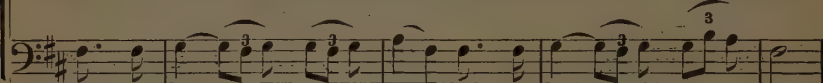
JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



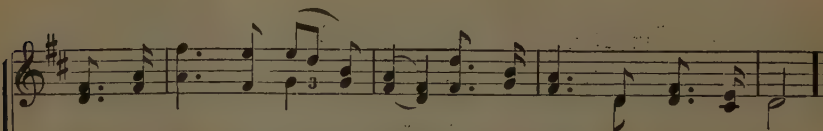
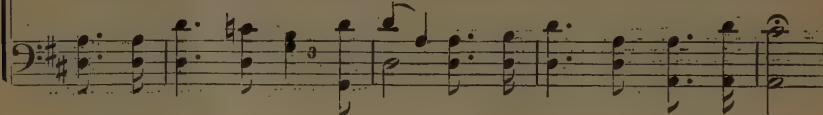
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sin;



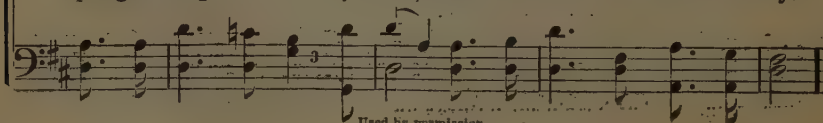
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure within.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness;
 Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



Nearer, My God, to Thee.

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SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
 4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs
 5. Or if on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my
 In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my
 Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my

God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

Martyn.

SIMEON B. MARSH.

Fine.

[For words see opposite page.]

D. C.

H. F. LYTE.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

1. { Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee; }
 { Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be! }
 2. { Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too; }
 { Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me—Thou art not, like them, un - true; }
 3. { Man may trouble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast; }
 { Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest. }
 4. { Go, then, earthly fame and treas - ure! Come, dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain! }
 { In Thy serv - ice, pain is pleas - ure; With Thy fav - or, loss is gain }

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Oh, while Thou dost smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might,
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
 I have called Thee—Ab - ba, Fa - ther! I have stayed my heart on Thee!

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
 Foes may hate, and friends do down me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.
 Storms may blow, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

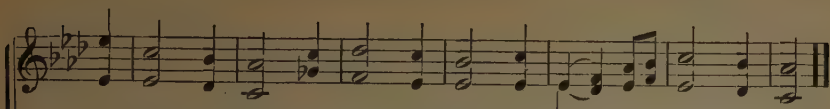
Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

ISAAC WATTS.

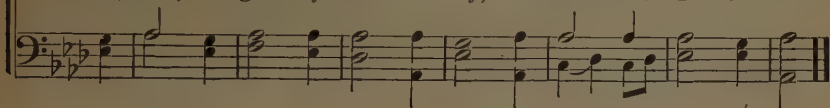
HUGH WILSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While His dear cross ap - pears;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed? Concluded. 181



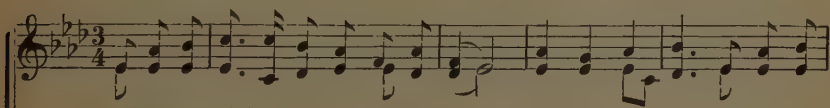
Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pit-y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de-gree!
When Christ, the night-y Mak-er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin!
Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do.



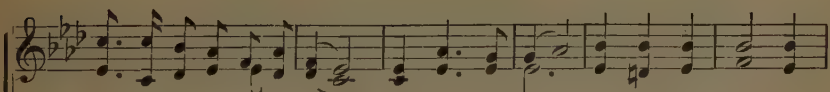
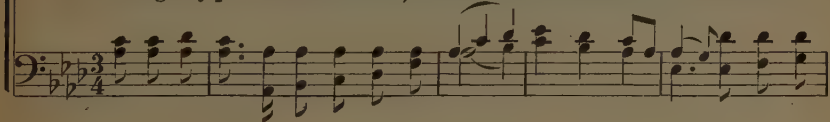
Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

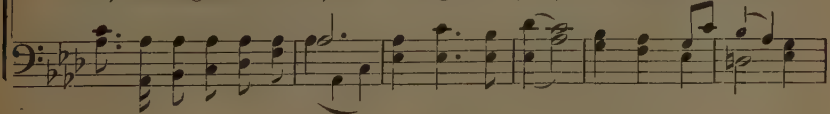
JOHN B. DYKES.



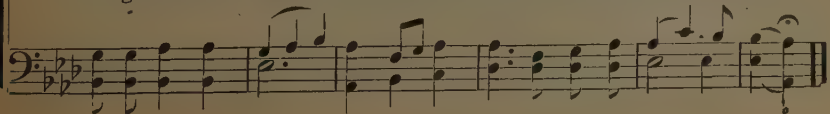
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar-ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



do not ask to see The dis-tant scene: one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
an-gel fa-cies smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while!



SAMUEL STENNETT.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Ma jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Savior's brow; His head with
 2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair-er is
 3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, He flew to my re-lief; For me He
 4. Since from His bounty I re-ceive Such proofs of love di-vine, Had I a

radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
 He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.
 thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

It Is Not Death to Die.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE, tr.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

1. It is not death to die— To leave this wea-ry road,
 2. It is not death to close The eye long dimmed by tears,
 3. It is not death to fling A-side this sin-ful dust,
 4. Je-sus, Thou Prince of life, Thy cho-sen can-not die!

And, 'mid the broth-er-hood on high, To be at home with God.
 And wake, in glo-ri-ous re-pose To spend e-ter-nal years.
 And rise, on strong ex-ult-ing wing, To live a-mong the just.
 Like Thee, they conquer in the strife, To reign with Thee on high.

Don't Keep Jesus Waiting.

183

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

C. C. CLINE, by per.

1. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Wait-ing ev - er-more; Hark! He knocketh soft-ly
 2. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Wait-ing at the door; How He suffered for thee,
 3. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Friend He is and more; As thy Savior loves thee,
 4. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Till the day is o'er; Sad, should Jesus leave thee,

I..... im - plore.

At thy bosom's door; Haste that door to o - pen, O - pen, I im - plore.
 All thy sins He bore; Bid Him free-ly en - ter, Bid Him, I im - plore.
 None e'er loved before; Do not turn Him from thee, Do not, I im - plore.
 Leave thee ev-er-more; Wide the door fling o - pen, O - pen, I im - plore.

I..... im - plore.

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O Where Shall Rest Be Found?

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LOWELL MASON.

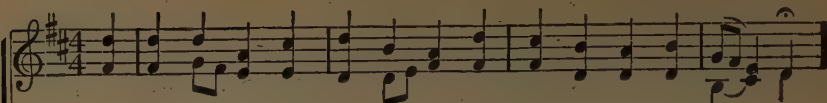
1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
 2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;
 3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove;
 4. There is a death, whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath;
 5. Thou God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun;

'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
 Un - meas-ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
 O what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round the sec - ond death!
 Lest we be ban - ished from Thy face, For ev - er - more un - done.

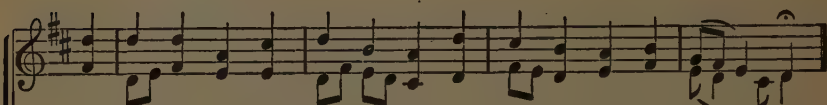
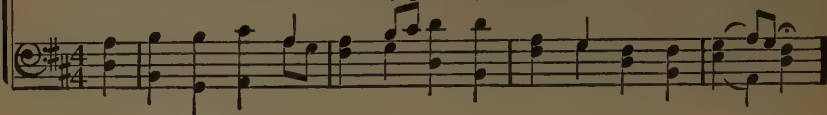
A Mighty Fortress.

M. L.

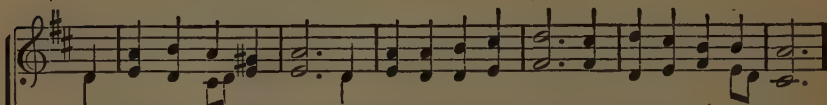
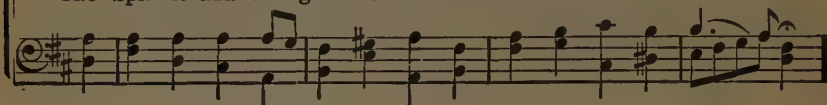
MARTIN LUTHER.



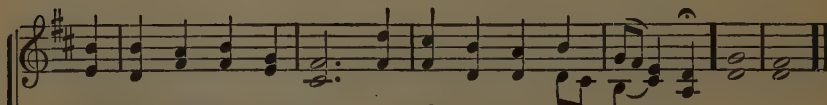
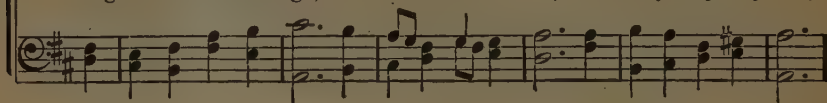
1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing;
3. And tho' this world, with demons filled, Should threaten to un-do us,
4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a-bid-eth;



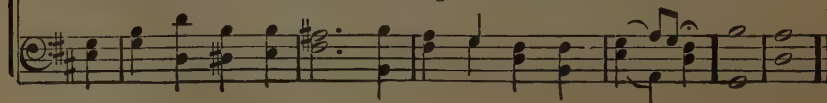
Our help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
 Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph thro' us.
 The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid-eth.



For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His name,
 The Prince of darkness grim, We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-dure,
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so; The bod-y they may kill;



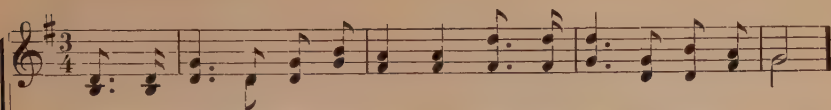
And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-equal.
 From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.
 For lo! his doom is sure: One lit-tle word shall fell him.
 God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er. A-men.



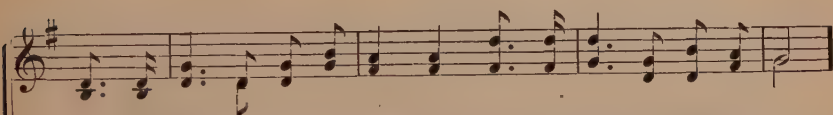
Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices. 185

Rev. THOMAS KELLY.

LOWELL MASON.



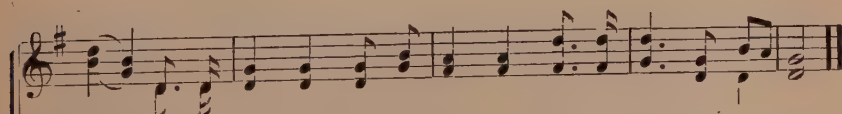
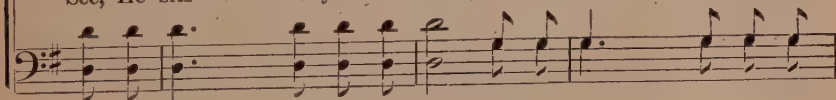
1. Hark! ten thou-sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
2. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er, Thine an - ev - er - last - ing crown;
3. Sav - ior, hast - en Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo - rious day,



Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
When, the aw - ful summons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way:



| | |
|--|------------------------------|
| See, He sits on yon - der throne; | Je - sus rules the world a - |
| Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, | Destined to be - hold Thy |
| Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, | "Glo - ry, glo - ry, to our |
| See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules | the world a - |

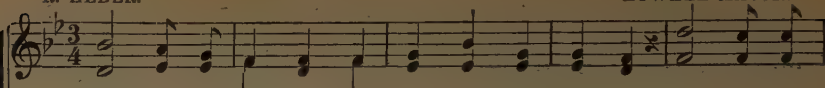


lone. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.
face. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.
King!" Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

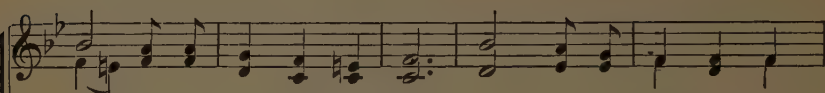
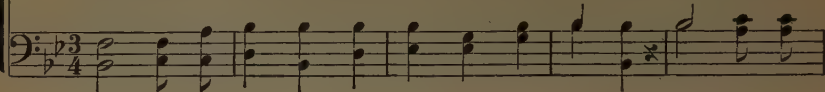


R. HEBER.

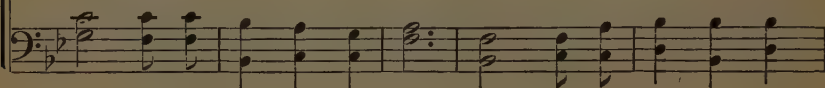
LOWELL MASON.



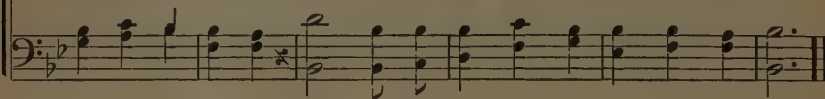
1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies His
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of
4. Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with



- dark-ness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-
 bed with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore Him, in
 E-dom and of-f'rings di-vine? Gems of the moun-tains, and
 gifts would His fa-vor se-cure; Rich-er by far is the



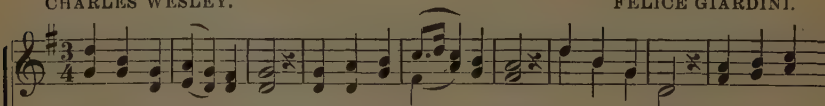
- ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.
 slum-ber re-clin-ing,—Mak-er, and Mon-arch, and Sav-ior of all.
 pearls of the o-cean, Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine?
 heart's ad-o-ra-tion; Dear-er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.



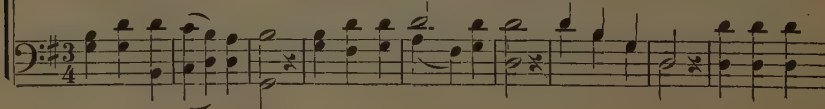
Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther! all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend: Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais-es be, Hence, ev-er-more! His sov'reign



Come, Thou Almighty King. Concluded. 187

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign ov - er us, Ancient of Days!
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word success; Spirit of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

Doxology.

THOS. KEN.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

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